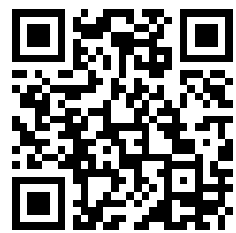
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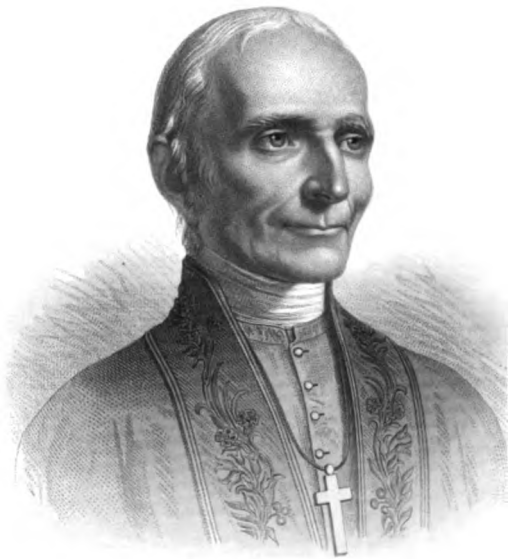


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MEMOIRS

OF THE RIGHT REVEREND

SIMON WM. GABRIEL BRUTÉ, D. D.

FIRST BISHOP OF VINCENNES,

WITH

SKETCHES DESCRIBING HIS RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

AND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS JOURNAL.

BY THE

RT. REV. JAMES ROOSEVELT BAYLEY, D. D.

BISHOP OF NEWARK.

THE PROPERTY OF THE LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

NEW YORK:

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

MDCCCLX.

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PREFACE.



IT may be proper for me, to ſtate in what manner the following Papers came into my poſſeſſion, and the reaſons which have induced me to publiſh them. In 1847, Monſeignor De La Hailandiere, the ſucceſſor of Biſhop Bruté, in the See of Vincennes, preſented to the moſt Rev^d Archbiſhop (then Biſhop) of New York a large number of MSS. which had belonged to his predeceſſor. In examining them, I found amongſt them, a ſmall MS. volume, of Notes and reminiſcences of the French Revolution, which, with the approbation of the Biſhop, I determined to prepare for publication. My firſt idea was, to embody them in a "Life and Times of Biſhop Bruté," to contain a contemporaneous Hiſtory of the Catholic Church, in this country, and a Selection from his

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extenſive and valuable correſpondence. In this view I collected a large number of Letters, and Documents, and made many notes. But, ſuch an undertaking, as Lord Bacon ſays of learning, "cometh of opportunity of leiſure," and my conſtant occupations then, and ſince, have never permitted me to carry out my deſign. They would probably have cauſed me to abandon it altogether, had not ſome friends, to whom I had ſhown the Notes on the French Revolution, and who were ſtruck with the light which they threw upon, what may be called the interior or domeſtic ſcenes of that dreadful Tragedy, urged me to prepare them, at leaſt, for publication. Having done ſo, I found that it was neceſſary to preface them by a brief Sketch of Biſhop Bruté's Life. In preparing this from the memoranda in my poſſeſſion, it will be perceived that I have not attempted a Biography, properly ſo called, but have merely drawn out a thread of narrative to ſtring the notes on, particularly ſuch as illuſtrate the period in queſtion. They will be found, when read in connection with the Sketches and Journal, to bring into relief a portion of the picture of the Revolution which has been too much overlooked. Hiſtorians have dwelt upon

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the crimes and horrors of that period, and the dark colours with which they have painted it, have overlayed and hidden thoſe ſcenes of chriſtian charity, and patience, and heroiſm, which would have done ſo much to relieve the picture. The crimes of the oppreſſors were open and known to all men, the virtues of the ſufferers were for the moſt part hidden, and known only to God. Even thoſe works, which were written with the intention of preſerving the memory of the victims, have become ſcarce, and are little known. I had much difficulty in obtaining a copy of the Abbé Carron's "Confeſſors of the Faith." I have read thoſe which I was able to get,[a] but in none of them have I found anything ſo freſh, and homelike as the papers here publiſhed. The only regret, thoſe who read them will have, is that they are ſo few and brief.

It is indeed to be regretted that Biſhop Bruté did not write an autobiography. His life until he came

[a] Barruel—Hiſtoire du Clergé pendant la Revolution; 2 vol. 12mo, Londres, 1792. Carron—Les Confeſſeurs de la Foi dans L'Egliſe Gallicane, a la fin du XVIII Siecle, Paris, 1820, 4 vol. 12mo. Walſh—Journées memorable de la Revolution Francaiſe, par M. Le Viſcomte Walſh, 5 vol. 8vo, Paris, 1840. Trefvaux—Hiſtoire de la Perſecution Revolutionnaire en Bretagne, par l'Abbé Trefvaux, Paris, 2 vol. 8vo, 1845.

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to this country, was paſſed among the moſt exciting events that ever occurred—he was perſonally acquainted with a large number of the actors in them—his memory was ſtrong and accurate, and he might have written a book of great hiſtorical value. His notes and memoranda ſhow, that at one time he contemplated ſomething of the ſort, but on this account they are often leſs uſeful to others, being merely hints and memoranda to aſſiſt his memory. "There is no ſort of Literature," he writes in a note on 'Spence's Anecdotes,' "which "has afforded me more pleaſure than Biographies "and Memoirs. I ſometimes think of amuſing "myſelf by writing an account of my life. There "is a quantity of anecdotes and obſervations which "occur to me, and which if they were written "down would amuſe and intereſt my aſſociates "and friends, and might remain '*en depôt*' in the "Library."

In writing his Sketches, Biſhop Bruté was accuſtomed to illuſtrate the ſubject by drawings made with his pen. A few of theſe have been engraved on wood, and inſerted in the work. I have ſelected ſuch as are of an hiſtorical value, repreſenting ſcenes which have long ſince paſſed away.

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To complete the work, I have alſo tranſlated ſuch portions of his Journal as are of general intereſt, and printed them in the Appendix. Though very brief, they are intereſting as affording glimpſes behind the ſcenes, and indicating the changes in public opinion, as the people gradually returned to their ſenſes.

In looking over the work, now that it is finiſhed, my only regret is, that the preparatory Biographical Sketch is not more worthy of the holy man, who is the ſubject of it. Thoſe who knew him, I am afraid, will be particularly diſappointed at my poor *Silhouette* likeneſs of him. But if ſo, they muſt diſtribute the blame among themſelves, for ſome one of them ſhould, long before this, have written a Biography of one, whom they remember, and ſo often ſpeak of, as the model of every eccleſiaſtical virtue and whoſe memory for piety and learning is ſo juſtly in benediction among them.

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Palais de Juſtice, Rennes.

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SKETCH

OF THE LIFE OF THE RT. REV'D

SIMON WILLIAM GABRIEL BRUTÉ

DE REMUR,

FIRST BISHOP OF VINCENNES.

THE ſubject of this ſketch was born in Rennes, the Capital of the ancient Province of Brittany, in France, on the night of the 20th of March, 1779, and was baptized[1] early the next morning in the Pariſh Church of St. Germain. His Father Simon William Gabriel Bruté de Remur, who belonged to an ancient, and very reſpectable family, was born at Paris in 1729,

1 Extrait du Regiſtre concernant l'Etat civil de Citoyens de la cidevant Parroiſſe de St. Germain de Rennes pour l'année 1779. "Simon "Guillaume Gabriel, fils de Simon "Guillaume Gabriel Bruté de Re- "mur, et de Renée Jeanne Le Saul- "nier de Vauhelle, né et baptiſé le "meme jour vingt mars mil Septcent "ſoixante dix neuf. Parrain, Fran- "cois Pierre René Vatar de Jouan- "ner; Marraine, Victoire Françoiſe "Bruté de Remur, &c. Le Valler, "Curé.

"Souiſſigné a Rennes le quatorze "Thermidor, an ſept de la Repub- "lique Francaiſe, une et indiviſible. "Dubreil."

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and was at the time of his son's birth,[1] Superintendent of the Royal Domains in Brittany. His mother Jeanne Renée Le Saulnier de Vauhelle, born at St. Brieux in 1736, was at the time of her marriage with Mr. Bruté the widow of Mr. Francis Vatar,[2] Printer to the King and Parliament at Rennes. Their place of Residence was in the Palace of the Parliament,[3] in which his family,

1 His father was twice married; 1st to Mary Jeanne LeChat, at Paris the 28th February, 1756, by whom he had seven children; and 2d to Madame Vatar at Rennes in 1778, by whom he had two children, the subject of this sketch, and his brother Augustine, born in 1789. "The mother of my mother, Claudi- "enne Elienor Robert died in 1791, "aged 81 years. My grand uncle, "her brother Peter Robert, Prior of "Etables of the order of the Prémon- "trés, died the 7th February, 1795, "in the Hospital of Guingcamp, pri- "soner for the Faith." *MS. Note.* Mr. Bruté's first marriage took place in the Parish Church of St. Eustache, and was performed by the Abbé Bruté, his uncle, Doctor in Theology and Curé of the Parish of St. Benoit.

2 "My mother has often told "me, that the Vatars were of English "origin; and had pursued the occu- "pation of Printing since its invention "in the 14th Century. The Books "printed by Mr. Vatar, were chiefly "those on the Jurisprudence of the "Province, the Customs, Collection "of ordinances, 'Les Principes du "Droit' de Du Parc Pouillainge. "There were 130,000 francs worth "of these Books in store, when the "Constituent Assembly abolished all "local laws and customs, and thus "entirely destroyed the value of those "which my mother, who had the re- "version of his title of Printer to the "King and the Parliament, had on "hand." *MS. Note.*

I may mention as indicating the manner in which a particular profession or occupation often continues in a family, and is handed down from Father to Son, in the old world, that the History of Rennes in my possession, that of De Villeneuve & Mallet, Rennes, 1845, was printed by J. M. Vatar.

3 The fire of 1719, during the time which was made so calamitous by the System of Law, destroyed 850 houses in Rennes, a fifth of the whole city, and were considered of sufficient importance to find a place in the Abridgement of the History of France by d'Anquetil. In rebuilding that portion of the city, a very beautiful Square was formed, of which the "Palais du Parliament" formed one side.

This conflagration, which broke out on the night of 22-23 December, 1719, was caused by a drunken Joiner; it burnt for five days and five nights with great ac-

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on the mother's ſide had occupied apartments in one of the wings ſince 1660. The poſition occupied by his father, as Superintendent of the Finances of the Province, with the anticipation of ſucceeding to the firſt Brevet of Farmer-General of the Revenues at Paris, which had been promiſed to him, ſeemed to open the moſt brilliant worldly proſpects. "You were born "to live in opulence, my good mother often ſaid to me,"[1] he remarks in one of his notes.[2] "My earlieſt "recollections," he adds, "are connected with the enter- "tainment given by my Father, at his reſidence in the "city, and at his country houſe of Fricot, in the Faubourg "St. Helier, to the Deputies, the Military Officers, and "the Nobles, at the time of the meeting of the 'Etats "de la Province.' I remember ſeeing no leſs than five "of our Biſhops, at his Table at one time. We child- "ren were placed at a little ſide Table, where our pride, "and our love for good things, were alike mortified." "God ordered it otherwiſe," he goes on to ſay, allud-

tivity. Although moſt of the houſes were at that time built of wood, there ſeems to have been but one fire engine, and that was old, and out of order. In 1722, they obtained two new "machines" from Holland. Hiſt. of Rennes, 1845.

1 "Opulence pour le coup, mais "quel danger pour le ſalut de ſes "enfans." *MS. Note*, written on the margin of the above memoranda, many years after.

2 After his birth he was ſent into the country to a nurſe, according to the general cuſtom of thoſe times. "I remained with my nurſe 15 "months. She lived at a ſmall vil- "lage about two leagues from Rennes, "on the road to Breſt. There were "three villages or hamlets, one was "called Hell, another Paradiſe, and "the third Purgatory. My nurſe "lived in "Hell." She ſometimes "lent me to another poor woman "who uſed to beg, and made uſe of "my preſence on one of her arms to "excite compaſſion. This thought "has often afforded me pleaſure. I "always remained much attached to "my nurſe; her name was Riaedet, "and ſhe uſed to come and ſee me "ſometimes, when I was at the Sem- "inary of Rennes in 1808 and 9." *MS. Note.*

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ing to his Mother's words, "my Father died (27th "February, 1786) a few days after a very painful opera- "tion which had been rendered neceſſary by a fall from "his Horſe—and inſtead of a ſucceſſion of opulence, left "his affairs in the greateſt diſorder. Your Father, my "Mother often ſaid to me, could never be made to diſ- "truſt any one; he believed every perſon to be good "and honeſt like himſelf—and the ſtate of his accounts "at the time of his death ſhowed it, for not only were "all his affairs in confuſion, but it was found that he had "allowed perſons to run in debt to him, upwards of a "million of francs. The friends of the family, the moſt "eminent Lawyers of the city, adviſed my mother to "renounce the ſucceſſion; but ſhe, very juſtly, regarded "an honourable name, as of more importance than "wealth, and in order to preſerve this to us, ſhe deter- "mined to take upon herſelf the management of his "affairs, even at the ſacrifice of her own property.[1] She "accordingly addreſſed herſelf to the taſk, and with the "aſſiſtance of two accountants, Meſſrs. Jourdain and "Henaut, for whom ſhe has often charged me to pre- "ſerve feelings of lively gratitude, ſhe worked day and "night until ſhe got my Father's accounts in order; "and owing to her diligence and management, the loſſes "were much leſs than they would otherwiſe have been, "and his debts were all paid."

It is evident, not only from the circumſtances here

[1] I find a ſimilar preference of a good name to wealth, in the admirable Memoirs of the Marchioneſs De La Rochejaquelein:

"I had been deſtined in infancy "to be the wife of the Marquis de "Leſcure. His Father dying in the "year 1784, left him 800,000 francs "of Debt. Although adviſed by "Lawyers to renounce the ſucceſſion "of his Father, he had the delicacy, "as well as the Counteſs de Leſcure, "his Grandmother (his mother was "dead), to become anſwerable for "the whole."—*Memoirs of Marchioneſs De La Rochejaquelein.*

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related, but from her conduct during the Revolution, her Letters to her ſon, the manner in which he always alludes to her in his Memoranda and Letters to others,[1] that Madame Bruté was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and ſtrength of character. This was regulated and directed, by a fervent and devoted piety. There can be no doubt that, under God, the eminently religious character of her ſon, which cauſed, we may ſay, every thought word and action, of his whole life, to be guided by Faith, was owing to the inſtructions and example of his excellent mother.

He was happy alſo in enjoying, during thoſe tender years, when the character is formed, the guidance of one of the beſt of Prieſts, the Abbé Carron,[2] ſo well

1 "My mother," he ſays in one of his memoranda, "was a woman of "ſtrong mind (forte tête) underſtood "the world and had great experience "in buſineſs matters, but always "faithful to her Religion, hid the "Prieſts and aſſiſted them in many "different ways, during the Revolu-"tion; the reſpect of all claſſes of "people was a great protection to "her and her family in the worſt of "times."

2 Guy Touſſaint Julien Carron, born at Rennes, 1760: Having diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his zeal, and particularly by his charity towards the poor, he was impriſoned in 1792, for refuſing to take the civic oath. Exiled the ſame year, he founded ſeveral churches and ſchools in England. Returned to France in 1814. Died in 1821. He was author of a large number of works of piety. Biſhop Poynder preached a funeral Sermon at the ſervice celebrated for him at London. The celebrated Lamennais, who in his better days lived with him, and revered him as a Saint, had collected materials for a biography of the Abbé Carron, but never wrote it. The Baron D'Eckſtein, in an article in the Rambler for May, 1859, on the Abbé de Lamennais, whom he had known intimately, ſays: "In "contraſt with Lamennais, I may "mention a Prieſt who had a heart "of gold, united with a true know-"ledge of men, the Abbé Carron, "the only Prieſt to whom Lamen-"nais always did juſtice, and whoſe "death was an irretrievable miſfor-"tune for him. This man had the "*genius of goodneſs*." In a Letter to Bp. Flaget from the Mountain, dated June 9, 1821, Mr. Bruté mentions the news of the death of M. Carron at Paris: "my firſt ſpiritual "Father—ſo often called the Saint "Vincent de Paul of our days."

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known for his labours in England, and the admirable books of piety which were written by him. "My firſt "Confeſſor," he ſays in 'Some Remembrances, before "my firſt Communion,' "was Mr. Carron, Vicar of the "Pariſh of St. Germain, then a very young Prieſt, but "already ſo remarkable for his exemplary life, and moſt "fervent piety, that he was called 'The Abbé Térèſe' "in alluſion to St. Tereſa. This was ſoon after the "death of my Father, when I was about eight years old. "I remember well that the firſt time I went to confeſſion "to him, he gave me, as I withdrew from his Confeſ- "ſional, which ſtood in the Chapel of the bleſſed Virgin, "a little Book in French, entitled 'The Death of Abel.' "As I was retiring, he came out of the Confeſſional, and "gave me the Book. I remember his face, as it appeared "at that moment, with ſuch an expreſſion of amiability "and piety upon it. I was his penitent for ſeveral "years, until 1791, the laſt year of the free exerciſe of "Religion in France, during which year I had the hap- "pineſs of making my firſt communion. I went regu- "larly to Confeſſion, but up to that time, thanks be to "God, my excellent mother, and I muſt add excellent "teachers, I had little to confeſs. Although I had at- "tended the public ſchools four or five years, I was an "entire ſtranger to all improper notions—and my chief "matter of reproach, at the time of making my general "confeſſion for firſt communion, was the having taken[1] "an apple from the ſtand of an old Fruit-woman. "During the ſame interval, I learned my Catechiſm at

[1] I need not ſay that theſe notes were written, without the leaſt expectation of their ever being ſeen, except, at any rate, by the eyes of intimate friends. I have taken it upon myſelf, however, to publiſh them, not only becauſe they afford a pleaſing picture of Biſhop Bruté's early life, but alſo as throwing light upon the ſtate of education, and religion in France immediately previous to the Revolution.

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" School, though at times I attended the public Catechiſm " at the Pariſh Church, to recite portions of the Holy " Scripture, which we learned by heart I remember, " that on one occaſion, having repeated the Hiſtory of " the Sacrifice of Abraham, I obtained as a reward, quite " a large print of the 'Annunciation' paſted on a board " with a margin of gilt paper around it. It hung for " long years by the ſide of my bed, and I can ſtill call " to mind the ſtrange, vivid aſſociations of the Bleſſed " Virgin and good Father Carron, in my childiſh impreſ- " ſions of piety, and holineſs of life. My firſt Prayer " Book alſo made a great impreſſion on my mind. It " was a 'Paroiſſien,' bound in green morocco, with gilt " edges, and was given to me on the very day of my " Father's funeral, February 28, 1786: I had long de- " ſired to have one, and I preſume that there was not a " little vanity mixed up with the devotion with which I " followed the Maſs and Office in my beautiful Prayer " Book, at the College, and the Pariſh Church. I had it " in my poſſeſſion twenty years afterwards, with its " broken covers, defaced binding, and ſome torn leaves, " but loſt it ſome how or other in my many journey- " ings. I made my firſt Communion, as I have ſaid, " in 1791. There were about 200 of us, of the firſt or " ſecond communion, for it was the excellent cuſtom " of thoſe times, to make the ſecond communion with " the ſame preparation as the firſt, after a ſhort ſpiritual " retreat. I thank thee, oh! my God, for the ſtate " of innocence and piety I was in the day I performed " this moſt important act."

The place in which this Retreat for firſt Communion was conducted, ſeems to have been a very ſtrange one. From an alluſion to it, in one of his memoranda, I would infer, that it was, what might be called the Hall of the Charnel-Houſe of the Cemetery near the

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Church. He ſpeaks of it as "a long, narrow room "filled with benches, with the ſkulls and bones of many "generations of thoſe who had preceded them, piled "according to the cuſtom of our cemeteries, in a ſort of "upper ſtory over our heads, ſo that we could ſee them "through the lattice work which ſurrounded them. "This ſight made us very ſerious and devout, eſpecially "on the firſt day of the Retreat. I do not remember "anything in particular in regard to the inſtructions that "were addreſſed to us, except that they were as uſual, on "ſin, death, judgment, the divine Sacrament, the happi-"neſs of ſerving God, &c.—and that they made upon "us the impreſſions they were intended to produce. I "walked among the tombs during the intervals with "ſome of my companions, and I remember that we were "very much in earneſt, and animated one another by "our remarks, and by our expreſſions of reſpect towards "the good Prieſts who conducted our Retreat, eſpecially "Mr. Carron and Mr. Deſbouillon—this laſt a Saint of "goodneſs, and penance, and zeal, and charity towards "the poor, and heavenly preaching—but a ſmall, ugly, "odd looking man, ſo that ſome of us burſt out into a "laugh at a curious compariſon which he made,[1] and "the ſtrange geſticulation by which it was accompanied. "Oh! how ſorry we were, and when the inſtruction was "over, we went to him and aſked his pardon, which he "ſo kindly and cheerfully gave us. He is dead long "ſince, and I have no doubt a Saint in Heaven. "Whilſt other particulars have vaniſhed, the general "impreſſion it made, is ſtill ſtrong on my memory. I "remember however the many ſittings by the Confeſ-

1 Biſhop Bruté was naturally of a cheerful diſpoſition, and had a ſtrong ſenſe of the ridiculous, as is atteſted by many little pen and ink ſketches amongſt his papers; ſome of them would do honor to Hood or Cruikſhank.

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" ſional of Mr. Carron, in the Chapel of the Bleſſed
" Virgin, in our huge Gothic Church of St. Germain;
" the ſmall Statue of our Bleſſed Mother, in a white
" and blue mantle on the altar—and the laſt evening
" when I received abſolution; the effort to make a
" good act of contrition, and the earneſt deſire for a
" good communion, a good death, and heaven—and
" then going to ſay the 'Miſerere' on my knees, on a
" huge tomb near the High Altar, where we were to
" receive our Lord the next morning. The events of
" the next day, it would indeed be hard to forget; the
" early riſing, the prayer for the ſoul of my dear de-
" parted Father—the benediction aſked from my
" Mother on my knees—the spirit of recollection and
" devotion which I cheriſhed, in view of the important
" act I was about to perform; ſomewhat diſturbed by
" the anxiety of our good Mr. Leblanc, in regard to
" my dreſs and 'friſure,' and the huge Candle I was to
" carry. I remember ſinging the Canticle of Fenelon,
" 'Mon bien aimé ne paroit pas encore'—the departure
" for Church—ſeeing our friends coming from all
" ſides—the entrance of the Church—all ſeated in
" rows ſo near one another, yet ſuch good order and
" ſilence—ſo much fervour in ſinging the Canticles—
" ſuch an indeſcribable ſuſpenſe and delight of the
" heart until the moment ſhould come to receive: but
" before doing ſo, reciting in front of all, the act of
" Conſecration, with Téréſe Champion for my com-
" panion, as the repreſentative of the Girls. Twenty
" years afterwards when I returned to France, I found
" her, ſtill ſo faithful in her perſeverance, ſo devoted
" to our bleſſed Lord. It ſeems ſtrange to me now,
" that all diſtinct remembrance of the act itſelf, is loſt.
" I am ſure it was all Faith, and pure deſire of union
" with God, and of the Thankſgiving afterwards, I only

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" remember the ſincerity and ardour of the offerings ... " the return home, with poor Lamiral, the lad put to " the charge of my mother, who for many years after " that until he had got his trade, fulfilled towards him " the happy duty, impoſed that day, upon all the " young communicants, belonging to the more reſpect- " able families, of chooſing from amongſt the poor, a " 'brother of Communion' to be taken care of and " brought up as a member of the family. My heart " is full, when I think of that day—thanks! thanks " oh my God."

The above memoranda ſhow how lively were Biſhop Bruté's recollections of the events and perſons of his youth. His papers afford abundant evidence how cloſely his heart clung at all periods of his life, to the memory of his native City and Province. Sometimes it is a little ſketch of a building, or Church,[1] within the City, or in the ſuburbs, done with his pen, with a few words of affectionate remembrance, or ſome circumſtance which occurred there, written under it.[2] Sometimes a fuller deſcription, recalling the

1 The drawing and notes on the oppoſite page will give an idea of theſe ſketches, of which there are ſeveral among the Biſhop's papers.

2 The following notes are written under ſketches of the places referred to—

" *St. Cyr*, a Priory before the " Revolution, where I uſed to go " ſometimes for a walk with my good " mother—a military depot from " 1792 to 1814—then an aſylum for " penitents, under Mother Eugénie " —ſaid Maſs there when I was in " France :

" *Paimpont*—the ruins of the Ab- " bey—the woods and ponds—ſo " calm and ſolitary.

" *La Chapelle Bouexie*—the " abode of my ſiſter—the Chateau " —the Chapel—the woods—the " immenſe maſſes of Rocks—a mile " beyond, the ancient Chateau de " la Harlai, and on the other ſide, " to the right, the ſtill more ancient " Chateau de la Roche—the animals " feeding in the narrow valley be- " tween them—the little ſhepherds— " and above all the chapels—the " maſſes—the good old Prieſts—and " the peaſants, 'ces bonnes gens' who " uſed to welcome me to their Cot- " tages, with ſo much cheerfulneſs and

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1. The Cathedral—formerly the Abbey Church—St. Melanie, founded by St. Melanie in the 6th century, poſſeſſed his reliques, and alſo thoſe of St. Amand, like him one of the early Biſhops of Rennes. I remember ſeeing the Benedictines there in their habit, and was preſent ſeveral times at the ſervices in 1787-1788, the impreſſion made upon my mind by the majeſtic ſimplicity of their ceremonies and the divine chant is ſtill freſh in my mind, and the ſound of their voices as they chanted the pſalm, "Cum invocarum, &c.," in the office of Complin, ſtill echoes in my ears and in my heart—and then the benediction and the ſound of the big bell of the Abbey at that moment. In 1791 the Church and Abbey were uſurped by the revolutionary clergy, in 1792 they became the priſon of the Catholic clergy, who remained faithful to their vows and would not take the new oath. I viſited them twice whilſt they were confined there, diſguiſed as a baker's boy and carrying a big bread baſket on my head. In 1793-94 the Church was turned into a ſtable for the cavalry, in 1795 into the City Hoſpital, that having been taken poſſeſſion of for an Arſenal, in 1802 reſtored to the divine ſervice as the Cathedral of the Dioceſe.

2. The Biſhop's Reſidence—a more modern building—the "pavilion" on this ſide changed into a Picture Gallery, that on the other into a Botanical School, in 1799, reſtored to the Biſhop 1802. The Duke of Angouleme lodged there in 1814.

3. The Gardens of the Evéché, and [4] their extenſion, forming a beautiful Botanical Garden, opening upon the country towards St. Michael and the magnificent proſpect of Belle-vue [6], two miles eaſtward, and towards St. Lawrence [7], three miles.

5. The Garden of the Abbey.

8. The Promenade, called "Thabor," belonging to the Abbey, with its ſuperb terraces, made by the Benedictine Novices during their times of recreation. How often have I walked there alone or with my good Mother, the proſpect moſt extenſive, including the Chateau de Caillé, belonging to the virtuous and charitable houſe of Montluc-Cicé. I reviſited all theſe beloved ſpots in 1815. I have made this ſketch and wrote this note during recreation—Evening of Palm Sunday, with little hope of ever ſeeing them again—Eternity.

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antient religious glories of his much loved Brittany and his own recollections of the place and the persons who dwelt on the ſpot deſcribed in his time. It is to be regretted that his memoranda upon theſe ſubjects, are of ſo fragmentary a nature—being generally merely hints, or words to aſſiſt his memory, rather than detailed deſcriptions, which would now be ſo intereſting. From one of theſe pages of jottings, as they may be called, it appears that at the time of his father's death in 1786, he was at a boarding ſchool, kept by Madame Badier, in the Pariſh of All Saints, which was as he mentions one of the largeſt Pariſhes in Rennes—he alludes to the narrow ſtreet, oppoſite the Church, through which they were accuſtomed to paſs, when they took their promenade on Wedneſday of each week—the Church itſelf—the entrance—the high Altar—the [1] "Eternal Father" over it, the Chapel of Mr. Rebulet—the proceſſion of Corpus Chriſti—the Aſſumption, with the grand Statue of the Bleſſed Virgin—of Palm Sunday, &c. He adds, "I note down theſe remembrances in "1821, on the Feaſt of All Saints, 34 years after; "every thing is ſtill freſh in my mind and preſent to "me; I could deſcribe everything—the ſtreet—the "ſigns over the ſhops—the ſhops themſelves—the fruit "ſtalls—the bells on the Vigils of the Feaſts—the Glas "(the paſſing-bell for the dead) during the whole "evening before the Feaſt of All Saints." In a memorandum headed "Places where I have ſtudied"—

"kindneſs—all is preſent to me, and "the recollection brings back to my "mind the days and feelings of my "youth, and the places I ſhall never "ſee again—oh! my God thou art "my only good, and the only true "life, is that which is eternal."

[1] In a note he ſpeaks of a maſon who was killed by a fall in 1794, when attempting to pull down the "Eternal Father." The Church was burnt this year (1794), with 40 houſes; the ruins were afterwards removed, and the ſpot left open.

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which from its minute details, ſeems to have been written as an exerciſe of local memory, it appears that his firſt ſchool where he learned to read, was kept by a certain Mademoiſelle Roſé in the "Rue aux Foulons" and that the "Penſion" of Madame Badier, above alluded to, was his ſecond ſchool. With his lively imagination, tenacious memory and excellent diſpoſition he muſt have been an apt ſcholar from the commencement, and ſeems to have won the affections alike of his Teachers and fellow ſtudents. He attended the College[1] at Rennes from 1788 to 1791, under the par-

1 The following memoranda are written on the back of a "Sketch of "Mr. Sorette going to Claſs:"

"As uſual all the Eſtabliſhments "of Inſtruction, below, were gra- "tuitous, under the patronage of "the Biſhop, the parliament and "the mayor and echevins.

"*The College of Rennes.*"

"M. Fajeole, Principal; retired
"M. Dubois, his ſucceſſor, died; "moſt worthy prieſts.
"M. Bourges de Blery, Principal; "died as a ſaint, 1805 or 6.
"M. Sorette, prieſt; martyr.
"M. Millaux, prieſt; Superior of "the Seminary ſince 1810.
"M. Rosays, ſimple layman or ton- "ſured.
"M. Dufour, ditto.
"M. de Chateaugiron, Prieſt; "died at London, author of many "pamphlets. I have his picture.
"M. Germe, Rhetoric; Layman, ſince rector of the Academy.
"M. Le Breton, Moral Philoſophy; "excellent prieſt, afterwards cu- "rate at Chateaubourg, ſince his "return from England.
"M. Mayner, Natural Philoſophy; "excellent prieſt of great talents; "After him
"M. Cabrye, died I think in Eng- "land, alſo a moſt worthy prieſt.
"M. Damon, Vice principal; Prieſt, "in England, curate of Erbrée "ſince his return; a modeſt, holy "and very well informed prieſt.
"M. Duchesne, Academy.
"M. Meriel, Fencing.

"This college formerly under the "charge of the Jeſuits; then from "1500 to 2000 Students; much leſs "after their expulſion; yet in my "time between 5 or 600 Students; "beſides a school of Law, one of "Medicine. The Seminary for ec- "cleſiaſtical ſtudents, and another "for the candidates, both under the "Eudiſts MM. Morin, Blanchard, "Beucher; between 2 or 300 Stu- "dents together. The ſchool for "the young nobility, above 100, "under thoſe excellent prieſts, too, "MM. Leforeſtier, Perdriel, &c.; "another ſchool for the young "ladies of the nobility—l'Enfant "Jeſus."

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ticular ſupervision of the Rev. Mr. Sorette, of whom he has given ſo touching an account, in one of the following ſketches.

During this year (1791), in which as we have ſeen he made his firſt communion, the Legiſlative Aſſembly paſſed the moſt ſevere laws againſt all the Clergy who refuſed to take the oath to the "Civil Conſtitution of the Clergy,"[1] and as almoſt all refuſed to do ſo,[2] the

1 The Conſtituent Aſſembly having (Nov. 4, 1789), confiſcated all the Eccleſiaſtical property, and (March 19, 1790) ſuppreſſed all Religious orders and congregations, proceeded (Aug. 24, 1790) in its work of "decatholiciſing" France, by enacting the famous "Civil "Conſtitution of the Clergy," which virtually abrogated the Catholic Church, in that country, ſo far as it was in the power of man to do it. By this famous Law, the State aſſumed to itſelf the power of conferring eccleſiaſtical juriſdiction; the Biſhops and Pariſh Prieſts were to be choſen by the electors, in the ſame manner as the members of the Aſſembly; they were forbidden to apply to the Pope for Confirmation, but were permitted to write to him as viſible head of the church in ſign of unity. As ſoon as it became a Law, the moſt violent meaſures were taken to oblige the Biſhops and Clergy to take the oath to it. Out of 135 Archbiſhops and Biſhops in France four only took it, Lomenie de Brienne, Card. Archb. of Sens; Talleyrand-Perigord, Biſhop of Autun; de Savines Biſhop of Viviers; and Jarente, Biſhop of Orleans; the great majority of the Clergy alſo refuſed to take it. Hence the diſtinction of 'Pretres fermentés et infermentés' ſo common at that time. Pius the VI, condemned the Civil Conſtitution of the Clergy by ſeveral briefs, and Monſeigneur de Boiſgelin Archbiſhop of Aix drew up in oppoſition to it an "Expoſition des principes ſur la Conſtitution Civile du Clergé" which was ſigned by all the Biſhops except the four above mentioned. The Civil Conſtitution is now remembered only as a ſpecimen of the folly of thoſe days and as a leſſon for the future, if men ever learn anything from ſuch leſſons, which is very doubtful.

2 The following Letter, a copy of which, evidently taken at the time, I found among the Biſhop's papers, is intereſting, as having been written by an eye witneſs:

"Letter of the Abbé De Pierre, "ocular witneſs of what occurred at "St. Sulpice laſt Sunday, on the occa- "ſion of adminiſtering the civic oath.

"Monday, January 10, 1791.

"You were right, my dear friend, "in thinking that the great majority "of the Curés of Paris, and eſpecially

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open and public exercise of Religion may be said to have ceased in France. The College at Rennes was broken up, and from this time Mr. Bruté pursued his studies under private teachers. In the list of "places "where I have studied" he put down "four years "under Mr. Muriel." During these days of persecution (1791–96) he seems to have remained most of the

"the Curé of St. Sulpice, would not "take the oath. Since the publica- "tion of the decree, the emissaries of "the Jacobin Club, have been con- "stantly going from Curé to Curé, "endeavouring to persuade them to "take it. Mr. Bailly was particularly "charged to look after the Curé of "Saint Sulpice, whose adhesion the "Jacobins were especially anxious "about, on account of his personal "merit, and his great influence over "his numerous assistants, and the "Clergy of the city in general. But "all the philosophy and eloquence of "the mayor, have failed before the "piety and devotion of the Pastor. "On Sunday, the day fixed for the "presentation of the oath, more than "ten thousand persons, two thirds of "them parishioners, and the rest un- "derstrappers (gagistes) of the Palais "Royale, filled the Church of Saint "Sulpice. The Curé had been fore- "warned by more than twenty Let- "ters that they would proceed to the "greatest extremeties, if he did not "take the oath, pure and simple, with "all his Clergy. They informed him "also of the bloodthirsty declarations "which had been made against him "and against us in the Clubs and "Coffee Houses of Paris. Neverthe- "less he preached a discourse on "Christian Charity, before the High "Mass, as usual, and with that force "and eloquence, which you know so "well. As soon as he had finished a "thousand voices were raised, de- "manding him to take the oath, under "pain of being dragged out of the "pulpit, and hung up to the lamp "post with all the Priests belonging "to the Church. All sorts of impre- "cations, menaces, and a frightful "tumult on one side, the most calm, "but firm and immovable counte- "nance on the other. Already the "cohort of the Palais Royale were "pressing forward toward the Pulpit, "and the Curé and all the Clergy who "surrounded him, would infallibly "have become victims of their refusal "to take the oath, if it had not been "for the prudence and courage of a "body of the Grenadiers of the Na- "tional Guard, who had been placed "at the foot of the pulpit, to protect "our lives in case of necessity. The "sixty *Vicaires*, the Superiors of the "four religious communities of St. "Sulpice, and all the good Priests re- "siding in the Parish surrounded the "Pulpit during the Prone. As for me, "my dear friend, I was at the side of "our good Curé, and at the approach "of the phalanx, I seized him in my "arms, and would have carried him

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time at Rennes, in his Mother's reſidence[1] but portions of it were ſpent at La Chapelle Bouexie where his half Siſter Madame Janſions reſided. The Notes, ſhort and imperfect, as they are, will convey to the reader, ſome idea of his manner of life, during that dreadful period. Amidſt all its alarms and ſufferings, his memoranda ſhow that he was exact and regular in the employment

" in this manner, in this midſt of the " Clergy and good Soldiers to the " grand Sacriſty; but juſt then, " ſeveral companies of the National " Guard came in by the ſide doors " and reſtored order, about 11 o'C. " The High Maſs was then com- " menced. After the 'Pater' the " Municipality entered and received " the oaths of Meſſrs. Bonnay and " Henoy, hired Chanters of the " Church, who as you well know, " form no part of our Community. " To put a climax to this impoſing " ceremony, a Capuchin and ſix " others who had not taken the oath, " in caſſocks, aſked and obtained the " privilege of taking it onthis occa- " ſion. The Curé, the ſixty *Vicaires*, " the Superiors of the four Semina- " ries, and the Prieſts and Chaplains " of Communities within the Pariſh, " renewed their profeſſion and ſwore " before the altars, to ſuffer hunger, " perſecution, and death itſelf, rather " than to take the civic oath, and thus " betray Chriſt and his Holy Church. " You will thus perceive my dear " friend, that the Community of the " Prieſts and Clergy of St. Sulpice " have remained faithful, and the " municipality have been obliged to " content themſelves with this ſilly " and uſeleſs proceeding. The ſame " ceremony will be repeated next " Sunday, on account of the eight " days' grace, granted by the Na- " tional Aſſembly, not without a de- " ſign, to the Clergy of Paris only; " but the Curé and Clergy of St. " Sulpice will diſappoint them. In " fact we have nothing to fear for " that day at any rate. Mr. Danſel, " a Doctor of the Sorbonne, whom " you know by reputation, and who " wrote the 'Apology for the Civic " Oath' which created ſo much re- " joicing among the demagogues, on " account of the well known learn- " ing and virtue of the author, has " retracted, and has written a Letter " upon the ſubject which is making " many converts, even in the Clubs " —'Confortare et eſto robuſtus.'

" Thy friend in life and death.

" De Pierre de Bernis."

1 I find endorſed on the back of a Letter received by him in 1796, from the Abbé Deſprés the following note: " This Letter is from M. " Deſprés before the Revolution " Curé at Reguiny, in the Dioceſe " of Vannes, then in priſon at " Vannes. He had been a long " time in concealment at Rennes, " in the Houſe of Mr. Trublet, " and I ſtudied my Philoſophy

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of his time. He roſe early,[1] and no doubt found in thoſe ſtudies, of which he was always ſo fond, ſome relief from the anxieties, which in thoſe days of terror muſt have diſturbed the moſt fearleſs and beſt regulated

" under him." The " Sketches " will ſhow how great an intereſt he took in thoſe holy confeſſors who at that time ſuffered and died with ſuch heroic conſtancy. Afterwards when they were confined in priſon inſtead of being immediately condemned to the ſcaffold, he ſeized upon every opportunity of viſiting them in diſguiſe to carry them the bleſſed Sacrament. He mentions that as a boy he would go and enter into converſation with the guards, ſo as to become known to them and get opportunities of viſiting the Priſoners, with Letters for them concealed in his clothes and ſometimes the bleſſed Sacrament on his boſom, followed by a Prieſt in diſguiſe.

1 The following Notes, written on a looſe ſheet of paper, were among Bp. Bruté's MSS.

EARLY RISING.

" To day (26th Ap. 1819) I re- " ceived a letter from my mother, " dated the 2d of January, 1819. She " was born in 1736, and is conſe- " quently in her 84th year. ' My " health is very good,' ſhe writes, " ' no pains—ſleep ſoundly,' &c. " She uſed to conſider early riſing, to " which ſhe was always accuſtomed, " a pledge of longevity. ' No lon- " gevity, my ſon,' ſhe would ſay to " me, ' except for thoſe who riſe " early '—but, ſhe regarded it from " a higher point of view, than the " mere enjoyment of health, and " prolongation of life—at leaſt, in " theſe bleſſings, ſhe ſaw the inſtru- " ment of better ones. Early riſing, " ſhe would ſay, is abſolutely ne- " ceſſary for any one who would " faithfully diſcharge his duties in life; " it ſecures health, gives clearneſs " and ſoundneſs to the head—calm- " neſs to the mind—freſhneſs to " the thoughts and affections—is " favourable to pious diſpoſitions— " and affords leiſure for recollection " and meditation, ſo as to begin the " the day well, before the hurry of " the more advanced hours ſur- " rounds us with the labors and " diſtractions of common life. And " my good mother was right—there " is no indulgence more carefully to " be guarded againſt than that of " lying abed in the morning. One " hour retrenched by a firm reſolu- " tion to confine our bed time to " what is neceſſary, is half a month " added to each year of our life; " two hours, which many could re- " trench (and ſome even more), is " is a whole month. Six hours of " ſleep is enough alike for old age " and youth (childhood requiring " more), according to the apothem " of the Salernian School—ſeven " we grant to the lazy—eight to " nobody.

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minds. "He acquired in boyhood and youth," says Dr. McCaffrey,[1] "habits of study, of close and pa- "tient mental application which he retained through "life. In spite of that modesty which prevented him "from ever speaking in his own praise, I could learn "from a long and intimate acquaintance with him, "and from the testimony of others, that, in the public "schools of his native City, he was distinguished, and "eminently successful. His after life proved it. His "mind was too rich in treasures of classic lore, too "amply furnished from the armories of science, "for him to have been a dull or careless student. "Whether he conversed with a friend or lectured a "class, or heralded the message of salvation from a

'Sex horas dormire, sat est juvenique
'senique,
'Nos septem pigri, nulli concedi-
'mus octo.'

"Early rising affords to the virtuous "soul the most favourable opportu- "nity of exerting her empire over "the body—for, so great is its fond- "ness for rest and indulgence—so "strong an effort does it require to "break the pleasing chains of sloth "and to give up the easy bed and "the quietude of its slumbers always "the more agreeable towards morn- "ing when lightest (and to a cer- "tain extent conscious) that it "requires each morning a true act "of fortitude and self-denial to rise "at the appointed time. It is al- "most the only task that habit does "not make easier. My mother en- "forced this duty, which brings so "many precious advantages with it, "with the anxious firmness of true "love.

"When the poor boy of 12, "hesitated to jump out of his bed "at 4 or 4½ o'C. in summer, or 5 "or 5½ in winter, stretching out his "arms—rubbing his eyes, and sigh- "ing pitifully at the sound of his "mother's voice, 'Gabriel! Ga- "briel! debout'—she would begin "in a half gay, and half serious "manner to sing a verse of one of "the good Abbé Carron's canticles:

'N'attendez point cet age
'Ou les hommes n'ont plus
'Ni force, ni courage
'Pour les grandes vertus!'

"Oh! my mother, how can I ever "sufficiently thank you for all your "considerate kindness—ever anx- "ious to form your children to "habits of virtue and self denial."

[1] Discourse, on the Rt. Revd Simon Gabriel Bruté, D. D., &c., by the Revd John McCaffrey, Prest. of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmetsburgh, 1839.

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" pulpit, the evidences of profound knowledge as " well as of remarkable genius inceſſantly flaſhed before " you. Whatever he once read, or ſtudied, he remem- " bered. Even in the laſt years of his life, when his " attention ſeemed to be abſorbed in Theology, and " other branches of eccleſiaſtical learning, he recited with " eaſe all the Fables of La Fontaine, entire ſcenes of " Racine, Corneille, and the fineſt paſſages of the other " French writers, or of the Latin Poets. Though leſs " familiar with the Greek claſſics, he had read them with " advantage, as well as pleaſure, and turned to good " account his knowledge of their language, in the ſtudy " of the Greek Fathers of the Church. At one time he " had in view to enter the French Polytechnic ſchool, " and for this reaſon, he purſued a very extenſive courſe " of Mathematical ſcience. Subſequently he had the " beſt opportunities in the medical ſchool of Paris, of " penetrating deeply into the myſteries of Chemiſtry " and Natural Philoſophy. He improved them with " his uſual diligence. While he devoted himſelf to " ſeverer ſtudies, he gave ſome ſhare of attention to " muſic and drawing; and in the latter of theſe accom- " pliſhments he attained a proficiency, which in after " years was a ſource of pleaſure and advantage to him- " ſelf, and a means, which he often happily employed, " for the purpoſe of intereſting and inſtructing others. " His ſtudies were interrupted by the revolutionary " troubles, and he ſpent about two years in his mother's " printing eſtabliſhment, during which he learned and " practiced the buſineſs of a compoſitor. It would " appear that he was led to this much leſs by inclination, " than by the reverſes which his family had ſuſtained, " and the dangers of the times." This admirable ſketch of Biſhop Bruté's intellectual character and application, is fully confirmed by his note Books, and Manuſcripts

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in my poſſeſſion. I find no alluſion amongſt them, however, to his having purſued the buſineſs of a compoſitor, although he mentions in different places, the various manners in which he was employed, and I am inclined to think that if he ever worked in a printing office it was only for a very ſhort period, as a means of protection during the very worſt period of the perſecution.[1] He began very early in life, to keep a journal, or as it may more properly be called, a Note Book. The earlieſt ones are loſt, having probably been deſtroyed by himſelf for fear that they would be found by the Gendarmes, in ſome of their domiciliary viſits, which were ſo frequent during thoſe times. The earlieſt memoranda which I find amongſt his papers, are upon ſome looſe leaves, which have been evidently torn from a book of this ſort.[2] They are dated in

1 Since writing this, I found on the back of a ſheet on which he had written ſome remarks on the art of Printing, the following note: "In 1793-4, during the height of "'the Terror,' my mother made "me work in the printing office to "ſave me from being enrolled in a "regiment made up of children, "named 'The Hope of the Coun-"try,' and a hopeful ſet they were. "They requeſted and obtained per-"miſſion to take part in the 'fuſil-"lades' which they often did. When "the deputation, whom they ſent to "requeſt this permiſſion, preſented "itſelf before the revolutionary tri-"bunal, they were requeſted to take "their ſeat along ſide of the judges, "and preſide at the condemnation "of ſome victims, who were handed "over to theſe young ſcoundrels to "be ſhot. This Regiment was form-"ed of boys, of 14, 15 and 16 years "of age. My mother was much "preſſed to allow me to join them "and was terribly alarmed on this "account. I remained in the print-"ing office nearly a year, and be-"came a pretty good compoſitor."

2 In the few leaves left, the names, except the Capital Letters, have been eraſed, evidently for the ſame cauſe.

The following ſimple incident, exhibits in a ſtriking manner, the terror of thoſe days, when a pious Letter from a friend, was preſerved with fear, leſt it ſhould ſerve to criminate alike the writer and the receiver of it. The Abbé Carron wrote a note to him two months after his firſt communion, from Jourdelais near Rennes, dated 3d

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1795, when the ſtorm of violent perſecution had ſomewhat abated. Theſe memoranda are very brief, and imperfect, and throw little light upon his own perſonal hiſtory, though they would afford no doubt much that would be intereſting to a native of Rennes, or a local Hiſtorian of that part of Brittany. Their chief intereſt to us, conſiſts in the manner in which they mark the gradual change of feeling amongſt the people, and the reaction againſt the Revolution on account of the atrocities which had been committed in its name, and under its influence. For this reaſon I have tranſlated many of them, and placed them as an Appendix to this volume.

On the 10th of February, 1796, he began the ſtudy of medicine with Mr. Duval, an eminent Surgeon at Rennes. His copious memoranda of ſubjects ſtudied, operations aſſiſted at, and performed, ſhow with what earneſtneſs he purſued them, and how ſoon he became ſkilful himſelf. He makes no alluſion to the motives which cauſed him to chooſe this profeſſion—but we may not doubt from his whole character, that it was not ſo much, any peculiar attraction which he had for it, as becauſe it would afford him an opportunity of being uſeful to his fellow creatures. Thoroughly

July, 1791, in which he encourages him to perſeverance in the path of virtue, and give him ſome excellent advice in regard to his conduct and ſtudies. On the back of it Bp. Bruté has written: "This ſhort note is a "monument of the cruel perſecution "which had then commenced. It "was written to me from the coun-"try, where this good Prieſt had "taken refuge, having been driven "away from our Pariſh of St. "Germain in the city. I have never "ſeen him ſince. He emigrated to "England, and I was almoſt afraid "to keep this memento of him in "my poſſeſſion. I changed his "name by inſerting a 't' making it "Carton, and eraſing the name of "his holy friend M. La Gueretrie, of "whom he ſpeaks and whom I have "ſince ſeen when Superior of the "Seminary of Rennes and after-"wards Curé of Vitré."

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imbued as his heart and ſoul were with attachment to his Religion, there is no evidence, that at this time it had entered into his mind to devote himſelf to the Eccleſiaſtical State—or if he did, the continued perſecution directed againſt anything connected with Religion, rendered any ſuch aſpirations apparently hopeleſs. His earneſt application to his medical ſtudies, did not however in any manner impair his attachment to his Faith, or his intereſt in everything, and every perſon connected with it. Amongſt his papers are notes and Letters written to him by Prieſts in confinement at Rennes, and elſewhere, thanking him for his words and acts of ſympathy and kindneſs.[1]

1 The following Letters were written to him at this time from the Priſon at Vannes by the Abbé Deſprés, previouſly alluded to as Profeſſor of Philoſophy:

" VANNES, 21 Thermador, year 4.

To the Citizen Bruté at Rennes.

" Have you, dear Citizen, received my Letter? I ſent it to " Barré in order that he might forward it to you either by ſome ſafe " opportunity, or by the Poſt. In " our preſent rigorous impriſonment, it is forbidden us to ſpeak, " or write to any one. Our keepers tell us that it is contrary to the " Law, but we know nothing of any " ſuch Law, or the makers of it. I " hoped that we might hear, through " you, ſome news of our brethren " at Rennes. To-day a rumor " reached us, that we were to be ſet " at liberty; but we do not know " on what foundation it reſts, and " my object in writing to you at " this time, is if poſſible to get " ſome information in regard to " the matter. You may be certain, that your promptitude in " anſwering me, will not equal my " impatience to hear from you. " When there is a fixed limit to " ſufferings, they can be endured " with patience. The aſſurance " that they will have an end at a " certain fixed time, mitigates them, " but the uncertainty in which we " we live is moſt oppreſſive.

" We expect therefore that you, " who are at the ſource of the news, " will let us know, upon what " foundation the uncertain reports " which have reached us, are " founded. Have the priſoners in " Rennes been ſet at liberty? One " thing is certain, that they will be, " long before we are. The Department of Morbihan is full of zeal " in enforcing rigorous laws; they " do not wait even for the official " announcement of them. But,

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After having purſued his ſtudies for two years, under M. Duval he went to Paris, in 1799, to continue them in the medical ſchool there. There he of courſe enjoyed every advantage in the way of inſtruction. He attended the Lectures of Pinel, Eſquirol, Fourcroy,

" when the queſtion is of any re-
" laxation of ſeverity, they are very
" ſlow in acting upon them. I was
" myſelf arreſted, before the law
" had been officially promulgated,
" and others were arreſted before I
" was. Pleaſe alſo let me know
" of Citizen Trublet; I heard that
" he was very ill, from ſome ſail-
" ors who were brought here by
" force, having been taken from
" their homes to ſerve in the ſhips
" of war. You may ſuppoſe what
" ſort of bleſſings they invoked
" upon the Republic and its agents.
" Recommend me, my dear friend,
" to your good mother. I find
" great conſolation in your friend-
" ſhip, which I value highly.

DESPRES.

" Write under cover to Barré.
" One of our companions named
" Maner, from lower Brittany, was
" was taken from this place yeſter-
" day, and carried, as we under-
" ſtand, to Rennes. Endeavor to
" get ſome information as to his
" fate, and inform me, when you
" write. A thouſand kindneſſes
" to Auguſtine, and your com-
" panions. Do not forget, above
" all, the Mademoiſelles Chat....
" (Chateaugiron).
" Supra.

" To the Citizen Bruté with the
" Citizeneſs his Mother, Place
" of Equality at Rennes."

" To the Citizen Gabriel Bruté at
" Rennes.

" VANNES, 30 Meſſidore, the year 4.

" I can aſſure you, my dear
" friend, that I have received no
" greater pleaſure, during the eight
" months of my impriſonment, than
" that afforded me by your Letter.
" It was dated the 19th and I re-
" ceived it the 28th. What a hap-
" pineſs to me, to know that neither
" you, nor your mother, nor your
" companions, who were ſo dear to
" me, have not forgotten me. But
" why did you not ſay ſomething of
" the Demoiſelles Chateaugiron—
" and my confreres who are in
" priſon at Rennes—why have you
" told me nothing about them—are
" there many of them? Are they all
" confined in the Tower (the Tour
" du Bat)? Are any permitted to
" viſit them? Are there any hopes
" of their being liberated ſoon?
" The ſimilarity of our ſituation
" makes us anxious to hear about
" them. There are 24 of us,
" confined in the ſmall Convent
" (au petit Couvent) and 3 who
" are ſtill in the Priſon, but who
" were taken out of the dungeons
" ſoon after us. Seven others have
" periſhed on the Guillotine, and
" another has died of the Jail
" Fever. This is the name they
" give to a ſort of contagious Fever,

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Bichât, and other eminent Profeſſors, and according to his cuſtom made notes of all that he heard, which was was likely to be uſeful.[1] Many of theſe diſtingiſhed men were avowed advocates of the prevailing infidelity, and

" which formerly was very fatal in " the priſons of Vannes. We are " lodged in the Garret of the 'Petit " Couvent,' without being permitted " to hold communication with any " one within or without. Some " perſons have come fifteen or twenty " leagues to viſit us, but they would " not allow them to ſpeak to any " one. Barré however made out " to get in, by ſome means or other, " and as you may ſuppoſe, I was " both ſurpriſed and delighted to " ſee him. I do not believe that " the Chouans have demanded any " thing for us; they have not de- " manded half enough for them- " ſelves. A large number of them " were brought here from Cloermel " and Joſſelin, and confined in the " Tower, and this morning they " were carried to Nantes.

" It ſeems, that thoſe who are in " power here, had determined on " my death, as I have been informed " by one in their ſecrets; but God " did not deem me worthy of the " ſacrifice. My ſickneſs cauſed " them to heſitate, or rather to de- " lay my death, and for a long " time they were uncertain what to " do; and now, they have deter- " mined to wait for new explications " of the law. So that in reality " my ſickneſs, of which I com- " plained, and aſked the cure of " God, was what ſaved my life. " God knows always what is beſt for " us. My health is ſtill very poor, " but better than when I was at " Rennes; tho' I get very little ex- " erciſe, being permitted to walk " about two hours each day, in a " little narrow court, where the air " is very bad. I live on bread " alone, having taken a diſguſt to " meat of every ſort. Adieu, my " good friend—I beg your mother " to preſerve me a place in her re- " membrances, and eſpecially in " her prayers. I never forget her " in mine. Remember me alſo to " the Mademoiſelles Chateaugiron, " and your young comrades, whom " I embrace with the moſt ſincere " affection.

" DESPRES, DE REGUINY."

1 Theſe Notes, amounting to ſeveral cloſely written Volumes, are amongſt his papers in the poſſeſſion of Archbiſhop Hughes.

It is related of him that in one of his journeys on foot to Baltimore, he was obliged to put up at a lonely houſe, the only ſpare bed in which was claimed by a Doctor who had preceded him—they entered into converſation upon the ſubject of medicine, and the Doctor was ſo much delighted with the pupil of Pinel and Bichât that he inſiſted upon Father Bruté's taking the bed. *MS. Note* by *Wm. Miles, Eſq.*

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took advantage of every occaſion to ſneer at Religion, and inculcate their falſe principles. His early religious training, which had preſerved his Faith and Morals, during all the horrors and privations of the Revolution, ſtood him in good ſtead, at this time, and rendered him proof againſt the ſophiſtries and ridicule to which he was now expoſed. Not ſatiſfied however with practicing and openly profeſſing his Religion, he entered into a combination with ſeveral of his fellow Students, particularly thoſe from his own Province, boldly to oppoſe the falſe principles to which they were obliged to liſten.[1] They choſe ſuch ſubjects for their Theſis, before the claſs, as enabled them to avow their belief in revelation, and to defend its truth. One of the beneficial effects which followed from this courſe, was that the attention of the Government was called to the ſubject. Buonaparte then firſt Conſul, was labouring to reſtore Chriſtianity in France, as the neceſſary means of reorganizing Society; and the infidel Profeſſors

1 Mr. Bruté was at this time a member of the Society formed by the ſaintly Abbé Delpuits, ex-Jeſuit, who preſerved ſo many youths from the evil principles of the day, and brought back large numbers to a ſenſe of religious duty, by gathering them into a religious congregation or Confraternity, ſimilar to thoſe eſtabliſhed by the Society of Jeſus. In a Letter to Bp. Flaget, dated April 14th, 1812, from Baltimore, he ſays: "Mr. Delpuits, our good "Father of the Congregation is "dead, pray for him. It is to him "I owe my preſervation at Paris, "my entrance into the Seminary, "and conſequently my coming "here." In the ſame Letter he mentions having received Letters from France from Mr. Duclaux (Director at St. Sulpice), Mr. De Lamennais at St. Malo, and others, and give details in regard to the cloſing of the "Petit Seminaire" at Rennes—of the Trappiſts having been driven away from the "Forêts des Camaldules," and of 60 workmen having been ſent at 3 o'C. in the morning to break to pieces the Crucifixes, and deſtroy the Stations on Mt. Valerien (near Paris) which had been recently reſtored. He adds: "It is Fouché who has been "recalled to the Miniſtry of Police, "who thus ſignalizes his return to "office."

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were made to confine their teaching to its proper limits.

He graduated at the Medical School in 1803 with the higheſt honours.[1] There were at that time eleven

1 An incident occurred whilſt he was a Student of Medicine, which illuſtrates his fidelity to his friends, and his earneſt fearleſſneſs of character. One of his fellow ſtudents named Collin, had been called upon to attend a perſon who had been wounded by the exploſion of the Infernal Machine (24th Dec. 1800), which had been intended to kill Buonaparte, and neglected to give information to the Police; for this he was arreſted and tried, and confined in Priſon. Mr. Bruté had in vain made every exertion to obtain his liberation, and finally when a Student at St. Sulpice and one of the Clerks appointed to ſerve Maſs at the Tuilleries, took the bold expedient of preſenting a petition in favour of his friend to the Emperor in perſon. He ſeized the moment when Buonaparte was leaving the Chapel and ran forward to put the petition in his hand. Buonaparte, abſorbed in thought, moved too quickly for him and did not ſee him—it may be ſaid, luckily—for he ran the riſk of being ſhot dead as an intended aſſaſſin. He afterwards ſucceeded in having his friend's ſentence commuted into exile to the Mauritius. The petition to "Buonaparte, Premier Conſul," in favour of his friend, written in a clear round hand and ſigned by himſelf and Frain, a fellow ſtudent from Brittany, is among the Biſhop's papers.

From the following memoranda, which I found among his papers, it would ſeem that a ſtory had got about that he himſelf had been implicated in the affair of the Infernal machine. The report no doubt had ariſen from his interference in the caſe of Collin.

"25th January, 1834. Remarks "(pour ſouvenir a *l'occaſion*) by "your friend and Chaplain at St. "Joſephs.

"1ſt. I never in any manner "belonged to La Vendée—a ſtu-"dent at Rennes, for the Polytechnic "School, and afterwards of Medi-"cine, I never quitted my native "city, until I went to Paris, to the "Medical School, in 1799, at 20 "years of age.

"2d. At the time this occurred, "I was entirely wrapped up in my "medical ſtudies and preparing for "the prize.

"3d. A Phyſician (Collin) from "our country (Brittany) and a fel-"low ſtudent with us at the medi-"cal ſchool, was called to attend "one of the Conſpirators who "had been wounded, and was caſt "into priſon becauſe he had neg-"lected to inform the Police. It

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hundred Students attending the courſe; out of theſe one hundred and twenty were choſen by "concurſus" as the beſt—and amongſt this number, Mr. Bruté received the firſt prize, after another examination.[1] He was immediately appointed Phyſician to the 1ſt Diſpenſary in Paris, but having already determined to ſtudy for the Church, he refuſed it, and ſoon afterwards entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was not led to abandon a profeſſion to which he had devoted ſo many years of aſſiduous ſtudy, and which opened its moſt brilliant proſpects before him, as Dr. McCaffrey

" might have occurred to any one " of us, and we all intereſted our- " ſelves warmly in endeavouring to " obtain his releaſe, regarding him " as a victim of a ſecret of honour " and medical duty. As he was " from our Brittany, I naturally was " very active in his behalf. All " the Profeſſors encouraged us in the " attempt. After having been kept " in priſon ſix months, he was " condemned to ſtay another ſix " months. At this time he was let " out on condition that he would " exile himſelf to the Iſle of France, " and I was accepted as his ſecurity. " The Preſect at Nantes, through " favour, making an excuſe of the " Engliſh blockade, permitted him " to remain there. He was ſtill in " that city, when I being in the " Seminary of St. Sulpice was " appointed the firſt clerk in the " Imperial chapel, and made an " unſucceſsful attempt to petition " the Emperor in his favour.

" In 1808, being a Prieſt and Pro- " feſſor of Theology in the Semi- " nary of Rennes, I never for a ſingle " moment, had anything to do with " any political movements of any " ſort. I came to this country in " 1810, and returned to France " twice, in 1815 and 1824, but " without having *ſeen* one of the " Bourbons, or received any favours " at their hands. I might add alſo, " that as regards M. de Cloſriviere, " with whom I have been con- " founded ſince his death, I had " never ſeen or knew him, until my " arrival in this country in 1810, " when he was at the Seminary, " which he left as a Prieſt, for " Charleſton. It was by Letters " and by perſonal intercourſe at the " 'Viſitation,' after his return, that " we became friends. In 1824, " when I viſited France, I made the " acquaintance of his reſpectable " and religious family."

1 He ſent the reward to Mr. Duval, his Teacher at Rennes, as a mark of gratitude. *See Journal.*

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remarks, "from any ſeelings of diſguſt. He always "honored it, as one of the nobleſt to which a highly "gifted and philanthropic man can devote himſelf. "Delightful as his converſation was to all, and to men "of ſcience in particular, it was peculiarly ſo to the "ſtudent, or to the practitioner and profeſſor of me-"dicine.[1] They often expreſſed their aſtoniſhment, "that after a lapſe of twenty or thirty years, engroſſed "by purſuits of a very different order, he retained ſo "perfect and minute a knowledge of all that he had "ſtudied in his youth, under the great maſters of the "French capital." He turned from it only becauſe he had higher and more important objects in view. His eleven thouſand claſſmates in medicine told him that it was eaſy to find Phyſicians for the body—but the Revolution had made it more difficult to find Phyſicians for the ſouls of men. For ten years, the Houſes of Religious education and Seminaries had been ſhut up. The Guillotine and Priſons and privations of exile had ſpared but a comparatively ſmall number of the former Clergy, and of theſe, many were occupied in foreign miſſions. Dreadful as had been the ravages of infidelity and impiety, and the almoſt entire privation of all spiritual ſuccor, an immenſe number of the French people ſtill remained faithful to their religion, and a new ſupply of Levites, to fill the places of thoſe who had periſhed, was called for on every ſide. One of the firſt matters to which the new Biſhops turned their attention, was the reëſtabliſhment of Dioceſan Seminaries, in order to provide for theſe

[1] He was never known however to practice it, after he became a Prieſt, except on one occaſion many years after, at Mt. St. Mary's, when one of the pupils having broken his arm, and the Phyſician not being at hand, he ſet it forhim, "moſt ſkillfully," as the Doctor ſaid when he came. *MS. Note, Wm. Miles, Eſq.*

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preſſing wants. Theſe were the circumſtances, no doubt, which influenced Mr. Bruté to ſeek admiſſion into the Sanctuary. Such a determination could ſurpriſe no one who knew him. His whole life, even in the world, had already been a preparation for it. At a different time it would probably have been his firſt choice—and having choſen it now, he gave himſelf wholly to the work. He always ſtudied with his pen in hand, and his manuſcripts again mark the exactneſs and extent of his new ſtudies. Theology was a ſcience for which his mind was admirably fitted. He loved his Religion, and it evidently became his delight, thoroughly to explore the very foundations of it. In Note books made at this time, each ſubject is developed and illuſtrated, as if his place had been that of a Teacher, inſtead of a Scholar.[1] Bp. Bruté was never a ſurface ſtudent, but now he became emphatically a foundation one. The works of the Fathers of the Church, the acts and canons of her Councils, as marking her tradition, were carefully ſtudied by him. From this time until the end of his life, every thing that he read or ſtudied was with this view. His voluminous memoranda ſhow how carefully he recorded everything which might ſerve to defend, or illuſtrate the truth, or to expoſe and confute error. He made the principles of the various ſects, his careful ſtudy, after he came to this country, and could have written a philoſophical hiſtory of them, if he had ſeen fit. No one ever made a more faithful and exact uſe of every moment of his time. He never was idle, and as a conſequence of this induſtry, his tenacious memory enabled him to

1 One of his reſolutions at a Retreat in 1806, is "ne laiſſer paſſer "aucune matiere ſans me former ún "reſultat précis, de ſa doctrine et "de ſa pratique."

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bring forth from the treaſure-houſe of his mind things new and old. To aſſiſt him in purſuing theſe ſtudies, he began at this time to collect a Library,[1] which became afterwards a large and valuable one, and this may be ſaid to have been the only property he ever owned. Bibliography was alſo one of his favourite ſtudies, for he underſtood not only how important a part of knowledge it was, to know where learning was to be found, but fully appreciated the value of editions to an accurate ſtudent. Although he never waſted a moment over uſeleſs books, yet in one ſenſe nothing came amiſs to him.[2] He may be ſaid to have been in a good ſenſe of the word a *Heluo librorum.*

It is not neceſſary to ſay, that to one animated by ſuch diſpoſitions, and ſo well prepared to make a good uſe of every opportunity, the four years he ſpent in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were what the Scripture calls "full years." He advanced alike in ſolid piety and ſound learning. Having completed the uſual courſe, he was, after having paſſed through the intermediate ſteps,[3] ordained Prieſt, in the Pariſh Church of St. Sul-

1 Even amongſt all the agitations of the Revolution, his Note book contains memoranda of books mingled with the details of perſons ſhot or impriſoned. When he came to this country and began in the newſpapers to defend the Church againſt the attacks of her enemies, he often regretted the want of works, which were needed for the proper expoſition of the matter in diſpute.

2 "They ſay that it is an ill maſon that refuſeth any ſtone; and "there is no knowledge, but in "ſkillful hands ſerves either poſitively as it is, or elſe to illuſtrate "ſome other knowledge."—*Herbert.*

3 He received the Tonſure on the 22d of December, 1804, from Monſig. De Belmont, Biſhop of St. Flour, acting for the Card. Du Belloy, the Archbiſhop of Paris; minor orders 21ſt December, 1805, from Monſig. De la Roche, Bp. of Verſailles; Sub Diaconate 31ſt May, 1806, from Monſig. Du Voiſin, Bp. of Nantes; Diaconate from Monſig. Enock, Bp. of Rennes. M. Emery was at that time Sup. of the Seminary, Boyer, Duclaux, Garnier,

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pice by Monſeigneur André, the retired Biſhop of Quimper, on the Saturday before Trinity Sunday, 1808.

The Biſhop of Nantes was very anxious to obtain his ſervices for his Dioceſe, but the Biſhop of Rennes, who knew his value not only as an Inſtructor, but as a model for the young Levites of his Dioceſe, appointed him Profeſſor of Theology in the Dioceſan Seminary. His own ſpirit of zeal and devotedneſs ſeems even at this period to have turned his mind towards the foreign miſſions. It is evident from the notes of his Retreat,[1] that he had already arrived at a great ſpirit of detachment from home and family (and no one ever loved them more dearly) and was prepared to make all the neceſſary ſacrifices, the moment that he felt it to be the will of God, that he ſhould leave France. Thoſe who knew him in after times will not be ſurpriſed to learn, that in the liſt of ſacrifices to be made, if he goes on the foreign miſſions, that of not being able to carry his Library[2] with him, occupies a

&c., Directors. Among his fellow ſtudents were Monſigs. Fayette, afterwards Biſhop of Orleans; Du Bonald, the preſent Card. Archb. of Lyons; Mazenod, the preſent Bp. of Marſeilles; Forbin-Janſon, the late Bp. of Nancy, &c.

1 M. L'Abbé Duclaux, of whom he often ſpeaks with the greateſt veneration, "mon ſaint et tout bon "pere," was his director. In Sept. 1806, he made a Retreat at the *Carmes*, to aſcertain his vocation in this matter; again in 1807, his views were towards India. According to his uſual cuſtom the pro's and con's are all written down. I find many notes amongſt his papers in regard to the different foreign miſſions—the way of getting to them, &c. He made a plan of going on *foot* to India, founded upon ſome ſtatements for ſending troops to Syria. It ſeems to have afforded him much pleaſure to think that his medical ſtudies would prove uſeful to him on the Eaſtern miſſions. In his Retreat of 1807, he appears to have determined to go, ſo far as reſted with himſelf, under the particular protection, as he adds, "of the bleſſed Virgin, in her Immaculate conception."—*Idées de la Chine.*

2 "Se priver d'approfondir mes etudes, de lire les Ss. Peres,—ma Bibliotheque."

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prominent place. At this time (1807) he appears to have determined to go, and I cannot aſcertain from his memoranda what induced him to remain. It was probably the authority of the Biſhop of Rennes. He had already refuſed his ſervices to the Biſhop of Nantes, and no doubt felt that they were needed at his new Seminary. In conſequence, after his ordination he proceeded to his native city, and entered upon his duties as a Profeſſor of Theology. The Biſhop at the ſame time offered him a Canonicate in his Cathedral, which dignity he however refuſed.[1] Although he no doubt diſcharged with zeal and fidelity his new and important duties, and made uſe of the opportunity to continue the ſtudies of which he was ſo fond, yet it is probable he never abandoned his reſolution of devoting himſelf to the miſſionary life. If he did, a circumſtance which happened the following year again renewed them. The Rev. Mr. Flaget, of the Society of St. Sulpice, who had already been ſeveral years (1792–1808) on the miſſion in the United States, was nominated in 1808 to the new See of Bardſtown in Kentucky. Anxious to eſcape the proferred dignity, he went to France in the Autumn of 1809, in the hope of being permitted to decline it, but on preſenting himſelf to M. Emery, the Superior of St. Sulpice, he found that the Sovereign Pontiff had given an expreſs order that he ſhould accept the office to which he had been called. In conſequence, after having remained in France a few months to obtain fellow labourers for his extenſive, but uncultivated Dioceſe, he returned to the United States in 1810, and was conſecrated by Archbiſhop Carroll on the 4th of

1 Dr. McCaffrey ſtates that he was alſo offered the poſition of aſſiſtant chaplain to the Emperor. The offer of the Canonicate, is from a manuſcript note in his own handwriting.

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November of that year. It was no doubt his preſence in France that renewed in Mr. Bruté's mind the intention of devoting himſelf to the foreign miſſions, and turned his mind towards the United States. Having obtained his Biſhop's conſent, he ſailed from Bordeaux[1] in company with the Biſhop elect of Bardſtown, in 1810, and arrived in Baltimore on the 10th of Auguſt of that year. For nearly two years after his arrival he was retained as Profeſſor of Philoſophy in the Seminary at Baltimore. In 1812, he was ſent for a few months on the miſſion at St. Joſeph's,[2] on the

1 I find on a ſlip of paper amongſt his manuſcripts a note of the name of the veſſel and a liſt of his fellow paſſengers. She was a brig or barque, named the George Dyer, Capt. Peter Collard. There were ſeveral French and American gentlemen—amongſt the Americans a Dr. Johnſon, bearer of deſpatches from Gen. Armſtrong, at that time our miniſter at Paris, "*a Poet*, an "Urſuline nun; five Trappiſts, the "Pere Mauvais and four brothers, "one Jeſuit, Father Cary; Mr. Fla-"get; a relative of his, Mr. Gras; "Romant, Derigand, Deidieu, Cha-"brat, Bruté."

Father Bruté always retained the greateſt love and veneration for the venerable Bp. Flaget. He often wrote long Letters to him, informing him of the news from France, and of their old companions and friends in their always beloved country, De La Mennais, Fayette, good Father Garnier, Boyer, &c. His Letters to Bp. Flaget alſo contain many intereſting particulars in regard to the hiſtory of the Church in this country.

2 Among his Letters to Biſhop Flaget, I find the following note, which was probably one of his firſt attempts to write in Engliſh: "Day "of St. Francis of Chantal, Balti-"more, being there theſe two "days—Je ſuis exilé ſur l'Eaſtern "ſhore of Maryland, where I ſerve "with Mr. Monaly, at St. Joſeph's, "Talbot Co. I went there the firſt "days of vacation. I am trying to "learn practically my Engliſh. I "have ſaid Maſs and preached, bad "preaching as it may be, in ſix dif-"ferent places. This muſt force "this dreadful Engliſh into my back-"ward head, or I muſt renounce "forever to know it. I have ſeen "Mr. Marechal only a moment, he "is gone with the Archbiſhop (Car-"roll) to Carroll Manor. He will "come back on Monday, but on "Monday I will be making Engliſh "and blunders on my Eaſtern "ſhore."

In another Letter he gives a laughable account of his attempts in Engliſh, and of Father Vincent's (the Trappiſts' Superior) *bold eſſays* in

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Eaſtern ſhore of Maryland, where he received the Letter directing him to go to Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmittſburgh.[1] "to aid Mr. Dubois," as he expreſſes it. In 1806 the Sulpicians had eſtabliſhed a preparatory Seminary at Pigeon Hill,[2] near Abbotſtown, Pa.,

preaching, one of his manuſcript Diſcourſes however, unhappily got diſarranged, and he found himſelf deep in the peroration, inſtead of the exordium, before he diſcovered his miſtake.

1 Emmittſburg would form an admirable ſubject for a local Hiſtory, connected with the origin and progreſs of the Catholic Religion in Maryland. The old log Chapel at the Elder Station was put up before the Revolution. The village dates back to 1788. The Church in the village was built in 1793-4. The Mountain Church 1805-6. The Elder Houſe ſtood for many years ſurrounded by the primeval foreſts. It was the place of worſhip for many years of the Catholics in that part of the country. The Elders, Browers, Livres and others of Engliſh deſcent. It was an influx of Iriſh Catholics which cauſed the Church in the village to be built. When Maſs was firſt ſaid at the Elder's Station the Prieſt came from the lower part of St. Mary's Co. The firſt Prieſt at the village was the Rev. Matthew Ryan.—*Miles's MS. Notes.*

The Rev. Mr. Dubois aſſembled the people upon the ſite of the Mountain Church Nov. 19, 1805, with his uſual energy he marked out the ſpot, the firſt tree was felled by him that day. They had a barbacue on the occaſion.—*MS. Note.*

In 1818, the Sulpicians had the intention of ſuppreſſing Mt. St. Mary's and ſelling the property. The citizens of Emmittſburg made very generous offers to the Rev. Mr. Dubois in order to obviate any ſuch neceſſity. The Rev. Mr. Bruté in one of his notes ſays: "15th June, 1818, Mr. Radford "came to ſee Mr. Dubois and told "him if he was embarraſſed in mo- "ney matters, the inhabitants of "Emmittſburg would ſupply them. "Mr. McNeal, Grover and Boyle "offered $1500. 28th. In the "evening Mr. McNeal came to ſay "that they would let him have 7 or "8000 dollars without int. as long "as he wanted it, that if it was in- "tended to ſell the Property they "would purchaſe it and give it back "to Mr. Dubois. 1ſt July. A "Letter came by Liven from the "Archb. which leaves everything "in *ſtatu quo.*" The property was tranſferred at the time, I believe, to Rev. Mr. Dubois.

2 Pigeon Hill was a Farm or Country ſeat which belonged to a pious layman, Mr. Harent of Lyon. The Trappiſts occupied it for a ſhort time. In 1806, he permitted the Sulpicians of Baltimore to com-

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which was tranſferred in 1809 to Emmittſburg in Maryland, the Rev. Mr. Dubois, who had charge of the miſſion in that vicinity having already commenced a ſchool there, which afterwards became ſo well known as Mt. St. Mary's College. It was at firſt intended to be merely a preparatory Seminary for Eccleſiaſtical ſtudents, but the great advantages it offered for education, induced many parents to ſeek admiſſion for their ſons, though not intended for the eccleſiaſtical ſtate. The Rev. Mr. Dubois was Preſident of the College, Paſtor of Emmittſburg, and Superior of the new inſtitution of the Siſters of Charity, which had been lately founded at St. Joſeph's under the charge of Mother Seton. Theſe varied duties made it neceſſary that he ſhould have another Prieſt with him. The Rev. Mr. Duhamel had relieved him of the charge of the Congregation at Emmittſburg ſince 1810, but the flouriſhing condition of the College required additional help, and in conſequence the Rev. Mr. Bruté was ſent to the Mountain for that purpoſe. This favoured ſpot

mence a "Petit Seminaire" there. It was opened by Mr. Nagot 15th Auguſt, 1806, with eight boys. In 1809, Mr. Nagot's health becoming impaired and Mr. Dubois having joined the Sulpicians, the ſtudents from Pigeon Hill were tranſferred to Mt. St. Mary's after Eaſter, 26th and 28th April. Mr. Harent himſelf became a Prieſt and a Sulpician at the age of 55; he lived however but a few years and died in 1818, in the Weſt Indies, where he had gone on buſineſs connected with the College at Baltimore. There were eight ſtudents tranſferred from Pigeon Hill to the Mountain—Columkill O'Conway, John O'Connor, Taliafero O'Connor, James Shorb, James Clements, John Fitzgerald, John Lilly, Jonathan Walker. The Rev. Mr. Shenfelder of Conewaga was the only one who became a Prieſt from Pigeon Hill ſo far as I can find; he was a good Prieſt—died in 1824. The firſt commencement of Mt. St. Mary's was made by Mr. Dubois in 1807; in 1824 it was detached from St. Sulpice; the Church was built in 1808. The firſt ſtone College was built in 1824; when ſcarcely finiſhed and not yet occupied, it was burnt; the new building was erected in 1824-5.

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became from this time, until he was tranſferred to the Biſhoprick of Vincennes, with the exception of the interval, 1815-18, the theatre of his zeal and holy influence—where all the advantages of his moſt amiable character, his extenſive and profound learning, and eminent Chriſtian and prieſtly virtues, were exerted with the moſt beneficial effects. He could never have hoped to have done as much good amongſt the inhabitants of India and China, by the exertion of the higheſt apoſtolic zeal, as he was permitted to do in this country. It is in no diſparagement of thoſe holy and eminent men who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Church in this country—of a Carroll, a Cheverus, a Dubois and a Flaget, to ſay that no one has ever exerted a more beneficial influence in favor of the Catholic Religion, than Bp. Bruté. If Mt. St. Mary's, in addition to all the other benefits it has beſtowed upon Catholicity in this country, has been in a remarkable degree the nurſery of an intelligent, active, zealous Prieſthood, exactly ſuch as were needed to ſupply the peculiar wants of the Church in this country, every one, at all acquainted with the hiſtory of that inſtitution will allow that the true eccleſiaſtical ſpirit was ſtamped upon it by Bp. Bruté. His humility, piety and learning, made him a model of the Chriſtian Prieſt, and the impreſſion his virtues made upon both eccleſiaſtical and lay ſtudents, ſurpaſſed all oral inſtruction. The Catholic Religion alone can produce ſuch men, and hence their example confirms the Faith and elevates the Character of all who come in contact with them.[1] The name of Biſhop Bruté has been, and ever

[1] I have often heard old ſtudents at the Mountain ſay, that when they ſerved Bp. Bruté's maſs, they were overawed by the quiet, ſubdued, but enwrapted fervour with which he ſaid it; at the moment of conſecration in particular, he ſeemed to be carried entirely out of himſelf.

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will be, aſſociated with that of Biſhop Dubois, as common benefactors to the infant Church in this country.

The Siſters of Charity in this country alſo owe a debt of gratitude to him. Mother Seton found in him an enlightened director and friend; and his advice and influence was moſt beneficial to her young community at St. Joſeph's. They were both choſen ſouls upon whom God had beſtowed his moſt precious graces, and ſtrengthened one another like St. Benedict and St. Scholaſtica by their conferences on ſpiritual matters. If ſhe revered him as emphatically a man of God, he regarded her as one who, to uſe his own language, "if placed in circumſtances ſimilar to "thoſe of St. Thereſa, or St. Frances de Chantal, "would have been equally remarkable in the ſcale of "ſanctity, for it ſeems to me," he adds, "that there "could not be a greater elevation, purity, and love for "God, for heaven, and for ſupernatural and eternal "things, than were to be found in her."[1]

The Rev. Mr. Bruté remained at the Mountain, aſſiſting Mr. Dubois in his various labours in the College, on the Miſſion, and at the Siſterhood, until 1815,[2]

1 Rev. Dr. White's Life of Mother Seton: At her death ſhe left him her Bible, upon the margin of which ſhe had written many notes, which he often quoted and referred to in his claſſes of Theology and Holy Scriptures.

2 I find on a ſtrip of paper in his hand-writing the following memorandum:

"Landed in U. S. 10th Auguſt, "1810. Conſecration of three "Biſhops, Egan, Cheverus, Flaget. "I taught Philoſophy, preached in "French. I viſited Mt. St. Mary's "and the Valley, July 1811. Went "during the vacations to Pigeon "Hill, attended Trappiſts at the "Point 1811. Mr. Marechal ar- "rived; M. Miguel was ſent on "miſſion to Eaſtern ſhore in Aug. "1812 Mr. Tuite, Mr. Monally: "Went to aid Mr. Dubois end of "September, 1812: Went to Fre- "derick to meet Archb. Carroll in "Oct.: At the Mountain I taught "Latin, French, Natural Philoſo- "phy, and gave a Retreat there and "at the Siſters'; had charge of the

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when he viſited France for a ſhort time with the permiſſion of his Superior, to bring over his Library, and to intereſt the Clergy and people in favour of the miſſions. He returned in November of the ſame year, and was appointed Preſident of Saint Mary's College at Baltimore, where he remained until 1818, when on the death of Mr. Duhamel he again returned to Emmittſburg and reſumed his labours, at the College and amongſt the Catholics in the vicinity. Mt. St. Mary's College was now thoroughly organized. The Students of the Theological School connected with it, acted as Prefects, and aſſiſted as Teachers in the Inſtitution. The ſyſtem thus adopted by Biſhop Dubois, is liable to ſome objections; it interferes no doubt with that exact eccleſiaſtical training, which is juſtly conſidered of ſo much importance. Still even independent of its economical character, it has many advantages, eſpecially for thoſe who are to exerciſe the holy miniſtry in a new

" Congregation. Delany died Oct. " 1813: Heard of invaſion of France " coming from the Siſters, 1814: " American War, went to Frederick " after the defeat of Bladenſburg: " Went to France with William Seton " in April, 1815: Returned in Nov. " Preſident of Baltimore (St. Mary's " Coll.); do 1816, do 1717. Pro- " feſſed Moral Philoſophy, Geome- " try and Natural Philoſophy: " Journey to Emmittſburg, 1818. " Went to Annapolis in Jan. 1818, " ſucceeded in ſtopping the projected " ſtreet by the College. Returned " to Emmittſburg Feb. 1818, to " aſſiſt Mr. Dubois after the death " of Mr. Duhamel. Was at the Siſ- " terhood until 1822. Took charge " of Emmittſburg Cong. until return " to France with Mr. Purcell, 1824. " M. Wiſeman, Emmittſburg. Re- " turned Nov. 1824. Separated " from St. Sulpice. Teaching " Philoſophy and Theology ſince " 1820."

In 1812, at the time of the attack upon Baltimore, Father Bruté had charge of the Mountain Church, and many of his flock went to aſſiſt in the defence of the city. He made an addreſs to them on leaving, and became himſelf ſo anxious, that he walked to Baltimore to join them, and render them ſuch aſſiſtance as they might require whilſt in the trenches.—*MS. Note by William Miles, Eſq.*

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country, where churches have to be built, and every thing formed. The diſcipline of teaching and governing boys, creates habits, moſt uſeful under the peculiar difficulties to which a Prieſt is expoſed in a country like this. Under ſuch a ſyſtem, however, it is of the greateſt importance that the Superior of the Seminary ſhould be much more than a mere Profeſſor of Theology. He ſhould be one fitted to keep before thoſe under his charge, the living image of a faithful Prieſt, and capable of forming them to ſuch habits of eccleſiaſtical virtue, as would protect them againſt the diſtracting influences of their preſent duties, as well as the more worldly influences to which they will be expoſed in after life. Such a Superior in the true ſenſe of the word was Father Bruté.[1] He underſtood fully all the reſponſibility which reſted upon him, and never did any one, in his ſituation, diſcharge it more faithfully.

A copy of ſome of his memoranda at this time will give a better idea of his life than any mere generalities.[2]

The following is headed "One day of a Prieſt," Eternity.[3]

1 The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey has related with the enthuſiaſm of an admiring pupil and attached friend, the many virtues exhibited by Bp. Bruté at the Mountain as a Profeſſor of Theology and miſſionary Prieſt. I am tempted to enrich theſe pages with extracts from this elegant diſcourſe, but it has been happily republiſhed in the "Mountain Memorial," and I would refer all who have not read it, and the Diſcourſe on Bp. Dubois (two of the moſt beautifully written and intereſting diſcourſes of this character in the Engliſh language) to that work.

2 He was fond of drawing out theſe details on paper, as a ſort of help to ſelf-examination. Sometimes notes of what he had taught, of what he had read during the day; how many times he had ſeen or touched the bleſſed Sacrament, &c.

3 This muſt have been the firſt time he was at the Mountain, 1812-15. The word "Eternity" is written upon all his notes and looſe papers. The thought of it ſeems to have been always preſent to his mind, and to have animated him to fidelity in all his duties.

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"4½ o'C. "Benedicamus Domino"—"Praiſe be to "God," on awakening; Vocal Prayer; Meditation "before the Tabernacle. Rev. Mr. Hickey's Maſs; "Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord preſent.

"6 o'C. Celebrated Maſs; Jeſus Chriſt preſent; "Breakfaſt; bodily care. Returned to the Church (on "the Mountain), opened the Tabernacle, and took "out the Bleſſed Sacrament. Went with Guy Elder "through the woods, our bleſſed Lord on my breaſt. "Said our Beads with acts of devotion to the bleſſed "Sacrament at the end of each Decade.

"8 o'C. At Mrs. McCormick's; her lively marks of "Faith and joy; heard her Confeſſion; arranged the "Table; called the people; the young convert and her "little one; her huſband preparing for his firſt com- "munion; adminiſtered the Bleſſed Sacrament to Mrs. "McC.; ſpoke of Martha and Mary and Larazus and "Zaccheus, old friends of our Lord on earth; He ſtill "upon earth and we his preſent living friends. On "our way to Emmittſburg, recited the Miſerere, our "Father, Hail Mary; Hymn, 'Jeſus lover of my Soul.'

"9½ o'C. At the Church in Emmittſburg; opened "the Tabernacle and Ciborium. Went to ſee Mr.——, "10 years without making his Eaſter communion; good "*moral* character, as they ſay; heard his confeſſion; "ſtrong Faith, gave lively evidences of it; had a talk "with him, &c.

"10¾ o'C. Coming back, baptized the child of "Peters' wife; her abundant tears; her great difficul- "ties; did not hear her confeſſion at that time.

"11 o'C. Returned to Church in Emmittſburg; "reſtored B. S. to the Ciborium; ſtopped at Joſeph's "with Guy; paid a viſit to the B. Sacrament; ſaw "Mrs. Brawner.

"12 o'C. Found at the College an old German

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"woman waiting for me; no duty for ten years; ſick "and lame; looked very poorly; came to know if I "would hear her; Siſter Angela gave her a dinner; to "come again on Sunday.

"1½. Was called to ſee Glacken above Emmittſburg; "went to the Church at Emmittſburg to get the bleſſed "Sacrament; this is the fifth time to day that I have "touched my Sovereign Lord 'The King of Glory,' "as Mr. Duhamel has it, embroidered on the inſide "door of the Tabernacle; carried it to the ſick, ad- "miniſtered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; made "a little addreſs to thoſe preſent—ſeveral Proteſtants.

"4 o'C. Went to Mrs. Brawner's; heard her confeſ- "ſion; recited my office; Oh! the wonders of that "office of the bleſſed Sacrament, and am now, writing "down theſe notes; but a thouſand details thoughts "and acts not told; how wonderful the day of a Prieſt. "In the Evng. Inſtructions for Confirmation."

On the ſame paper is written: "What have I done "to-day for the houſe? Reviewed the 2d Latin claſs; "had a converſation before God, with one of the young "men; Latin Leſſon; Reviewed the 3rd French Claſs; "Latin leſſon to Guy Elder; had a converſation with "another young man who came to conſult me; one "with Mr. Hickey; one with the two Gardiners; "wrote a Letter; the Dialogue for Baltimore, ſix pages; "Spiritual Reading, the uſual Prayers. If all done "well what a bleſſing it would bring; but oh! my Lord, "ſo poorly, by halves—alas!"

On one ſheet of paper he has written an account of the manner in which he ſpent the 3rd Sunday in Advent, at the Seminary in Paris, in 1804, when a ſtudent there; the 3rd Sunday in Advent at Rennes in 1809, as Profeſſor of Theology; and the 3rd Sunday in Advent 1819, at the Mountain, ; the Sundays at Paris

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and Rennes, is the uſual exact routine of Seminary Life in France; the Sunday at Emmittſburg is as follows:

"Slept at the Mountain.

"5 o'C. Roſe; 1ſt Prayers.

"5½. On my way to the Siſters (at St. Joſeph's), "meditation 'en route.'

"6 o'C. Heard confeſſions; wrote out my medita- "tion.

"7 o'C. Maſs. Read De Blois' Lives of the "Saints.

"8 o'C. Breakfaſt at Mr. Grover's.

"8¼ o'C. Gave communion at the Ch. at Emmittſ- "burg to two perſons; heard confeſſions; wrote a "meditation.

"10½ o'C. Went to viſit Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. "Bradley, who are ſick; ſaid my 'Little Hours' on "the way.

"11½ o'C. Stopt at the Siſters; read the Life of "Madame de Chantal; wrote an Exhortation for the "Funeral of Mrs. Lindſay.

"1 o'C. Gave benediction; read the Epiſtle for the "Sunday, and gave a ſhort Inſtruction.

"1½ oC. Returned to the Mountain. Viſited the "Siſters at their Houſe [i. e. the Siſters who lived at "the Mountain and at that time had charge of the "domeſtic arrangements, Infirmary, &c.]; a few "words.

"2 o'C. Went to Mr. Elder's; officiated at the "Mrs. Lindſay's Funeral; Exhortation. Read the "Hiſt. of the Councils [i. e. whilſt walking, according "to his cuſtom].

"3 o'C. Veſpers; gave benediction; heard confeſ- "ſions after Veſpers.

"4 o'C. In my Room; heard confeſſions there; "Office; looked over ſome Gazettes 1816-17 [French

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" newſpapers]; read in the Encyclopedia account of " Pennſylvania.

" 7 o'C. Supper; Study.

" 8¾ o'C. Evening Prayers; reading, &c."[1]

On another paper, headed " A day of the miſſions at Emmittſburg"—a holyday at the College, I ſuppoſe, he writes down the details of a day's work, ſpent in going from one family to another, through the country, not viſits of friendſhip or pleaſure, but to perſons evidently who neglected their duty. He has marked the diſtances on the margin and they ſum up 30 miles. He left the Mountain at 4¾ o'C. in the morning, celebrated Maſs at 5½ o'C. at the Siſters at St. Joſeph's, and was home at the College, at 6½ in the Evening. He ſums the day's work by the following memorandum: 'I *remember* to have ſpoken to 62 perſons, more 'probably, in regard to matters connected with Reli- " gion and their duty; made a ſhort exhortation at " Maſs, it being St. Ignatius's day. Three perſons " were warned about their Eaſter duty; ſeveral ſpoken " to for circulating evil reports; others warned againſt " attending a camp meeting to begin next week at " Hoovers." On another day he writes: " Saturday " night, 14th, I received from Baltimore a number of

[1] Amongſt his papers I find a little ſlip upon which the following is written, in Mr. Bruté's hand writing and which may ſerve as an appendix to the above:

" Mr. DuBois Sunday. His in- " variable meditation. Then con- " feſſions in the Church on the " Mountain; Maſs at 8 o'C; again " confeſſions in the Church till 11 " o'C.; at 11 High Maſs by Mr. " Bruté; Mr. Dubois there, at the " Sermon. Thus ſix hours ſpent in " that cold Church. Dinner; we " talked. 3 o'C. Benediction, then " confeſſions one hour and a half. " At 6 o'C. Catechiſm of the higher " Claſs (Mr. Hickey the younger " one) three quarters of an hour. ' Supper at half paſt 7. Claſs in " Latin, Jamiſon, George Elder, " Alex. Elder, Guin, one hour; " and ſo on for his Holy days."

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" the Edinburg Review, and Stuart againſt the Eternal " Generation of Jeſus Chriſt. Sunday, 15th. Already " read through Stuart's Book, and wrote a long Letter " of remarks upon it to Rev. Mr. Elder. Attended " to the duties of the day at Emmittſburg. In the " evening, read, part on the road, part at home, moſt " of the Edinburg. Monday. This day I finiſhed " the Edinburg, made a dozen long notes on the arti- " cle on O'Meara's Journal, and two on the Article " upon Duprat's works, with ſome ſearch amongſt my " books in regard to points in theſe memoranda. " Wrote a Letter to Mr. Chance; packed up the " whole to be ſent to Baltimore to-morrow morning " by Siſter Xavier, who is going there. Finiſhed a " map of the Eccleſiaſtical States for the Geography " Claſs. Read on the 6th chap. of St. John, Witaſse, " Tournely, Drouin, Bellarmin, and the Diſcuſſion " Amicale; conſulted alſo Weſley's Notes, Cajetan, " Beil, Bergier, my old notes of Mr. Fraſſinous, and " noted down twenty-one arguments upon the ſubject. " Taught the Claſs in Theology; ſtudied ſome other " queſtions; taught the Claſs in Philoſophy; went to " a ſick call, &c., &c., &c., and then the uſual happy " round of a Prieſt, Prayer, Meditation, Maſs, Bre- " viary, Beads, viſit to the Bleſſed Sacrament, &c." The following memorandum was made on the 20th March, 1821: " On the evening of the 14th of March " Mr. Damphoux arrived at the Mountain to recall " Mr. Hickey to Baltimore. The next morning, after " I had celebrated Mass at the St. Joſeph's, I ſtarted " on foot for Baltimore, without ſaying a word to any- " body, to ſpeak to the Archbiſhop and Mr. Teſſier, " and endeavor to retain him. Stopt at Taneytown " at Father Zochi's, and got ſomething to eat. At " Wincheſter found out that I had not a penny in my

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" pocket and was obliged to get my dinner on credit. " Arrived at Baltimore (52 miles) 10 minutes before " 10 o'C. Mr. Hickey to remain at the College. " Laus Deo. Set out on my return the next day (16th) " in the afternoon; Stopt at Mr. Williamſon's, 6½ " miles from the city, where the ſtorm obliged me to " take refuge. On Saturday, 17th (St. Patrick's day), " ſaid Maſs, and made a diſcourſe to the people on the " text, 'filii ſanctorum ſumus.' At 7 o'C. ſtarted again, " the wind and rain in my face, ſometimes ſo ſevere, " as almoſt to take away my breath; arrived at the " Mountain at 10½ o'C. at night. In going I read " 388 pages in D'Anquètil's Hiſtory of France, the " reigns of Louis XII and Francis I; 14 pages of " Cicero de Officiis; 3 chapters in the New Teſtament; " my office; recited the Chapelet three times. On " my journey back, the wind blew ſo hard, that I " could only read a Pamphlet of 25 pages (Docu- " ments of the Biſhop of Philadelphia) and my office." During the time that he was thus buſily employed in the duties of his ſtation, and training up ſo many future Biſhops and Prieſts, he intereſted himſelf in anything that could conduce to the refutation of error, and the progreſs of Religion. He contributed conſtantly to the Catholic newſpapers original articles and often furniſhed materials for others to uſe.[1] He carried on a correſpondence not only with friends in France,[2] his family and others, but with many diſtinguiſhed perſons

[1] He took a great intereſt in the Hiſtory of the Catholic Church in this country, and made a large number of notes upon it. During his ſhort Epiſcopate he found time to collect many Hiſtorical notes in regard to Vincennes and the weſtern country, and communicated ſeveral papers to the local journals, upon the ſubject.

[2] Among Biſhop' Bruté's papers are a large number of Letters from the unhappy Felicité de La Mennais (he came to the Seminary at Rennes, when Mr. Bruté was Pro-

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in the United States. He aſſiſted Mr. Duponceau in his works on the Indian Languages. He was a friend and correſpondent of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, of the diſtinguiſhed Judge Gaſton of North Carolina, and many others.

When the preſent Archbiſhop of Baltimore (the Moſt Rev. F. P. Kenrick) was appointed coadjutor to the aged Biſhop of Philadelphia (Dr. Conwell) and Adminiſtrator of the Dioceſe in 1830, and ſet himſelf to work to repair the injuries which had been done to Chriſtian piety and Church diſcipline by that unworthy Prieſt, the Rev. William Hogan and his followers; a taſk for which his virtues and learning eminently qualified him; the Rev. Mr. Bruté intereſted himſelf with his uſual zeal, in the good works which were undertaken for this purpoſe, eſpecially the holding of

feſſor there in 1809); they are full of intereſting details and written with his uſual facility and beauty of ſtyle, apparently full of zeal for Religion, but at the ſame time overflowing with a querulous fault-finding ſpirit, ſo indicative of ſelf-love and prophetic of his own ſpiritual ſhipwreck. He was much attached to good Father Carron and being obliged to leave France in 1815, on account of his work, "De l'Inſtitution des Evéques," he joined him in London. In one of his Letters to Bp. Bruté, dated "chez M. Carron, Kenſington "Gore No. 21, Ap. 25th, 1815," he "ſays "John (his brother) collected "the matter and I wrote the work, "which has diſpleaſed equally the "Janſeniſts, Richeriſtes and Blan-"chidiſtes, who have been but too "powerful in France ſince the re-"ſtoration. But truth has ſo much "force in itſelf, that it muſt triumph, "ſooner or later, over all the vain "opinions of men." He adds, "I "often think of you, it is one of "my great conſolations, though, "perhaps, we will never meet again "until we meet in eternity." In 1816, September 16th, John de la Mennais, the brother, writes from St. Brieux, "Feli remains always "with our dear M. Carron. He "is at work on an Eſſay 'Sur L'In-"difference en matiere de Religion,' "which is calculated to make a great "impreſſion. We regret (meaning "Felicité and himſelf) that we can-"not have your advice and aſſiſt-"ance in our undertakings, which "nothing can ſupply." Felicité himſelf writes to Bp. Bruté from Paris, February 22, 1818: "The

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regular Dioceſan Synods and the eſtabliſhment of a Dioceſan Seminary. The great object of his ſolicitude always was the formation of an intelligent, zealous Clergy, well grounded in the knowledge of Theology and Holy Scriptures, and able to cope with the peculiar difficulties which ſtand in the way of Catholics, and the Catholic Religion, in this country. In furtherance of theſe views, he warmly approved of Biſhop Kenrick's deſign to prepare a courſe of Theology, adapted to the wants of the Catholic Clergy in the United States, where error alike in doctrine and morals preſents itſelf under ſo many new and ſtartling forms. His numerous Letters to Biſhop Kenrick upon theſe ſubjects, not only give evidence of his zeal and piety, and of his high appreciation of the prieſtly character, but afford ſpecimens of his profound knowledge of Theology,

" 1ſt vol. (of the Eſſay on Indifference) has been publiſhed, and I have directed Teyſſeyre to ſend you three copies. The whole firſt Edition has been ſold. No Journal has ſpoken of it, except the 'Ami de la Religion.' I am preparing a ſecond Edition in which by the advice of ſome of my friends (though others oppoſe it) I will change many things. I will ſend you ſome copies as ſoon as it is out and if you perſevere in your intention of tranſlating it, you had better follow this new Edition. The ſecond volume will be more important; in this I will develope a new ſyſtem of defending Chriſtianity againſt Infidels, and Hereticks." In the ſame Letter he complains that their old friend M. Carron had not been appointed to a Biſhoprick, but "he is not of noble blood, and he remained a Catholic whilſt in England" (il est reſté Catholique en Angleterre). "We have remained always together," he adds, "ſince we were together in London, we have not left one another. He is a Saint; his zeal and charity are incredible. Pray for me, no one has more need of prayer, than I have. Adieu my dear friend. A Dieu ſeul.

"F. De La Mennais."

In ſome notes of his viſit to France in 1824, Mr. Bruté, ſpeaking of De La Mennais and of his Book, ſays: "Many writings againſt his 2d volume—ſome for." "I found," he adds, "all St. Sulpice againſt it, eſpecially M. St. Felix, Mr. Carriere and Mr. Garnier, &c."

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and admirable critical ſkill. He was no mere book-worm, but had great freſhneſs and independence of thought. It might have been ſuppoſed, that the ſcenes he had paſſed through and witneſſed in early life, would have made him ſomewhat of an ultra-conſervative—one oppoſed to all change—but it was not ſo. Though no one could have been more firm, than he was, in reſiſting any attempt to alter or modify any thing eſſential to the true character and office of the Church, yet no one underſtood better the advantages of judicious accommodation to times and circumſtances.

When the Biſhops in the United States began to hold Provincial Councils, Father Bruté was appealed to from every ſide, and his advice was conſtantly aſked in regard to thoſe matters which it was their object to arrange. He had from the time of his arrival in this country been anxious that the Biſhops of the country ſhould aſſemble in this manner, feeling as he did, how important it was for the progreſs and ſtability of Religion, not only that they ſhould meet and confer together, but that proper and uniform rules of diſcipline ſhould be eſtabliſhed throughout the country, while it ſtill formed one Eccleſiaſtical Province. Many of the beneficial effects which followed the Provincial Councils of Baltimore may be attributed to him.

It was thus, that although apparently hidden in his Mountain retreat, engaged in his quiet duties as a Profeſſor and Miſſionary, his influence extended on every ſide, and the whole country may be said in ſome ſenſe, to have been the field of his labour. No opportunity of doing good eſcaped his vigilant zeal. If he heard of a rich Catholic, who did not make good uſe of his riches—of one who was lukewarm in the Faith—of a Prieſt who was a cauſe of ſcandal, or had apoſtatized, he immediately made uſe of every influence in his

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power, to bring them to a ſenſe of their duty. By fervent and touching Letters addreſſed to themſelves, and by intereſting thoſe who were acquainted with them, he endeavored to infuſe into their ſouls, ſome portion of the ſpirit of Faith and devotion which burned in his own.

His excellent mother died in 1823,[1] and in 1824, he viſited his native country to arrange matters connected with her property. His memoranda ſhow, that as uſual, every thought of his heart and every moment of his time, was occupied with the intereſt of Religion.[2] His viſits and converſations, were all directed either to the ſpiritual good of the perſons viſited, or

1 She died 28th of May, 1823; he did not receive the news of her death until the 6th of November following.

2 He took advantage of this viſit to make a long Retreat at the Solitude at Iſſy, under Mr. Mollevant. I have in my poſſeſſion, the notes of this and of all his Retreats, which he made with great regularity and exactneſs. They contain abundant evidence of his progreſs, in ſolid piety and the moſt intimate union with God. In dwelling during this retreat at Iſſy upon the particular graces and benefits which God had beſtowed upon him, he mentions the holy Prieſts who had been his ſpiritual directors at different periods of his life. "Oh! "what an account will I have to "give" he writes "of ſuch eminent "graces:

"My youth at Rennes—M. "Carron.

"During the times of the perſe- "cution, ſo many confeſſors mar- "tyrs—M. Touchet, M. Sorette.

"At Paris, when a ſtudent of "medicine—M. Delpuits.

"My Seminary at Paris—M. "Emery and M. Duclaux.

"The Seminary at Rennes—A "ſaint, M. Gueretrie.

"The Seminary at Baltimore— "Mr. Nagot and Mr. Teſſier.

"Mt. St. Mary's—Mr. DuBois. "My preſent Retreat, in the ſolitude "at Iſſy—M. Mollevant."

His memoranda made during his viſit to Paris and his native place contain many intereſting details of his intercourſe with Mgr. Cheverus, then Biſhop of Montauban, whom he met at Paris; the Count de Senft, former ambaſſador of Saxony to the French Court; the Baron de Haller; the Card. Prince de Croy, Grand Almoner; the brothers La Mennais, and the celebrated Lannec, his former fellow ſtudent in medicine; M. Daru, and others.

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the benefit of the miſſions, which he had ſo much at heart. He returned in the Autumn, and immediately reëntered upon his duties at Mt. St. Mary's.

In 1832, when the Cholera had commenced its ravages, with ſo much violence in Canada, and its immediate extenſion to the United States was anticipated, he wrote to the Moſt Reverend Archbiſhop of Baltimore (Whitfield), offering his ſervices, when it ſhould reach that city. In Auguſt, the Rev. Father Deluol viſited Mt. St. Mary's, and the peſtilence having broken out in Baltimore, the Rev. Mr. Bruté returned with him in order to attend upon the ſick. Immediately after his arrival, he had a violent attack of intermittent fever, and was obliged to return to the Mountain; but as ſoon as he had recovered, he ſet off again, without ſaying a word to any one, for Baltimore, and labored in the Cholera Hoſpitals there, until his ſervices were no longer needed.

One of the ſubjects, as connected with the progreſs and ſolid eſtabliſhment of Religion in this country which conſtantly occupied Father Bruté's thoughts, and upon which he often dwelt in his Letters to Biſhop Flaget and others, was the neceſſity of multiplying Epiſcopal Sees as faſt as they were needed and fit ſubjects could be found to fill them. He was deſtined, in the order of God's providence, to coöperate in the work, not only by his advice and exhortations, but by his active exertions. The Fathers of the 2d Provincial Council of Baltimore in 1833, requeſted the Sovereign Pontiff (Greg. XVI) to erect the town of Vincennes in Indiana, into a Biſhoprick, having juriſdiction over the State of Indiana and a part of Illinois, and the Rev. Mr. Bruté was, on their recommendation, appointed to be its firſt Biſhop. When the news reached him, his humility, and ſtrong ſenſe of accountability, cauſed him at firſt

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to ſhrink from the burthen which was about to be placed upon his ſhoulders.[1] With all his zeal and activity, he was very diffident of his fitneſs for the office, and in one of his written examinations, in which according to his uſual cuſtom he ſtates with great ſimplicity, the two ſides of the caſe, he makes out, according to his own view of the matter, a very formidable liſt of defects; but when he found that the matter was ſettled, he went to work, not only with the zeal of a good Prieſt, but the vivacity and energy of a true Frenchman. His only real defect was his imperfect Engliſh pronunciation. He may be ſaid to have had every other qualification—natural talent—induſtrious and methodical habits—great erudition—a high ſenſe of duty—a great ſpirit of ſelf-ſacrifice, and all directed by a will and energy of character which nothing could diſhearten or overcome. I have been told that when the matter of his nomination to the new See was debated in the Council, Biſhop England was oppoſed to it, thinking that on account of his love of Books and Study, he would not be fitted for the office of a miſſionary Biſhop in the back-woods; but with Biſhop Bruté, *duty* was the firſt point, and Biſhop England, and every one elſe who witneſſed his ſhort career as a Biſhop, muſt have been ſurpriſed at the energy and ſelf-devotion which he manifeſted.[1] In adminiſtrative talent in particular, a great point in a new country,

1 At the time he received the Bulls (May, 1834), he was giving a Retreat to the Siſters at St. Joſeph's. He firſt opened the documents in the chapel on his knees. The next day he went to Baltimore and made a Retreat in the Seminary, to decide whether he ſhould accept or refuſe. Every poſſible conſideration on either ſide is drawn out with the acuteneſs of a practiſed lawyer, and the greateſt ſimplicity and fidelity in his uſual detailed memoranda.

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where every thing has to be created as it were, he ſurpriſed thoſe who knew him beſt.

As ſoon as he had accepted the Bulls, he made the neceſſary arrangements for his conſecration, and prepared to ſet out for the new and arduous field of labours, to which the few remaining years of his life were to be devoted.[1]

I find among his manuſcripts, notes of a Letter apparently written to the Leopoldine Aſſociation of Vienna, in return for ſome aſſiſtance it had given him, and which relates many intereſting circumſtances connected with his taking poſſeſſion of his Dioceſe, and his firſt labours there. Whether it has ever been publiſhed, I do not know: "Mere words," he writes, "will poorly expreſs the gratitude of the Biſhop of "Vincennes, for the offering of love and zeal, which "your benevolent Aſſociation has been pleaſed, in the "name of God, to beſtow upon his newly created "Dioceſe. The merits of the gift, are ſecure for "Heaven, for the pious benefactors—may I have my "ſhare in them, by making a faithful uſe of what has "been thus committed to my ſtewardſhip. It is per-"haps proper, that in return, I ſhould give you ſome "information in regard to the beginnings of the Dio-"ceſe, which has been the object of your bounty.

"When I arrived in Baltimore from France in 1810, "to devote myſelf to the miſſions in this country, "there was but one Biſhop for the whole United

[1] It muſt have been a great trial to him to leave Mount St. Mary's. It is evident from his Letters, that he tore himſelf away from it with great reluctance. It had bound itſelf around his warm French heart, with the ſympathies of a ſecond home. Biſhop Bruté had what the Phrenologiſts call the bump of *Locality* ſtrongly developed; or rather like all perſons of an ardent, affectionate nature, he formed ſtrong local attachments.

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" States, the late Moſt Rev[d] John Carroll. Since then
" many other Sees have been erected—the See of De-
" troit erected in 1833, was the twelfth. The See of
" Vincennes, erected in 1834, by the Holy See, at the
" recommendation of the 2d Provincial Council of
" Baltimore, may be regarded as the 13th. To this
" See, thus eſtabliſhed, I was named as the firſt Biſhop.
" At the time of my appointment I was and had been
" for many years, Superior and Profeſſor of Theology
" in the Seminary, connected with the College, of
" Mt. St. Mary's, near Emmittſburg, in Maryland.
" Although a large number of Prieſts now on the
" miſſion in the United States had been ſent out from
" this Seminary, at the time of my appointment, they
" were not able to aid me, either with Prieſts or money.
" The Siſters of Charity at St. Joſeph's, the Mother
" Houſe, made me a preſent of two hundred dollars
" to aſſiſt me in eſtabliſhing myſelf at Vincennes. On
" my way to Bardſtown, where I was to make my
" Retreat previous to my conſecration, I viſited my
" reſpected friend Dr. Purcell, the Biſhop of Cincin-
" nati, whoſe dioceſe muſt always continue to be a
" moſt worthy object of your generoſity, as having a
" large population of German Catholics. He kindly
" accompanied me as far as Louiſville and then re-
" turned, whilſt I proceeded on my way to Bardſtown,
" where I once more had the happineſs of meeting, my
" Father and friend, the venerable Biſhop Flaget,
" the Patriarch of theſe weſtern miſſions, upon which
" he has laboured above 43 years—twenty-five of
" which as Biſhop of Bardſtown, having juriſdiction
" over the whole weſtern country. I was alſo permited
" once more to embrace my old friend Biſhop David,
" who having reſigned the Coadjutorſhip of Bardſtown,
" has been ſucceeded by Biſhop Chabrat.

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"At the time of my arrival Biſhop Flaget was about "leaving for Cincinnati, to conſecrate the large Ger- "man Church which had been lately erected. I ſpent "a few days in viſiting the different inſtitutions of the "Dioceſe, the College and Seminary at Bardſtown, "the beautiful Inſtitution of the Siſters of Charity of "Nazareth, founded by Bp. David, the Houſe of the "Siſters of Loretto, founded by the Rev. Mr. Ne- "rincxs, both having ſeveral Academies and Schools "under their care. I viſited alſo the flouriſhing Col- "lege of the Jeſuits (St. Mary's), and regretted very "much that my time would not allow of my going "to the Dominican Convent and Noviciate of St. "Roſe. By the time I had finiſhed my Retreat (from "4th to 12th Oct.) under Biſhop David, Biſhop Fla- "get had returned from Cincinnati and I ſet out with "him for Louiſville where Biſhop Purcell joined us. "Croſſing the Ohio, we proceeded directly towards "St. Louis, acroſs the vaſt Prairies of Illinois, and paſſ- "ing through the town of Vincennes,[1] half incognito. "It was a ſource of great happineſs and conſolation to "me, to paſs ſo many days in the company of theſe "holy Biſhops, and to meet that moſt excellent Pre- "late, Dr. Roſati of St. Louis. On the 26th of "October, aſſiſted by Biſhops Flaget and Purcell, he "conſecrated his new and beautiful Cathedral, which

1 In a cheerful Letter to Biſhop David from "Salem, half way be- "tween Vincennes and St. Louis," he gives a detailed account of this journey, which in itſelf was no ſlight undertaking in thoſe days—once they were caught in a violent ſtorm upon the prairies and ſuffered ſe- verely from wet and cold—he draws as uſual a lively picture of their miſhaps and adventures, of Biſhop Flaget, "l'incomparable," as he calls him, drying his Breviary be- fore the inn fire, &c. They ſpent only an hour and a half at Vincen- nes, as he ſays, without the guns firing or the bells ringing, or a grand proceſſion or anything.

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" was an occaſion of great joy to the whole city. A " large body of the militia, and even the United States " Troops, from the Barracks near St. Louis, aſſiſted " at the Ceremony. Two days after, on the 28th of " October, the day of the Holy Apoſtles, St. Simon " (my patron) and St. Jude, I was conſecrated in the " ſame Cathedral, by the Rt. Rev. Biſhop Flaget, " aſſiſted by Biſhop Roſati and Biſhop Purcell. The " Sermon for the occaſion was preached by the Rev. " Mr. Hitzelberger. On the Feſtival of all Saints, at " the requeſt of Biſhop Roſati I officiated pontifically, " for the firſt time. During theſe days, which was a " time of general feſtivity, there were ſermons, each " morning and evening, preached by the Biſhops, or " ſome of the Jeſuit Fathers, who have a large and " flouriſhing College at this place, at preſent our far- " theſt weſtern point, a thouſand miles diſtant from " New York, but with another thouſand miles of terri- " tory extending beyond it to the Pacific, the only " frontier of theſe vaſt United States.

" Having left St. Louis, with Biſhops Flaget, and " Purcell, the Rev. Meſſrs. Abel and Hitzelberger and " Father Petit, we arrived at Vincennes the 5th of " November. Some miles before reaching the city, we " were met by a number of the citizens, Catholics and " Proteſtants, on horſeback, who had accompanied the " Paſtor, the Rev. Mr. Lalumiere, a native of the " State, and the firſt Prieſt ordained (by Bp. Flaget) " for Vincennes. He was of courſe filled with joy, in " ſeeing a Biſhop granted to his Indiana, and all the " inhabitants ſeemed to ſhare in it.

" The ceremony of the Inſtallation took place the " ſame evening. Biſhop Flaget, who 43 years before " had been the miſſionary Prieſt here, when it was a " ſimple trading and military Poſt, in the midſt of the

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" ſurrounding wilderneſs, proceeded to addreſs the " people with his uſual fervour. Venerated and loved " by all, himſelf in the 74th year of his age, he intro- " duced to them their new Biſhop, no longer young, " being in his 54th year, and urged them to make a " good uſe of the privileges which God in his mercy " had beſtowed upon them. Other inſtructions were " given during theſe days. On Sunday, I officiated " pontifically, and on Monday my venerable Col- " leagues took their leave, amidſt the bleſſings of the " whole population, to return to their reſpective Dio- " ceſes. They literally left me alone. Father Petit " was obliged ſoon to return to his College in Ken- " tucky. Mr. Lalumiere took charge of the miſſions " in the vicinity of Vincennes, but ſtill 25 or 30 miles " diſtant, and in the whole Dioceſe, there were but " two other Prieſts, one, Mr. Ferneding, in charge of " the German miſſions 150 miles diſtant, and Mr. St. " Cyr, whom Biſhop Roſati had permitted to aſſiſt " me for one year, and who was ſtationed at Chicago, " 225 miles off.

" The Cathedral Church, a plain brick building 115 " feet long and 60 broad, conſiſting of the four walls " and roof, unplaſtered and not even whitewaſhed—no " Sanctuary—not even a place for preſerving the Veſt- " ments and Sacred Veſſels. Only a ſimple Altar of " wood with a neatly gilded Tabernacle, and a Croſs " and ſix beautiful Candleſticks, a gift from France, " which were much in contraſt with the poverty and " utter deſtitution of the place. The Houſe built for " the Miſſionary, and now the Epiſcopal Reſidence, " conſiſts of a ſmall, comfortable room and cloſet, 25 " feet by 12, without however a cellar under, or a " garret above; a ſmall plot for a Garden lays between " it and the Church, on the other ſide of which is the

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" Catholic Cemetery. Some years ſince, the town had " a common Burying ground prepared, beyond its " limits, and inſiſted for a while that the Catholics " ſhould bury their dead in it like the reſt; but they " reſiſted ſo reſolutely they were at laſt permitted to " bury in their own Cemetery. An old wooden build- " ing a ſhort diſtance from the *Palace*, is occupied by " the Servant, and near it is a ſtable ready for the " Biſhop's Horſe, when he is able to get one. The " people are moſtly of French deſcent, poor, illiterate, " but of that open, lively diſpoſition, which beſpeaks " their origin. They retain their Faith—love their " Prieſt, but are negligent in attending to their reli- " gious duties. They are very remiſs alſo in teaching " their children their Prayers, and the Catechiſm, and " this cauſes them to forget it themſelves. Many alſo " are in the habit of uſing profane language. It is " true and ſhould be mentioned, that of late years they " have been much neglected, and much of their former " piety ſeems now to be rekindling in their hearts.

" The kind reception I met with on my arrival, " was followed up by generous gifts of proviſions and " other neceſſary things. Of money they have little, " and conſequently can give but little. A ſubſcription " liſt which was handed around ſome months after I " came, with the intention of providing a yearly in- " come for my ſupport did not reach two hundred " dollars, and moſt of this was to be paid in grain, if " they had not the money at the time. It may ſeem " ſomewhat out of place for me to enter into ſuch de- " tails, but they are neceſſary to ſhow that although a " pariſh Prieſt, accuſtomed to the ſimplicity of ſeminary " life, may find a ſufficient ſupport, yet the reſources " of the Dioceſe are entirely inadequate to provide for " its great and urgent wants, the education of young

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"men intended for the Prieſthood, and building up of "thoſe inſtitutions of charity for orphans and others, "without which Religion can never be firmly eſtab- "liſhed. The Revenue from Pews[1] in my Cathedral "is ſo ſmall as barely to ſupply what is neceſſary for "the Altar and current Expenſes of the Church itſelf. "Of ſome Property which belongs to the Dioceſe, but "which at preſent brings no income, I will have occa- "ſion to ſpeak hereafter.

"As the Directors of your Aſſociation very properly "requeſt minute details, in order to be able to form "an accurate opinion, I will proceed to give an ac- "count of the firſt ſix or eight months of my admin- "iſtration.

"A few days after the Biſhops who ſo kindly accom- "panied me to Vincennes had left, I went with the "Rev. M. Lalumiere to viſit his two miſſions, or "Congregations as they are generally named in this "country—firſt to St. Peter's and then to St. Mary's. "The laſt was not quite completed, and I was re- "queſted to name it. It was a great happineſs to me "to put the firſt Church, which I was called upon to "bleſs in my new Dioceſe under the patronage of the "bleſſed mother of God; ſo I named it Saint Mary's, "and promiſed to return again in two weeks and bleſs "it, when it was finiſhed. On the day appointed, all "the good people aſſembled with their worthy Paſtor

[1] In a Letter to Biſhop Kenrick, dated December 18, 1834, he incidentally mentions that the Pew Rent in his Cathedral, amounted to the enormous ſum of $100, and that the ſubſcription for the ſupport of the Paſtor was $240; but not all of this paid. Still there is not a ſign of complaint; his only demand after all, is for Prieſts. "I am re- "ſigned," he ſays, "to remain at "Vincennes alone and attend the "ſick calls and do all the work my- "ſelf—but my great, my greateſt "want is Prieſts for other places."

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"M. Lalumiere at the little Chapel. It was built of "Logs, as almoſt all the buildings ſtill are in this part "of the Country. It is only about from 15 to 20 "years ſince theſe ſettlements were made. There are "about 150 Catholic families, moſt of them from "Kentucky, but ſome from Ireland. We formed a "Proceſſion and went around the Chapel and the cere- "monies were obſerved as cloſely as poſſible; then I "celebrated Maſs and gave an Inſtruction to thoſe who "were preſent. Some Baptiſms and a marriage filled "up the labours of the day, marked as the firſt, on "which I bleſſed a Church in the wilderneſs. The "conduct of the people was full of edification.

"Afterwards I viſited ſome of the places around "Vincennes where I found ſmall cluſters of Catholic "families. At the Cat's river, 13 miles from the town, "I had more than 25 or 30 families to attend, and "every time I went there I ſaw how much more good "would be done by a reſident paſtor. I will ſoon ſend "one to them, though for the firſt few years he will "have to be ſupported chiefly from the means at the "Biſhop's diſpoſal. Once they are firmly rooted how- "ever ſuch miſſions will ſupport themſelves. The "The people are moſtly of French origin. I viſited "another Congregation in Edgar County on the "Illinois ſide of the Dioceſe, about 70 miles from "Vincennes. It is an American Settlement from "Kentucky with ſome Iriſh families among them. "There are perhaps 50 or 60 families within a circuit "of 15 miles, and I found them as at S. Mary's truly "zealous for their religion, and talking of the Church "which they would ſoon build, and the prieſt that "would ſoon be ſent to them.

"At Vincennes I undertook to bring our long "neglected youths to their firſt Communion. At

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"Chriſtmas I had twenty, ſome of whom I had pre-
"pared myſelf as well as I could. Others I put off,
"intending to prepare them during the Lent. Sixty
"more made their firſt Communion at Eaſter, many
"of them 17, 18 and 20 years old. The following
"Sunday I adminiſtered the Sacrament of Confirma-
"tion for the firſt time in the Cathedral of S. Francis
"Xavier to about 90, moſtly the ſame who had juſt
"made their firſt Communion. I ſay nothing of
"the difficulty of the taſk as it would look as if
"I were commending exertions, the poor reſults of
"which I have rather to lament before God. I ſimply
"mention what may give the Aſſociation a proper idea
"of the taſk of the Biſhop, and of the ſituation of the
"newly erected Dioceſe.

"Having a population of about 1500 ſouls under
"my immediate paſtoral care, every Sunday I had to
"give two inſtructions, one in French, and one in
"Engliſh, and then to adminiſter the Sacraments. In
"the eight months I had 65 Baptiſms, 10 marriages,
"and 20 burials, and a great many ſick calls to attend,
"often ſix, ſeven and ten miles from home. Then
"there were a number of other viſits to be made, poor
"to be ſeen to, proteſtants to inſtruct, &c. I received
"four men into the Church, two of them upon their
"death bed.

"Much of my time was alſo taken up by the exten-
"ſive correſpondence which devolved upon me as ſoon
"as I was ſent to Vincennes, and alſo by the numer-
"ous communications I continued writing, as I had
"long been in the habit of doing, for the religious
"papers, particularly the Catholic Telegraph of Cin-
"cinnati. That kind of work is continually called for
"by our poſition in this country, and the influence
"exerted by it too important to allow it to be neglected.

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" Over the ſignature of 'Vincennes' a ſeries of letters " were publiſhed in which the ancient labours of the " Society of Jeſus in this region, from the Lakes to the " Miſſiſſippi, were deſcribed. Our very town took its " name from a French officer, M. de Vincennes, who " was maſſacred an age ago by the Indians, together " with a Jeſuit Father who had accompanied him in " an expedition to protect the friendly tribes who " lived upon the Wabaſh, where the Society had eſtab- " liſhed the miſſion of St. Francis Xavier. Others " of theſe Communications conſiſted of a ſketch of the " country and its aboriginees, an account of the former " difficulties which religion had had to contend with, " her obſcure and precarious beginning, her preſent " hopes, the inducements offered now to Catholic ſet- " tlers, and alſo the ſteps taken by the laſt Council to " obtain the erection of the new Dioceſe, compriſing " Indiana and a part of Illinois. They were followed " by an account of our preſent tranſactions, and a " paſtoral Letter which I had given after my Conſecra- " tion and which had been publiſhed in the newſpapers " of Vincennes, and in all our Catholic journals. In " that Letter the Proteſtants themſelves were affection- " ately addreſſed, and the intentions of the American " Biſhops and our Holy Father at Rome were ex- " plained in ſuch a plain and ſimple way that left no " room for the abſurd charge of their being influenced " by political, and not ſimply by religious conſidera- " tions, and that no foreign conſpiracy or danger, for " the civil inſtitutions of America were involved in " this new carrying out of the original Divine Com- " miſſion given to the Church by her Lord: 'Go and " teach all nations.'

Being convinced of the fact that we could not " obtain miſſionaries from the other Dioceſes, I de-

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" termined to try to obtain ſome from abroad. Be-
" fore ſetting out however for this purpoſe, I wiſhed
" to examine myſelf the weſt and north of the Dioceſe
" while M. Lalumiére would go through the ſouth and
" eaſt and make a report of his obſervations to me, ſo
" that I could ſtart without much delay on the journey
" in which I am now engaged. After Eaſter in com-
" pany with an honeſt and pious man of Vincennes
" I went through Illinois, viſiting again Edgar county
" for the Paſchal duty, and then proceeding north as
" far as Chicago on Lake Michigan. Mr. S. Cyr had
" arrived there from St. Louis and enabled the Catho-
" lics to make their Eaſter Communions, ſo I gave only
" a few Confirmations, and three inſtructions, one on
" Saturday and two on Sunday to encourage the riſing
" Catholic Congregation of that moſt important point.
" It is now compoſed of about 400 ſouls of all coun-
" tries, French, Canadians, Americans, Iriſh, and a
" good number of Germans. The Garriſon of the
" Fort, the Commandant, and part of the Staff and
" band of muſicians attended. In general it may be
" ſaid that the military are always friendly to the
" Catholics and their ſervices, which they are free to
" attend if they chooſe.

" From Chicago we went round the end of Lake
" Michigan to the River S. Joſeph and the miſſion of
" the Rev. Mr. De Seille at the Indian Village of
" Pokegan, ſituated juſt outſide our Dioceſe, and in
" that of Detroit. This miſſion was eſtabliſhed many
" years ago by the venerable Mr. Badin. Mr. De
" Seille has lived for three or four years at Pokegan's
" Village. He has there and in the neighbourhood
" more than 650 Catholic Indians baptized. A large
" number of their huts are built around the Chapel,
" which is conſtructed of bark with a Croſs erected be-

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" hind and riſing above it, and filled with rudely made " benches. The Indians begin and end their work " without hammer, ſaw or nails; the axe being their " only implement, and bits of ſkin or bark ſerving to " faſten the pieces together. The room of the miſ- " ſionary is over the Chapel, the floor of the one form- " ing the ceiling of the other. A ladder in the corner " leads to it, and his furniture conſiſts, as did the " prophet's, of a table and chair, and a bed, or rather " a hammock ſwung on ropes. Around the room " are his books, and the trunks which contain the " articles uſed in the Chapel, as well as his own apparel. " He ſpends his life with his good people ſharing their " corn and meat, with water for his drink, and tea " made from the herbs of his little garden. He ab- " jures all ſpirits, as all the Catholic Indians are for- " bidden to touch that which is the bane of their race, " and he would encourage them by his example. I " attended at the evening Catechiſm, Prayers and " Canticles, and in the morning ſaid Maſs, at which a " large number aſſiſted. Through the Interpreter I " addreſſed a few words to them.

" On Thurſday evening we arrived at South Bend, " a little town beautifully ſituated on the high banks " of the S. Joſeph River. It is growing rapidly owing " to its many advantages. Croſſing the river we viſited " 'S. Mary of the Lake,' the miſſion houſe of the " excellent Mr. Badin who has lately removed to " Cincinnati. He had a ſchool there kept by two " ſiſters who have alſo gone away, leaving the place " vacant. The 625 acres of land attached to it, and the " ſmall lake named St. Mary's, make it a moſt deſirable " ſpot, and one ſoon I hope to be occupied by ſome " proſperous inſtitution. Rev. Mr. Badin has tranſ- " ferred it to the Biſhop on the condition of his aſſum-

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" ing the debts, a trifling conſideration compared with " the importance of the place.

" On Friday morning we left for the Tippecanoe " river and the village of Chickakos. The Indians " had heard of our cõming, and had ſent ſome of their " number in advance to aſcertain our movements. " They gave notice of our approach to others who had " camped out a few miles to wait for the Biſhop, and " make a more worthy eſcort for him. The Chief " Chickakos was there and directed their movements. " Coffee had been prepared at a ſmall village only three " miles from the principal one. We diſmounted, and " ſitting on mats of woven ſtraw partook of their kind " cheer. Then we croſſed the river, and ſoon arrived. " On our way Mr. De Seille pointed to a poor mo- " ther ſitting on the bank with an infant child lying in " her lap who had been recently baptized and was now " near death. He told me that it would be a great " conſolation to her if I would give her my bleſſing, " and tell her of the happineſs awaiting her little angel. " I did ſo, and could ſee by her ſilent and reſigned " expreſſion that ſhe felt comforted.

" Chickako's Village is not ſo large as Pokegan, yet " the Chapel is nearly as large. It is however without " ceiling, and without a room for the miſſionary over- " head. The miſſion being of later ſtanding, Mr. De " Seille had baptiſed only about 120 perſons, of whom " I confirmed 16. He was to remain there two weeks " to prepare many more for baptiſm and ſome for their " firſt Communion. He ſaid he found ſome difficulty " in preparing the Indians for their firſt Communion " on account of his not being ſufficiently maſter of " their language to make uſe of the proper terms in " treating of the Holy Euchariſt. He begins to " underſtand it now, yet when he ſpeaks to them he

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" prefers to do ſo through his interpreter, a Canadian
" woman born of an Indian mother, a truly excellent
" and deſerving perſon. She is 70 years of age and yet
" preſerves a ſtrength and activity truly wonderful.
" She followed us on horſeback, and was very ready to
" aſſiſt us. On our arrival all aſſembled at the Chapel,
" and Mr. de Seille introduced me them as their
" Biſhop, the head in theſe parts of all the other
" 'Robes Noires' (Black Robes), the name which they
" have given to the Catholic Prieſts, or Jeſuits, for it
" it is all one to them. He added that I had no one
" above me, on earth, but the Great 'Robe Noire'
" beyond the high ſeas, the Chief of all the Chriſtians,
" in the world, meaning the Pope. He ſaid that
" every 'Robe Noire' that would come to them
" muſt come as ſent by the Biſhop, and then be
" be received; otherwiſe they ſhould have nothing to
" do with them. The Chief Chickakos ſaid a few
" words in reply to ſhow that they were well pleaſed,
" and promiſing that they would meet together the
" next morning to give a more ſpecial expreſſion to
" their feelings. Accordingly on the Sunday morning,
" having informed us that they were ready, Mr. De
" Seille and myſelf ſat upon two little ſtools in the
" Chapel, and ſome twelve of the leading men came in
" and took their ſeats upon ſome of the oppoſite
" benches. Chickakos made the ſpeech, and I was
" very much ſtruck with the concluding ſentence of it,
" when, raiſing his eyes and his arm towards Heaven,
" and then pointing to the ground, having previouſly
" expreſſed their confidence in Father de Seille, and in
" me, and their readineſs to receive me as their Biſhop,
" and their deſire to ſhow it by preſenting me with half
" a ſection, 320 acres, of their land, he ſaid that 'God,
" when He would return from Heaven to viſit our

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" Earth would ſee that ground, to which he pointed,
" which they were giving me, and that it would prove
" to Him their ſincere devotion to His holy religion
" and the meſſengers he had ſent to ſecure its bleſſings
" to them.' To this I replied through the good inter-
" preter. We then made our preparations for Maſs,
" and the adminiſtration of the Sacrament of Confirma-
" tion. Before Maſs ſix children were baptized by me.
" My inſtruction was on prayer, and the gifts of the
" Holy Ghoſt. Mr. de Seille told me that he had
" obſerved in them all ſuch a deep ſenſe of the eminent
" privilege of prayer, and the diſpoſitions it required,
" ſuch as are not found, as often as they ſhould be, among
" the beſt inſtructed Chriſtians of more favored coun-
" tries. I ſaw moſt unequivocal evidence of it in their
" behavior in the Chapel, and the affecting, earneſt way
" in which they liſtened to the inſtructions, repeated
" their prayers, and ſang their hymns, and I was very
" much edified. Of the 16 that I confirmed, one was
" an old Chief who ſince his baptiſm had led ſuch an
" innocent life, that he had not been obſerved to com-
" mit any fault, or give way to impatience, or any
" other imperfection.

" We ſlept on the benches of the Chapel, and ſome
" of the ſtraw from the floor, wrapped up in our great
" coats after the manner of the good Father. Our
" food was boiled corn, fiſh, veniſon, and wild turkey,
" minced together in one diſh, and ſome cranberries
" broken and mixed with ſugar they get from trees
" Our drink was water. Coffee was not to be had
" although this was the principal village.

" In the afternoon Veſpers were ſung in Ottawa, and
" as I ſhould have mentioned before, by the aid of
" printed books. Many uſed them, as they are very
" quick in learning to read, and have retentive memo-

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"ries. Some knew the whole contents of their Prayer "books. They contain all the uſual daily prayers, and "exerciſes for Confeſſion and Communion, a pretty "long Catechiſm, and a large number of Canticles, with "many of the principal Hymns and Anthems of the "Church. Among others they have the 'Pange Lingua' "and the Pſalms for Veſpers tranſlated in Ottawa.

"I was to leave them after Veſpers, ſo before we "began, they came to ſign the deed of the land pre- "ſented to the Church, which we had drawn up in as "legal a form as we could, putting the indiſpenſable "condition that the act was ſubject to the approval of "their temporal Father at Waſhington, as they call "the Preſident of the United States. Although many "know how to read, none know how to write, ſo "Chickakos and ſome of his friends made their marks "on the paper, and two Canadian traders who were "preſent, ſigned their names as witneſſes. It remains "now to be ratified by the Preſident.

"After a few parting words, and giving them my "bleſſing, we mounted our horſes, and were eſcorted "for ſome miles by a large number, Chickakos at their "head, who before leaving us, diſmounted from their "horſes, and aſked their Biſhop's bleſſing again. Mr. "De Seille was to remain two weeks there giving "inſtructions, and preparing the Indians for Baptiſm "and Firſt Communion. Some time after I received "in Vincennes two long Letters from that excellent "Miſſionary, giving me a moſt intereſting account of "the exerciſes of the two weeks which he had ſpent "there, at the end of which he had baptized 80, and "admitted 30 to their Firſt Communion. He ſaid "that the coming of a Biſhop, 'a chief man of the true "prayer,' as they called him, and head of the 'Robes "Noires,' had excited much joy among all the Indians.

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" They remembered when the Jeſuits left the country,
" after the Conqueſt of Canada by the Engliſh, how
" their Fathers had hoped until their death for their
" return, and dying without that conſolation moſt
" earneſtly recommended to their Children to be look-
" ing for them when they ſhould come, and to receive
" them and believe them to be the true meſſengers of
" God. We ſpent the night at the houſe of a ſettler
" 15 miles from Chickakos, and found the houſe ſo
" full that many had to lie on the floor, as I had done
" once on my way to the Lake. Here we had a bed
" for two, as was often the caſe. Through all that
" journey of 600 miles we ſeldom came to any regular
" taverns, but almoſt every family would allow you to
" ſhare their meals, and give you a place under their
" roof, receiving on your departure a ſmall compenſa-
" tion, which however is ſufficient to remunerate them.
" Our old friend, for one's evening's acquaintance
" eſtabliſhes that relation between us, told me in the
" morning, when I aſked for the bill, that he uſed to
" take nothing, but as he could not well ſtand that,
" and wiſhed ſtill to help any ſtranger, he only took
" what ſtrictly ſufficed. He was of the ſect called
" 'Chriſtians.' After ſupper he had ſaid to us, 'Friends,
" I ought not to interrupt our family rule on your
" account; we are about to have our Evening Devo-
" tions. You can remain with us, or if you prefer to
" retire I will ſhow you your room.' We thanked
" him, and ſaid that we would rather retire. This did
" not diſpleaſe him at all, or prevent him from beſtow-
" ing every attention upon us. We were almoſt always
" thrown upon the hoſpitality of Proteſtants, and were
" treated kindly by all. I improved in every family
" ſuch opportunities of converſation as were afforded
" me, and paſſed ſuch ſimple remarks as would make

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" them acquainted with our faith and practices, and " remove ſome of the prejudices which they had ac- " quired from their parents or the miniſters of the " places, from which they had come to ſettle in the " Weſt. They liſtened to what I had to ſay, and as " very few miniſters have as yet come to theſe remote " parts, I found that it would be eaſy to preoccupy the " ground. But alas we have not the means to do ſo, " nor Prieſts enough to ſend to the diſperſed ſheep of " the houſe of Iſrael, to the domeſtics of the faith ex- " poſed to loſe it almoſt as eaſily as theſe Proteſtants " are to acquire it.

" The day after we reached Loganſport, a rapidly " improving town on the Canal that is nearly com- " pleted, and will unite the Wabaſh with the Maumee " at Fort Wayne, and thus Lake Erie with the Ohio, " and the Miſſiſſippi through the States of Indiana " and Illinois. I found there a good number of " Catholics and promiſed to ſend them one of the firſt " Prieſts I could obtain. I ſaid Maſs the next morn- " ing and then left for home, yet ſome days' journey, " paſſing through Fayetteville, Attica, Covington, " Terrehaute, &c. Few Catholics are as yet collected " in theſe growing towns, but ſoon there will be more. " Had I ſaid Maſs at Terrehaute about 20 Catholics " might have been preſent, and many Proteſtants join- " ing them, and in our new country that is a ſufficient " indication to ſend a miſſionary. By this very viſit " to Europe I truſt to obtain ſome whom I will be " able to ſupport with the generous gift of the Aſſo- " ciation, and thus place Terrehaute, and many other " ſuch towns on the line of miſſionary round. I have " myſelf heard in the city of Baltimore the intereſting " account of thoſe who remembered to have had Maſs " ſaid in their room by a Miſſionary, there being no

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" reſident Paſtor; Baltimore, where now five pariſh " Churches, one ſplendid Cathedral, one Seminary, and " five private Chapels in the different Communities and " Hoſpitals, make twelve ſanctuaries in which the 21 " prieſts living with their Archbiſhop in that metro- " polis, officiate. Poor Dioceſe of Vincennes! Let " us however put truſt in God, and what a change can " a few years, through His Bleſſing, and the perſever- " ance of zealous ſouls effect.

" Shortly after my return, Mr. La Lumière came " home, and the account of his journey was very con- " ſoling. He had found more Catholics than I had, " and many places ready to receive a prieſt. In three " places they had begun to build Churches. At Fort " Wayne they were finiſhing one, 60 feet by 30, and " the Congregation numbers 150 Catholic families. " I was happy to ſend to them the Rev. M. Ruff " from Metz in France, recently ordained, and ſpeak- " ing the three languages uſed there, French, Engliſh " and German. Of the latter there are a good many " living there and in the environs. I had ordained " Mr. Ruff, Subdeacon and Deacon, before my journey " to Chicago, and had ſent him to the Seminary of S. " Louis (S. Mary of the Barrens) to make his retreat, " and there he was ordained prieſt by that excellent " prelate, Dr. Roſati.

" We have as yet no Seminary, no College, no re- " ligious eſtabliſhment in any part of the Dioceſe, " except an academy and ſchool kept in Vincennes by " four Siſters of Charity from the Houſe of Nazareth " in Kentucky. They had been recalled to Nazareth " ſome months before I came. My firſt care was to " ſecure their return, and they reſumed their ſchool " the end of laſt April. When I left they had four " boarders and about fifty day ſcholars."

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As ſoon as he arrived at his Dioceſe, he perceived immediately, that in order to provide for its urgent wants, it would be neceſſary to obtain Prieſts from Europe—the harveſt was already ripe, or rather was periſhing for want of ſome one to gather it in, and it would not do to wait until they had found or raiſed up labourers from among themſelves. He determined however to make the above deſcribed viſitation in order to underſtand the extent, and exact nature of its neceſſities, from perſonal obſervation. In his Letters to his friends, deſcribing his journey, he enters into many details, which are omitted in his communication to the Leopoldine Aſſociation, as not becoming the gravity of what may be regarded as an official document.[1]

But in all of them there is not a word of murmuring, or an expreſſion of diſcouragement. His whole life had been an act of conſcientious and ever increaſing ſelf-devotion—and the difficulties which now ſtood in

1 In one Letter he ſpeaks of having traveled 550 miles on horſeback, during the laſt ſix weeks. He deſcribes very graphically, the little groups of Emigrants whom he fell in with, exploring the country, and ſeeking for new homes—his converſations with them, and the ſcattered reſidents,. taking advantage of every opportunity, in a quiet, unobtruſive manner, to do away with their prejudices in regard to the Catholic Church, and to inſtruct them in its real doctrines and principles. Wherever he heard of a Catholic family, he ſpared evidently no labour or fatigue to find them out, and viſit them—and his deſcriptions of their lonely ſituation in the then wilderneſs, are very touching. Sometimes it is a poor negro, with his family, emigrants from Maryland or Kentucky, living in the woods, all crowding to the door to welcome the Biſhop and get his bleſſing. Sometimes a reſpectable white family, brought up amid Catholic privileges, now without Prieſt, or Maſs, or Catholic neighbours, and often exhibiting the ſad effects of ſuch privations. No wonder that the poor Biſhop's heart ſometimes almoſt ſunk within him, and that he often exclaimed, as in a Letter to Biſhop David, in mingled Latin and French, "Oſtium magnum apertum—moyens nul à preſent."

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his way, only ſerved to increaſe his zeal and activity. As ſoon as he had made himſelf acquainted with the condition of his Dioceſe, he immediately took the neceſſary ſteps to provide for its wants ſo far as was in his power. His heart inſtinctively turned to his own country in the hour of need, and he again croſſed the ocean to ſeek for miſſionaries and for ſuch pecuniary help as would enable him to finiſh his Cathedral and provide ſchools for education of the young. His notes and memoranda indicate, that he found himſelf very much out of place in the courts and among the grand perſonages, with whom his office and the object of his journey brought him in contact. He was received however every where with the greateſt kindneſs.[1] He took advantage of the opportunity to viſit the 'Limina Apoſtolorum' and to receive for himſelf and his Dioceſe, the benediction of the common Father of the Faithful, and then haſtened back to his home in the wilderneſs.

A warm welcome awaited him, on his return to his Epiſcopal City, for all alike, Proteſtants as well as Catholics, had become very much attached to their good Biſhop. And now commenced a new ſeries of labours which were to end only with his life, which was drawing to its cloſe. With the reſources which had been placed at his diſpoſal in Europe, he eſtabliſhed a Dioceſan College Seminary in his Epiſcopal City—an Orphan Aſylum and a free ſchool. The ſurplus was ſpent in finiſhing his Cathedral[2] and in helping to erect

1 The late Empreſs of Auſtria, and Prince Metternich in particular, took the livelieſt intereſt in providing for the wants of the new Dioceſe of Vincennes, and loaded the good Biſhop with kindneſſes of every ſort.

2 "Beſides we are completely upſide "down with our Church repairs. "The Sanctuary unroofed, the nave "and iſles a foreſt of ſcaffolding for "the plaſtering, then the ſteeple is "to be got up—the wood already "cut at St. Franciſville, and ſoon to

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ſmall Churches at certain points where they were moſt needed.

He brought twenty Prieſts and Seminarians with him from France,[1] but though his health had already begun to fail,[2] he ſtill performed the work of one in the vigour and freſhneſs of early manhood. At home, he was at once the Biſhop, the Paſtor of the Congregation, the Profeſſor of Theology for his Seminary, and a Teacher for one of his Academies. He wrote twice a month to every Prieſt in his Dioceſe, and

" ſail up our proud Wabaſh and go, " and tell the ſkies, not a lie, as the " tall column in London, but the " true love of Vincennes for the " honour of God."—*Letter to Rev. Mr. Shaw, Aug.,* 1838.

1 As we have ſeen when he arrived in his Dioceſe, there were but three Prieſts in the whole of it, and one of theſe merely lent to him. In 1839, the year of his death, the Catholic Almanac makes the following recapitulation of the State of the Dioceſe:

Churches,	23
Church buildings,	6
Stations occaſionally viſited,	28
Clergymen on the Miſſion,	22
Clergymen otherwiſe employed,	2
Religious Communities,	2
Theological Seminary,	1
College for young men,	1
Female Academy,	1
Free Schools,	2

2 He caught a ſevere cold, while riding on the outſide of a ſtage coach in Ohio, on his way to the Council at Baltimore in 1837, which ended in a confirmed conſumption. Biſhop Bruté was tall in ſtature and thin, but naturally very ſtrong and vigorous. Recreation in the ordinary ſenſe of the word he never took, but on holydays and during the hours of recreation at the College, he would often ſpend a portion of the time in making paths among the woods, and in erecting a ſort of Chapel on the mountain ſide, which was known as the Grotto. His features were plain, but his face was full of intelligence, and marked by that peculiar ſweetneſs of expreſſion, which has been often noticed in the countenances of very holy perſons—a ſort of celeſtial radiance which came from the pure and holy ſoul within, and which often made a vivid impreſſion upon thoſe who approached him. He would never permit his likeneſs to be taken, and the only portrait of him which exiſts, was from a caſt, taken after his death. It gives a very good repreſentation of his features.

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thus communicated to them a portion of that zeal for the glory of God, and the ſalvation of Souls, which formed the conſtant object of his every thought and action. He viſited every portion of his Dioceſe repeatedly, and wherever he went, he engaged in all the duties of an ordinary Paſtor. Indiana and Illinois had at this time, as is well known, embarked largely in that immenſe ſyſtem of internal improvements, which for the time being, ended ſo diſaſtrouſly. The labourers upon them, moſtly Iriſh Emigrants, ſuffered greatly from the cholera and malignant fevers. One of the great afflictions which Biſhop Bruté had to ſuffer, was being unable to provide for the ſpiritual wants of theſe poor people, whoſe lively Faith and generous impulſive nature, had attached him very warmly to them. He often went among them himſelf—heard their Confeſſions—celebrated Maſs for them in their miſerable cabins, and prepared the ſick and dying for the awful paſſage to eternity. In the words of Dr. McCaffrey, "Difficul-"ties that would have diſheartened almoſt any one elſe, "only ſerved to increaſe his zeal and charity. Having "commenced a journey of four hundred miles in ſuch "a ſtate of bodily ſuffering that he could not ſit up-"right on his horſe, he nevertheleſs completed it "without the intermiſſion of a ſingle day. Shortly "before his death, he left Vincennes to viſit a diſtant "miſſion, which he had already viſited thrice within "the year, and though ſo weak and extenuated, that "he could ſcarcely ſupport his tottering frame, in the "abſence of the Paſtor, he attended to three diſtant "ſick-calls, on the ſame day, and almoſt dying, ad-"miniſtered the conſolations of religion to thoſe, who "appeared no nearer mortal diſſolution than himſelf."

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It was the ſame with him until the laſt moment.[1] His reſolute will and fervent zeal ſeemed to triumph over painful and debilitating diſeaſe which was deſtroying his body; and when no longer able to work himſelf, he cheered on thoſe who were engaged in the taſk, with words full of courage and enthuſiaſm. His Letters at this period, alſo bring ſtill more ſtrongly in relief, on account of his inability to labour himſelf, a point in his character, for which he had always been remarkable, his kind conſideration for others. It ſeemed to grieve him to give orders, without being able to take his ſhare of the labour neceſſary to carry them into execution.[2] Among the Prieſtts of his Dioceſe at this time was the Rev. Michael Shaw,[3] a convert to the Catholic Church,

1 To judge from his Letters, the thought of reſt, or retirement never ſeems to have entered into his mind, or if it did, he put it away from him—thus writing to Mr. Shaw in 1838, when broken down by ſickneſs, the viſion of a quiet upper room in a friend's (Mr. Blenkinſop's) houſe, paſſes acroſs his mind, and for a moment he indulges the wiſh, that he might be permitted to reſt there, until death; but he immediately checks himſelf, and adds: "but ſhame! non recuſo laborum."

2 This activity was not merely the effect of temperament, but rather the reſult of his zeal and diſlike of ſlothfulneſs. Naturally he was fond of retirement and ſtudy. He invariably roſe after his firſt ſleep. If he felt drowſy afterwards, he would ſay as if addreſſing his body, "If you want more ſleep, you muſt "take it the next time you get a "chance."—*Rev. Mr. Hickey.*

3 The Rev[d] Mr. Shaw erected the firſt Church at Madiſon, Ind. The difficulties he had to encounter, judging from the Biſhop's anſwers to his Letters muſt have been very great. The Biſhop was evidently much attached to this good Prieſt, and did all that he could to aid and encourage him. The following little note, written on a ſcrap of paper and addreſſed to Mr. Shaw, is characteriſtic of Bp. Bruté—of his lively Faith and ſympathy with the feelings of others. "St. George's day, "1838. How many aſſociations! "from the days of St. Paul and "Lucius—of Saint George and Saint "Alban—St. Auſtin—The venera- "ble Bede—St. Edward, and the "innumerable Saints of fifteen ages, "to the days of Fiſher and More and

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who had formerly, I believe, been an officer in the Britiſh army. I have in my poſſeſſion a large number of notes and letters which the good Biſhop wrote to him, during the laſt years of his life. They are entirely unſtudied—written upon the ſpur of the moment, but are full of intereſt, not only as exhibiting all the beautiful traits of his character—his lively Faith—his active uſefulneſs, and his ardent zeal—but alſo as giving an inſight into the nature of his adminiſtration. It was characterized as I have remarked, by the moſt untiring energy and perſeverance. No good work once undertaken, was ever allowed to ſtand ſtill; and it is impoſſible to underſtand how ſo much was done in ſo ſhort a time, eſpecially as moſt of it was accompliſhed while the States of Illinois and Indiana were

" Mary, and the glorious victims of " our divine Faith—to thoſe of our " Milner and Lingard, and the " hoſt of able and fervent reſtorers " of its glories for England.

" The mind and heart dwell to- " day, in this land of hope and pro- " miſe—and mine earneſtly ſo, my " dear Sir, in union with yours. " The days of ſuch praiſe to God " in Bangor and Croyland and Win- " cheſter, &c. &c.—the holy Victim " offered everywhere is preſent to " both of us. Accept, dear friend, " theſe remebrances of the day.... of " the Faith—Memoriam fecit miri- " bilium ſuorum."

With all his tender affection however for Mr. Shaw, he was very careful not to allow any fault to go unreproved; thus in another Letter he writes to him: " I cannot for- " bear, my beloved brother and " ſon in Chriſt, chiding you for " one ſentence, you have allowed " to eſcape you, and which is not " according to order. 'I am *will-* " *ing*,' you ſay, 'to ſerve Madi- " ſon as long as Mr. —— is legiti- " mately occupied in making col- " lections under your authority, but " I am not willing to ſtay here, " merely to enable him to run about " the country at his own pleaſure, " and neglect every duty connected " with his charge.' Alas! my dear " friend, we are all obliged in this " world, to fulfill the duties of our " charge, with all care and affection " for it, for God's ſake, even in ſight " of others not ſo faithful as they " ought to be."

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labouring under the moſt ſevere financial embarraſſments.[1]

But at length the poor body, to which he had given little reſt for ſo many years, refuſed to do its work any longer. I cannot better deſcribe the cloſing ſcenes of his eventful, and well ſpent life, than in the words of the beautiful diſcourſe from which I have ſo often quoted. Its author received the details from the mouths of thoſe who had witneſſed them. "Death," he ſays, "which could be no unwelcome "viſitor to one whoſe thoughts, hopes and affections "all centred in a better world, found him full-handed "of good works, and longing only to be diſſolved and "to be with Chriſt. Invincibly patient and reſigned "under the ſevereſt ſuffering, full of tender piety, "calm, collected and brightly exhibiting his character-"iſtic virtues to the laſt, he ſet a beautiful example of "the manner in which a Chriſtian ſhould prepare him-"ſelf to run his final race and to win the Crown of a "glorious immortality. As his ſtrength diminiſhed, "his devotion increaſed. He ſought no alleviation "for his ſufferings: on the contrary he was eager ſtill "to labour and endure, in the two fold view of doing "good to others and reſembling more his crucified "Saviour. When unable to walk or ſtand, he would

[1] What makes it the more wonderful is, that the Biſhop ſeems to have had a great horror of running into debt, and would ſign no mortgage upon Church Property. The aſſiſtance he received from Europe enabled him to carry out for a while theſe good reſolutions; but if he had lived a few years longer, he would probably have ſound himſelf obliged to modify them ſomewhat. Perſonally he cared nothing about money. As Father Hickey ſaid to Mr. Miles, "If he had five dol-"lars in his pocket, it went to the "firſt perſon who aſked for it." His clothes were always very plain, and he often gave away everything, except what he had upon his back; and even theſe were not ſafe, for he has been known repeatedly, to take off his linen and underclothes and give them to the poor negroes whom he was accuſtomed to viſit.

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"at leaſt ſit up, and write to any whom he could hope "to benefit by his correſpondence; and to thoſe "around him he would ſpeak on pious ſubjects, ſuch "as the love of God, conformity to His Holy Will, "or devotion to the Bleſſed Virgin, with the unction "of a Saint, and the ardour of a Seraph. But ſix "hours before his death, he wrote with his own "hand, and not without much difficulty and pain, "ſeveral moving letters to perſons, who had unfortu- "nately abandoned the practice of their faith, and to "whom he wiſhed to make this dying appeal in behalf "of their ſouls, while the portals of eternity were "cloſing upon him.[1] Theſe laſt precious days of his "life were thus entirely taken up in works of Charity, "in inſtructing, edifying and conſoling thoſe who were "with him, and in intimate and affectionate Commun- "ion with his God, whom he hoped ſoon to ſee face to "face, and to love and enjoy forever. He preferred "often to be left alone, that he might the more freely "indulge his pious feelings, and for this end he would "allow no one to watch by him at night, until his "mortal agony had begun. When his friends affection- "ately ſought to know what they could do to relieve "his ſufferings, he would anſwer them by pointing out "ſome paſſage of Sacred Scripture, or Chapter of the "Following of Chriſt, which he deſired them to read to "him, or by aſking them to ſay ſome prayers for his "happy death. No agonies of pain could extort from "him a ſingle expreſſion of diſtreſs. 'The will of God "be done,' was the conſtant language of his lips, as it "was the abiding ſentiment of his heart. When pre-

[1] I have in my poſſeſſion a Letter to Bp. Flaget and another to the late B. U. Campbell, Eſq., to whom he was always very much attached, dictated after he had received the laſt Sacraments and ſigned by himſelf with the trembling hand of death.

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" paring to receive the holy Viaticum, he wrote to us
" in the true ſpirit of ſaintly humility requeſting the
" prayers of our Seminary and of the Siſterhood, and
" begging pardon for whatever offences or bad example
" he had ever given to any one at either inſtitution.
" A few days before his diſſolution, the ſtrength of his
" naturally vigorous conſtitution rallied for a time,
" and his phyſician promiſed him at leaſt a temporary
" recovery: he told the phyſician he was miſtaken,
" and whether he knew it ſupernaturally or otherwiſe,
" named the exact time of his approaching departure.
" He gave himſelf the orders for preparing his grave,
" and as calmly directed the modes of ſepulture, and
" proper rites to be obſerved, as if he was diſcharging
" an ordinary duty. On the morning of the day be-
" fore his death, he remarked to the clergyman, who
" attended him with unwearied ſolicitude and affection:
" 'My dear child, I have the whole day yet to ſtay
" with you, to-morrow with God!' To another pious
" friend, he uſed theſe ſimple but expreſſive words:
" 'I am going home.' Heaven was indeed his home:
" He had always ſo regarded it; there was his treaſure;
" his heart was there; he had ever longed to be with
" God, and 'ſee Him as He is;' and now the door
" of the Father's Houſe was opening to him, and
" Angels were on the wing to meet his departing ſpirit,
" and conduct it to its place of reſt. He was happy
" therefore amid the pangs and terrors of death; for
" he truſted that he was but going home. After having
" received the laſt Sacrament, he directed the departing
" prayers to be recited, which he anſwered devoutly
" and fervently until the laſt, and then on the morn-
" ing of the 26th of June, at half paſt one o'clock, he

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"calmly and ſweetly ſurrendered his ſoul into the hands "of his Creator.

* * * * * *

"His death was deplored as a general calamity. "He was eſpecially lamented by the poor, the widow "and orphan. The people of Vincennes felt that "they had loſt a publick benefactor, and his own flock "both clergy and laity bewailed, as well they might, "the death of ſuch a Paſtor. All, with one accord, "mourned for the ſcholar, the philanthropiſt and the "ſaint. Crowds of perſons of every rank, and of all "denominations, viſited his corpſe, and aſſiſted at the "ceremonies of his burial. The Mayor and civil "authorities, and learned Societies of Vincennes, "paſſed reſolutions to attend his funeral. The whole "population poured forth to accompany, in ſolemn "ſilence, his honoured remains to their laſt reſting "place on earth."[1]

According to cuſtom, his body was buried under the Sanctuary of his Cathedral.[2] The memory of "good

[1] Diſcourſe by Rev[d] Dr. McCaffrey, *ut ſupra.*

[2] I cannot refrain from inſerting here, though without his permiſſion, a portion of a Letter, which I lately received from the Rev[d] E. Audran, Paſtor of the Cathedral of Vincennes, in anſwer to my requeſt for a copy of the inſcription on the Biſhop's tomb.

VINCENNES, July 31ſt, 1860.

Right Rev. Sir:

* * * * * *

"Biſhop Bruté was firſt buried "under the Sanctuary of the pre-"ſent Cathedral. In the month of "November, 1840, the floor of the "Sanctuary having been raiſed and "the whole ground under it dug out "to make room for a ſubterranean "chapel, the body was removed "and placed immediately behind "the Altar of this chapel. It has "remained there ever ſince.

"The following is the inſcription "on the wall above his tomb. "Biſhop Roſati wrote it:

"Hic jacet Simon Gabriel Bruté "Epiſcopus Vincennenſis. Primitus "Rhedonis in Galliis XII kal. Ap. "MDCCLXXIX. Humanioribus "litteris in patria, Severioribus in "Pariſienſi Academia, et tandem

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Biſhop Bruté," as he is always called, has not been dimmed by time. Thoſe who knew him and who were trained to virtue, by his precepts and example, love to ſpeak of him, to repeat his words, and to tell the incidents of his ſaintly life. In conſequence, of all the

" Divinis in Celeberrimo S. Sulpitii
" Seminario operam feliciſſimam de-
" dit.

" Inter Olerii diſcipulos annume-
" ratus religionis propagandæ deſide-
" rio flagrans ex Galliis Americam
" navigavit Anno MDCCCX. Hic
" Juventutis inſtitutioni addictus Bal-
" timorenſi S. Mariæ Collegio pri-
" mum præfuit. Tum in monte
" S. Mariæ ad Emmetſburgum ado-
" leſcentibus iis præſertim qui in Sorte
" Dñi vocantur humanis et Eccle-
" ſiaſticis diſciplinis verbo et exem-
" plo excolendis indefeſſus incubuit.

" A Gregorio XVI Pontifice
" Maximo ad Vincennopolitanam
" Sedem nuper erectam omnibus
" acclamantibus appellatus humilis
" Chriſti diſcipulus ſolis ſuis oculis
" vilis ut paſtorale munus ſuſciperet
" adduci vix potuit. In Eccleſia
" Cathedrali S. Ludovici Epiſcopus
" inunctus et conſecratus V kal. Nov.
" MDCCCXXXIV novam Dioce-
" ſim ſolus perluſtravit. Operarios
" evangelicos ad illam excolendam
" adſciſcendi gratia in Europam pro-
" fectus illine lectiſſima ſacerdotum
" caterva ſtipatus reverſus, vineam
" ſibi concreditam, plantare, colere,
" irrigare, ampliare, defendere mo-
" dis omnibus, verbo, opere, ſcriptis,
" laboribus, ſudoribus, ad extremum
" uſque vitæ, quam pro ovibus ſuis
" bonus paſtor impendit non ceſſa-
" vit.

" Supremum diem obiit VI kal.
" Junii MDCCCXXXIX.

" The removal of the body took
" place privately at ſix o'clock in
" the morning—none being preſent
" but his ſucceſſor the Rt. Rev. Bi-
" ſhop De la Hailandiere, who per-
" formed the office laid down in the
" ritual for the occaſion, and a few
" eccleſiaſtics and religious. I was
" preſent. A feeling of pious ven-
" eration, and a deſire to know what
" had become of the mortal remains
" of the Saintly man whoſe angelical
" virtues were ſtill perfuming all
" around us, impelled us to open
" the ſimple wooden coffin. But
" the decay was complete; and
" although but little more than a
" year had elapſed ſince his death,
" the veſtments which adhered yet
" to a ſkeleton could alone recall to
" the mind ſomething of his outward
" form. We cloſed the coffin in
" ſilence, and remembered that it
" was humility he loved above all.

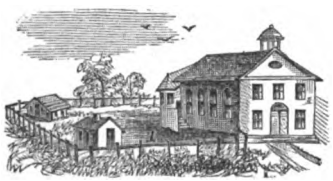
" Lying by his ſide, on the right
" hand of the Altar, is the body of
" the Right Rev. Stephen Bazin,
" third Biſhop of Vincennes.

" Reſpectfully yours,
" in our Lord, J. C.
" E. Audran, pt."

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holy miſſionaries whom God has from time to time ſent to plant the ſeeds of Faith in this new Country, no name is more often repeated, no labours are more often dwelt upon, than his—and thus, the undying influence of his beautiful example, ſtill helps on the good cauſe to which his life was devoted—the ſalvation of ſouls, and the greater glory of God.

Aeternitas.



Cathedral of St. Francis Xavier.
1834.

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SKETCHES
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Nos insensati vitam illorum æstimabimus insaniam, et finem illorum sine honore — ecce quomodo computati sunt inter filios Dei, et inter sanctos sors illorum est."

LIB. SAP., *Cap.* v, 4, 5.

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SOME BRIEF NOTES

Of my Recollections connected with the Perſecution in France in 1793, and the following Years.

BEING a boy of fourteen years of age, in 1793, I was often ſent by my family to attend the tribunals, which were ſitting in our City of Rennes, to witneſs and bring back information in regard to the trials of our prieſts. On account of the exceſſive terror which prevailed, and the fear of betraying themſelves to danger, by manifeſting their feelings amid the ſavage mob which generally attended them, grown up people dared not go. I myſelf never had the courage to follow the victims to the ſcaffold; but I went to the tribunals. There were at this time three tribunals ſitting ſometimes the ſame day, and ſending their victims to the Guillotine, or the Fuſillade, viz: the regular Criminal Court, to which generally the Prieſts were ſent: the Revolutionary Tribunal which took cognizance chiefly of the ſo called political conſpirators, and before which few Eccleſiaſtics were brought—I do not remember to have attended any there—and, the Military Commiſſion, where thoſe taken in arms, or about the place of ſome encounter were judged. Once I witneſſed there

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the trial of a brother of the Chriſtian ſchools. The three tribunals did not, however, obſerve any very ſtrict limits of juriſdiction; but I ſeldom attended others than the Criminal Court. When I aſſiſted at the trial of theſe holy victims, I could repeat almoſt word for word, the various queſtions, and anſwers; and I have often regretted that I did not write them down at the time—but, in truth, I dared not do it—for ſo oppreſſive was the fear of keeping any memoranda, which in the frequent and ſudden domiciliary viſits might have been found, that the moſt valuable and intereſting papers, and even printed documents, were deſtroyed—eſpecially in families expoſed to ſuſpicion, and danger, as on many accounts ours was. I remember that, wiſhing to preſerve a copy of the Teſtament of Louis XVI, I put it into a bottle well corked and ſealed, and buried it in the ground; but when a long time after I dug it up, the wet had found its way into the bottle, and nearly deſtroyed the paper. Afterwards, when in better times, I ought to have written my recollections, I truſted to my memory, and deferred doing ſo. And now (1818) that at laſt I have made the attempt, in theſe notes, to record and fix my remembrances, I find that a great deal has paſſed away from my mind, or become to a certain degree confuſed and uncertain. I have written, however, the following pages, as correctly as was in my power, and have recorded the circumſtances exactly as they occurred, and were witneſſed either by myſelf, or told to me at the time, by thoſe who had every opportunity of being well informed. It would be very difficult for me to convey to others, anything but a general idea of our ſituation and the impreſſions we were under at that time. As I gather up my ſcattered remembrances, the whole comes back to me very vividly, and I may be ſaid to *feel* as I did then, but it

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would be impoſſible for others to put themſelves mind and heart into our place, and realize what was the habitual condition of Catholics at that time. During the progreſs of the perſecution, the greater number of the Prieſts of the Dioceſe had been either guillotined or ſhot, or tranſported to the penal colonies. The more aged and infirm were impriſoned in the Caſtle of Mount Saint Michael (about 50 miles from Rennes). Of the few left, in deep concealment, ſome were almoſt daily diſcovered, and according to the *Law*, led with thoſe who had harboured them, to the guillotine within twenty-four hours. All the Churches of the Dioceſe had been ſeized upon and converted to profane uſes.[1]

1 I find the following memorandum on a looſe ſheet of paper, among Biſhop Bruté's manuſcripts.

Churches of Rennes before and after the Revolution.

1. The Cathedral St. Melanie,[1] firſt Biſhop of Rennes, an old, vaſt, high-towering building—an abbey founded on this ſpot in the 6th centnry—during the Revolution turned into a ſtable for the cavalry, the ſteps leading to the grand entrance having been removed, and a ſloping way made for the horſes, immenſe heaps of manure, &c., piled up on both ſides of the public ſquare; the ſoldiers in their ſhirt ſleeves going out, and coming in, and at work about the horſes, with continued oaths and vile ſongs, ſome of them in mockery of the offices of the Church—manifeſting their coarſe impiety in every poſſible way.

2. Touſſaint, All-Saints—the largeſt and moſt beautiful church in the city, turned into a ſtable—was burnt one day, with forty horſes and ſome of the men—the ruins cleared away, a public ſquare now where it ſtood.

3. St. Martin—pulled down; a garden occupies the ſpot, and a houſe in the corner of the church-yard.

4. St. Hellier's.—This church, ſtanding by itſelf, was turned into a powder magazine, the windows being cloſed up with maſon work;

1 It appears from the Hiſtory of Rennes that St. Peters was the ancient Cathedral of Rennes. In the Plan of the City, as given in D'Argentie's Hiſtory of Brittany, 1616, it is thus ſtated:—St. Melanie's Church and Abbey was at that time outſide of the walls. St. Melanie was not the firſt Biſhop of Rennes. The firſt whoſe exiſtence is well aſcertained, was named Febediolus, an. 459; the ſecond Anthemius; the third St. Amand; St. Melanie was the fourth. He died in 530. The Church, or rather Cathedral, of St. Peters, afterwards became dilapidated, and was taken down, and the Abbey church of St. Melanie was made the Cathedral.

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Some were uſed as Storehouſes for forage, hay, &c.; ſome were converted into *caſernes* and ſtables; ſome into manufactories, and ſome altered into dwelling houſes by thoſe who bought them; ſome were leveled with the ground in order that the materials might be ſold, or to make room for new ſtreets; ſome in ſhort, were turned to the worſt of purpoſes (yet under Providence, by this means, preſerved); changed into temples for the *decadi*, the feſtivals of the national calendar, ſo curious a thing by itſelf, or for the clubs and political aſſemblies of the time. All the old and beſt families, the moſt zealous for Religion, were not only deprived of all public exerciſe of it, but were

ſince repaired and reſtored to the uſe of the pariſhioners.

5. St. Stephen's—made a depot for the wagons of the army, and a ſhop for repairing them; ſtill ſtanding, but utterly deſolate.

6. St. John's—alſo turned into a ſhop for the workmen of the army. The whole interior was ſo completely deſtroyed that it has never been reſtored to the uſe of Religion. It is at preſent occupied by the public ſtages (meſſageries) of the city.

7. St. George's.—Uſed as a ſtable for cavalry; ſince, part has been demoliſhed, and part left ſtanding in a ruinous condition.

8. St. Germain—was turned into a *caſerne*, and then into a depot of artillery; it was filled for many years with cannons, cannon carriages, &c.; now repaired and reſtored to the uſe of the pariſhioners.

9. St. Sauveur's.—Made the Temple of Reaſon, and reſounded with all the vile and blaſphemous ſpeeches of the times; afterwards reſtored to religious uſes.

10. St. Laurent's.—Long neglected and almoſt in ruins; at length repaired and reſtored. It was in this church I married my brother to his good wife.

So much for the pariſh churches. As regards the convents and religious houſes:

11. The Convent of the Cordeliers—was turned into a ſtable for the cavalry, then into a depot of wagons; finally part of it was reſtored and given to the Seminary.

12. The Convent of the Carmelites.—Leveled to the ground; a ſtreet.

13. The Convent of the Minims.—Bought by an architect, who turned it into an elegant houſe.

14. The Convent of the Auguſtins.—The general blackſmith's ſhop of the army; ſince reſtored, and ſerves for the pariſh of St. Stephen.

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ſcarcely able to practice their private and ſecret devotions, in the interior of their houſes. It was forbidden by law and under penalties of fine and impriſonment, to obſerve Sunday, or to diſtinguiſh it in any way from common days—whilſt the *decadi*, or every tenth day, which had been ſubſtituted for the Sunday, and made the *legal* day of reſt, was under the ſame penalties enforced, by ceaſing from labor, keeping the ſhops cloſed, &c. Such a ſtate of things which was the habitual condition of the whole population from the end of 1792 until 1795, had brought the minds of

15. The Jacobins.—The bake-houſe for the army; ſtill abandoned and half in ruins.

16. The Capuchins—became a private dwelling with its fine walks and ſhades.

17. The diſcalced Carmelites.—A private ſtore houſe.

18. St. Aubin (a pariſh church)—turned into a ſtable, then into a ſtore; half ruined, afterwards reſtored.

19. The Viſitation—turned into a ſtore and private dwelling houſe.

20. The Second Viſitation—into the Grand Maſonic Hall.

21. The Urſulines.—A barrack; half deſtroyed.

22. The Second Urſulines—the houſe of a notorious Atheiſt.

23. The Trinity—Convent of Refuge—into a priſon.

24. The Good Shepherd—another houſe of refuge, alſo into a priſon.

25. The Houſe of Retreat—a barrack for ſoldiers.

26. The Dioceſan Seminary—into a hoſpital for the ſoldiers.

27. The Preparatory Seminary—a barrack.

28. St. Cyr—into a hoſpital for foul diſeaſes of the wicked.

29. The Grand Hoſpital—turned into a ſchool and depot of artillery.

30. The Mother Houſe of the Siſters of Charity—ſold.

31. The Houſe of the Daughters of Wiſdom—ſold.

32, 33. The two Houſes of the Brothers of the Poor Schools—ſold.

34. The Houſe of the Confraternity of Notre Dame—turned into a ſtorehouſe, afterwards into a ſtable.

35. The Chapel of St. James—into a ſtore for toys, then into a dwelling houſe.

36. St. Ives, Hoſpital—preſerved but long ſhut up.

37. St. Yves, where the Canons officiated—into a ſtore.

38. The Hoſpital of the Incurables—preſerved, but no chapel permitted.

39. The Calvary—into a place of meeting for the Revolutionary Club, a ſtore, and then a theatre.

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thoſe who ſtill remained attached to their Faith, into a moſt deſponding ſtate in regard to the future proſpects of religion in France. This was peculiarly the caſe at certain periods of increaſing darkneſs, when thoſe who exerciſed authority in our unhappy country, manifeſted their intention of rooting out every veſtige of the ancient Faith. It would be impoſſible now to recall fully the painful impreſſions of thoſe times, or to make them ſenſible to thoſe who did not paſs through that ſtrange ordeal. I have endeavoured to give a ſketch of our Sundays, as I remember them, at my dear mother's, who ſo reſolutely did all that was in her power, to preſerve us to Religion, for thoſe *better days*, which ſhe never ceaſed confidently to anticipate. I could relate many curious things in regard to the profane celebration of the Feſtivals of *reaſon*, as they were called. The *Age of Reaſon*, as Paine calls it, was, as they hoped, fully eſtabliſhed in our France, and every *decadi* was *ſanctified* by ſome new invention. I can ſtill ſee with my mind's eye, the curious proceſſions which they made through the ſtreets of the city on thoſe days, going to the Temple of Reaſon. They were compoſed of youths on the Feſtival of *Youth*—of hoary men, picked up for the purpoſe, on the Feſtival of *Old Age*—of huſbandmen, carrying with them the implements of agriculture, on the Feſtival of *Agriculture*—of mechanics with their tools, on the days of the *Arts*. In the month of "Fructidor," they had exhibitions of Fruits and of the various returns of the harveſt, in their ſpecial times, &c., &c. Now, it all ſeems like a dream, and theſe exhibitions and proceſſions have a ridiculous effect, as ſeen through the faint memory of them. Thoſe who had eſtabliſhed them, ſuppoſed that they would accuſtom the multitude to do without Religion, except the religion of nature, as they called it. As

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each Decadi came around, they endeavoured to make it more attractive by new inventions of pompous ſhows, or philoſophical and ſentimental exhibitions, mixing up with them ſpecial ovations and ſongs—civic banquets and public games, copied from the old Greek and Roman Republics. The firſt year, and firſt round of theſe profane and ſyſtematic attempts to root out the Chriſtian Religion from the hearts of the people, and make them Infidels, went on with ſuch a continual ſupply of novelty and intereſt, for the multitude, that it made an impreſſion, which now, it would be difficult to eſtimate correctly. Even then, however, the effect was often very ridiculous, and as the repetition of each Decadi proved more forced and tireſome, it became dark and hopeleſs, as the times were the beſt mark by which we could meaſure the ſlow but certain return of the old and true Religion, and the failure of this impious ſcheme—ſelf defeated—as it proved. The thoughts, the very memory of thoſe miſerable exhibitions, has vaniſhed away. For inſtance the Feſtival of Divorce! Who now can form an idea of the manner in which it was celebrated? It was on one of the Decadi, at the Temple of Reaſon—a Player from the Theatre, the Orator of the day. I have in my poſſeſſion his diſcourſe in print—all furious nonſenſe againſt Religion, and its oppreſſion of our *liberty*, in making marriage indiſſoluble, &c. Theſe things are gone and forgotten, but the admirable virtues then diſplayed by thoſe holy Confeſſors, who remained faithful to their religion, will live through eternity, in the heavenly records.

It was my object in the following pages, to record ſome of thoſe ſcenes of fidelity and Chriſtian heroiſm, as memory brought them back to me. After I had written them out (in 1818) I found that ſeveral of

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them had alſo been recorded by the Abbé Carron.[1] But how many caſes are not recorded in his precious Memoirs. The firſt one, for inſtance, which I have ſketched, that of M. Raoul, and of which I was a witneſs. The drawing which accompanies it, preſents an exact picture of the ſcene at the Tribunal, or very nearly ſo—although at this moment it is nearly 27 years ago, yet it is as vivid in my mind as if I was ſtill there, boy as I then was, ſtanding behind and leaning upon the ſeat of the holy Confeſſor, with nothing but the railing of the Tribunal between us—my poor heart beating ſo violently all the time.

TRIAL OF THE PRIEST AND THE THREE SISTERS OF LA CHAPELLE ST. AUBERT, DIOCESE OF RENNES.

"Mr. Raoul, and the three good Siſters of La "Chapelle St. Aubert, have been ſeized and brought "to the city yeſterday—to-day they are to be tried." Such was the ſad news of the morning, and about 8 or 9 o'C. I ſaw them paſſing under our windows on their way to the Tribunal, followed by the mob, who accompanied them with the uſual cry, "à la Guillotine." I immediately went after them, and young as I was, crept along from place to place, until I got ſo near that I ſtood immediately behind M. Raoul ſeated upon the bench, with my arms folded upon the railing, almoſt touching his back. The Siſters were ſeated upon a bench acroſs the other ſide of the floor. The

1 The work of the Abbé Carron here alluded to is, "Les Confeſſeurs "de la Foi dans L'Egliſe Gallicane, "a la fin du dix huitieme Siecle," 4 vols. 12mo, Paris, 1820. I have gathered from it ſome additional particulars in regard to the confeſſors mentioned in the following pages, and placed them in the notes.

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Judges elevated with their ſeats upon a higher floor, about upon a level with the heads of the Priſoners, and the Gendarmes. The Preſident of the court was Bouaſſier, who had been a reputable attorney of Rennes, eſteemed before the Revolution as a good, moral man, but a philoſopher, as our French Deiſts were called; naturally kind hearted, but gradually drawn on, or rather puſhed on from one exceſs to another, and then fixed in his dreadful poſition by perſonal fear. "Thy "name and age," ſaid the Preſident. "Raoul-Bodin" (not certain of the ſecond name),[1] anſwered the Prieſt, aged 70 years, or perhaps more, I do not exactly remember, but I ſtill ſee the worthy man, as he ſat there, tall, very thin, with a bald forehead, hair quite gray, a placid, noble and truly religious countenance. "Thy "profeſſion?" "A Prieſt—Curé of La Chapelle St. "Aubert." "Didſt thou take the civic oath?"[2] "No! "Citizen;" I think, "Why not," was then aſked—and he anſwered, "becauſe he could not, according to his "conſcientious views of the ſubject." Two or three ſhort queſtions and anſwers may then have taken place, which I do not call to mind, but I remember diſtinctly that the good old man began to entreat in favour of the three Siſters, in whoſe houſe he had been arreſted—

1 "I cannot recall the name—it "was Raoul, or Craoul-mell; but it "has faded from my memory."—*Note by Bp. Bruté.* It appears from Treſvaux, "Hiſtoire," &c. vol. ii, p. 114, that his name was Raoul Bodin, as Bp. Bruté firſt wrote it. The name of the noble and charitable ladies who periſhed with him, was La Gracière. There were two other Prieſts concealed in their houſe, who eſcaped. They were denounced to the authorities by a Tiler from Fougières, who ſaw the Prieſts, when mending the roof. The inhabitants of Chapelle St. Aubert, would have reſcued Mr. Raoul from the Gendarmes, when they arreſted him, but he diſſuaded them. M. Treſvaux ſays that his memory is ſtill venerated in that place. They were put to death on the 8th of October, 1794.

2 The oath to the civil Conſtitution of the Clergy, as mentioned at p. 21.

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ſpeaking in a very calm, but very affecting and impreſſive manner, to the Preſident and the court, for two or three minutes, until he was repeatedly ſilenced. The tones of his voice are ſtill ſounding in my ears; his words were to this effect: "Citizens, Judges! will "you put to death, theſe poor ladies, for an act of hoſ- "pitality ſo inoffenſive to the public—ſo natural, ſo "worthy of their kind hearts, when I had been for "twenty years (or more) their Paſtor? Do ſpare them, "Citizens, it becomes ſo much better the Republic, to "ſhow clemency," &c. "Silence! they muſt ſpeak for "themſelves. Silence! it is none of thy office, to ad- "dreſs the Tribunal in their favour. Silence! Citizen." He was compelled to ſtop, and ſat down (he had ſtood up, whilſt ſpeaking) and looked towards the poor Siſters, who were then, ſucceſſively, called upon to give their names and age, and acknowledge, that they knew the Prieſt, and gave him aſylum, in contravention to the national decrees. They were three, elderly Siſters, between 45 and 50 years of age, or more, of a moſt reſpectable and genteel appearance, and dreſs—a calm, ſimple deportment before the Tribunal. They lived on their eſtate at Chapelle St. Aubert. One of them had been a Religious, expelled by the decrees of the Convention, from her Convent, and obliged to return and live with her Siſters. She was now dreſſed like them and ſeated the laſt in order upon the bench, and was the laſt called upon to anſwer. In addition to the replies made by her Siſters to the interrogatories of the Judges, ſhe added, "That ſhe had no home, after "her expulſion from her Convent, and was compelled "to return to her Siſters and live upon their bounty, "and that conſequently ſhe did not come under the "ſevere terms of the law, againſt thoſe who gave pro- "tection to Prieſts." The plea ſeemed fair enough,

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but it gave occaſion to no particular conſultation amongſt the Judges, but was immediately overruled, in a very harſh and abuſive manner, as a prepoſterous and uſeleſs attempt to have her cauſe ſeparated from that of the others.

She then, if I am not miſtaken, or one of the Siſters, began to entreat in favour of the good old man, as he had done for them, but in a more earneſt and ſevere manner. "How cruel it would be to put to death ſo "holy and innocent a man, who had committed no "crime, but whoſe whole life had been ſpent in doing "good to all, and eſpecially to thoſe who were then "called the 'Sanſ-culotes,' ſo particularly dear to the "Republic, to the poor, to the aged, to the little ones," &c. She was repeatedly ordered to be ſilent, but became only the more animated, until compelled to hold her peace, and let the matter take its courſe.

The examination of all four of them had occupied but a ſhort time—being in fact a mere formality, ſince the Letter of the Law was moſt expreſs, "the Prieſt "and thoſe who harbour him, to be put to death, within "twenty-four hours after being ſeized."

The Preſident then proceeded, after ſcarcely a moment's conference with the other Judges, to apply this cruel enactment, and to paſs ſentence of death, in the name of the Republic, upon the Prieſt Raoul, and the three Siſters who had given him aſylum—adding the uſual order, that all the religious objects found in the houſe, and which in the language of the ſentence were ſtyled "les[1] hochets du fanatiſme," ſhould be previouſly burned at the ſide of the ſcaffold.

When the ſentence had been pronounced the Nun could not reſtrain her feelings of indignation. She

1 Hochets—Children's play things.

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roſe from her ſeat, ſnatched from her cap the national cockade, which even the women were obliged to wear during theſe days of deluſion, and trampling it under her feet, ſhe addreſſed alternately the Judges and the people with two or three ſentences of vehement reproach: "Barbarous people," ſhe exclaimed, "amongſt "what ſavage nations has hoſpitality ever been made a "crime, puniſhable with death?" I cannot now call to mind her other expreſſions, except that ſhe appealed to the higher tribunal of God, and denounced his judgment againſt them.

Her Siſters tried in the meanwhile to check her, and recall her to ſilence. The one who ſat next to her, pulled gently at her dreſs (I can ſee her now), as if urging her to ſtop.

All was ſoon huſhed to ſilence, and the Judge addreſſed, as uſual, an emphatic and opprobrious charge to the victims, and particularly the Prieſt, with bitter reproaches for their fanaticiſm, as he called it—addreſſing himſelf alſo to the ſpectators, with energetic declarations of their determined reſolution to free the Republic from all dangers—and have the Prieſts and their accomplices and dupes brought to the ſame puniſhment; the whole a moſt ſhocking piece of outrage, and raving enthuſiaſm ſtill more ſhocking, as coming from one, who like the unfortunate Bouaffier, had enjoyed a character little fitted for ſuch a horrid profanation of every beſt principle.

During the whole time M. Raoul was engaged in prayer. Methinks I can ſtill hear the ſounds, and low, little ſwellings of his prayer—ſome of the Pſalms, it ſeemed from the Latin final or ſyllable, riſing from time to time in a half ſuppreſſed murmur—whilſt the Jailor or Executioner (for he was always preſent) was putting on the hand-cuffs, and ſecuring them ſo tight,

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that I remember the Prieſt gave ſigns of uneaſineſs, and looked at the man as if intreating him not to ſcrew them ſo tight.

No further diſtinct recollections connected with the ſcene come to my mind. I cannot now recall the ſtate of my feelings. I know only that they were generally a mixture of horror, and pity, and admiration, and exaltation—religious views of Heaven, mixed with a deteſtation of Deiſm and Naturaliſm, which at ſuch moments, ſeemed deſtined to prevail over the Chriſtian Religion in France.

The ſame day theſe four victims were immolated upon the fatal Guillotine, they were taken, I think, as was often the caſe, from the Tribunal[1] to the Scaffold, which ſtood permanently erected under the windows.

THE CASE OF MR. TOUCHET, RECTOR OF THE PARISH OF ST. HELLIER, AT RENNES.

The Rev. Mr. Touchet was the Rector of St. Hellier, one of the Pariſhes in the ſuburbs of Rennes. During the "terror" he was concealed in the houſe of the Demoiſelles Ergault. There were three ſiſters of them, unmarried, pious, devoted women. One of them was a nun of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, at the Hoſpital of Vannes, but had been driven out for remaining faithful to her vows, and refuſing to take the

1 The tribunal repreſented in the drawing, before which M. Raoul and the Siſters were tried, if we may uſe ſuch an expreſſion, was the Regular Criminal Court. There were beſides, as I have mentioned, two other Tribunals of Death in our poor city of Rennes—one, the Military Commiſſion, preſided over by Morin; and the Revolutionary Tribunal, under the preſidency of Brutus Magnier. Morin and Magnier were ſtrangers to our city.—*Note by Biſhop Bruté.*

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civic oaths. I often viſited Mr. Touchet, in his place of concealment. He was my confeſſor, after Mr. Carron went to England. I was, of courſe, obliged to uſe great care when I went to ſee him, and I well remember the cautious manner of introduction, the back room where he was concealed,[1] his manner, the room itſelf, the curtains, and every little circumſtance are indelibly impreſſed upon my memory. When I had finiſhed my confeſſion, he would often ſay to me, that perhaps it was the laſt time I would have an opportunity of going to my confeſſion to him—that perhaps, that day or the next he would be diſcovered, and led to the ſcaffold. When the laſt ſtretch of rage cauſed the Convention to put forth the law, denouncing death on thoſe who ſhould harbour a Prieſt, the good ladies felt happy at the proſpect of receiving their reward, by dying with Mr. Touchet, if they ſhould be found out. Before he had heard the news, they took counſel together and formed their reſolution. When the horrid decree came to his knowledge, he went to them and ſaid "I will leave you to-night." They aſked, "Where "are you going?" "To the fields, as long as I can hide "myſelf in the woods, and thickets, and ditches. I am "reſigned to die, but I will be the occaſion of death to no "one." But they told him that they would be but too happy to die with him—that they had unanimouſly taken their reſolution, and made their little teſtamentary diſpoſitions,[2] if any were allowed, and that, more-

1 The houſe was on the corner of the 'Rue Dauphine' and the 'Rue Chateaurenaud.' Many zealous, faithful families occupied that corner on the two ſtreets—the Deſbuillons — Rebulets — Boudons — Beauvais — Frout — the place was often ſubject to domiciliary viſits on the part of the authorities.—*Note by Biſhop Bruté.*

2 The Property of thoſe who were put to death was confiſcated. It was partly reſtored at a later period, but not that of thoſe who had emigrated.

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over, as they could only die once, whether for concealing one or many, they had ſent word to ſome of their friends that if they were afraid of this new Law, they "might ſend to them, the Prieſts they had concealed, and they would cheerfully receive and ſhelter them. The good Nun added gaily, "I have ſewed into the "hem of my robe, a flint, a match and a candle, ſo that "when we are left alone in our dungeon, we may have "light enough to recite our Breviary[1] for the laſt time." It happened, however, that although they often had three Prieſts hidden in their houſe at one time, they were never diſcovered and apprehended, and I continued to viſit Mr. Touchet, there, from time to time, until the perſecution was over, and he was permitted to reſume the public exerciſe of his miniſtry, not at St. Hellier's[2] however, but at St. Auguſtin's, where he remained until his death, about 1806.

Mr. Maſſiot, the Vicar of Mr. Touchet, at St. Hellier's, was deported or baniſhed to Cayenne, in South America, where ſo many died. He lived to eſcape, and having made his way, with incredible hardſhips, through the woods and moraſſes, which lie back of the ſettlement, finally reached the United States. From thence he went to England, and after the law of death was repealed, returned to France, though ſtill expoſed to priſon and tranſportation. When the perſecution had entirely ceaſed he was appointed Curé of Brutz, a Pa-

1 The Nuns, properly ſo called, are obliged to recite the daily office of the Church, the ſame as Prieſts.

2 St. Hellier was turned into a Powder Magazine, the windows filled up with maſonry, the ſteeple taken down, &c. St. Auguſtins was turned into a Blacksmith shop for the troops—the whole interior was lined with anvils—forges at which they ſhod the horſes; the pavement was broken and covered with the dirt and filth of the ſhop, which conſtantly reſounded with oaths and vile ſongs.—*Note by Biſhop Bruté.*

See *Journal* for an account of the Abbé Touchet's reſtoration to his Pariſh.

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riſh about ſix miles from the city, where I was ſent to aſſiſt during three weeks at Eaſter, in 1809. He ſuffered very ſeverely from rheumatiſm, which was the conſequence of his bleſſed hardſhips during the time of the perſecution.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. SORETTE, PROFESSOR OF HUMANITIES AT THE COLLEGE OF RENNES.

The Abbé Sorette was a young Prieſt, not yet thirty years of age, when he was appointed Profeſſor at the College of Rennes, the firſt year of the French Revolution. I ſtudied under him, and became very much attached to him, and he took a particular intereſt in me, and ſometimes did my mother the honour to come and dine with us. The charming modeſty, candour, piety, and yet ſprightlineſs and gaiety of that moſt excellent man, endeared him to all who knew him. When the Revolutionary oaths were impoſed upon the Clergy, he refuſed to take them, and being expelled in conſequence from the College, he retired to the Country Pariſh of Le Chatellier near Parigné,[1] 16 or 18 miles

1 I found among the Biſhop's papers, the following letter from Mr. Sorette, to the Biſhop's mother, written from this place. The Biſhop had written upon it "A martyr ſince; "wounded by a ball, he was obliged "ed to ſtop. They gave him five "minutes to pray and then diſpatched "him—my good Teacher!" The letter itſelf gives, in its ſimple details, a very good idea of the manner in which "Revolutions" are brought about, and is not without inſtruction, as bearing upon what is taking place in other parts of Europe in our days.

PARIGNÉ, 10 June, 1791.

MADAME,

When I arrived at Parigné, on the 3d of June, I found them all in great diſtreſs. Our dear and excellent paſtor, M. Guignette, had been diſplaced on the 29th of May, by Dom. Verdier, Bernadin, Prior of the Abbey of Savigny. The

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from Rennes. It was here that he had been ſtationed by the Biſhop, when firſt ordained, and during the few years of his miniſtry, had won the unbounded affection of his own, and all the neighbouring Pariſhes. "Mr.

inhabitants of Parigné were not all diſpoſed to ſubmit to the change and accept the perſon who had thus been forced upon them; they aſſembled in a crowd around the Preſbytery, and would certainly have pelted him with ſticks and ſtones, if it had not been for their old Pariſh Prieſt, who at laſt ſucceeded in appeaſing them. The intruder had only four or five perſons at his high maſs, and no more at the proceſſions on the Rogation days. One man carried the banner, another the Croſs, *The Curé* sung the Litanies, and a man and two women, who were his domeſtics, followed and ſung the "ora pro nobis." On aſcenſion day he was afraid to celebrate maſs, and ſhut himſelf up in the Preſbytery, with ſome ſoldiers and other perſons, who kept guard for eight days.

On laſt Sunday, a detachment of the National Militia from Fougéres, entered our town about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, with arms in their hands, crying out "To the lamp-poſts with the ariſtocrats," and demanding the heads of all Prieſts who had refuſed to take the civic oath. I was the only Prieſt in the village, the Rector and Curé having fled the day previous, to keep out of the way of the lamp-poſt, with which the mob had threatened them for a long time. Juſt as theſe troops arrived, I had left the houſe to go and ſay maſs in a private chapel, but they had nailed up the door and declared that if they caught me, they would cut off my head.

Theſe ſoldiers rung the bell for high maſs and veſpers; they forced a number of perſons to enter the Church, and ſhut others up in a Preſs Houſe, which they called their Guard Houſe (corps de garde). They alſo aſſembled the Municipality by force, and compelled about twenty or thirty perſons to certify the *inſtallation of M. Verdier, Curé.* They, in fact, entered upon the regiſter the names of ſeveral perſons who did not ſign; others ſigned it through fear, ſurrounded by bayonetts, and with the intention of withdrawing their adheſion the firſt opportunity that preſented itſelf.

One of the ſoldiers mounted up by a ladder, which was placed againſt the wall inſide of the Church, to efface ſome armorial bearings, but finding himſelf ſliping, he caught hold of a ſtatue of St. Michael, to ſave himſelf, but the ſtatue, not being very firm on its baſe, both he and the ſtatue came tumbling down together.

At laſt, about 6 o'clock in the evening, they beat the retreat and ſtarted for home, having left with M. the Rector, a note, without ſignature, ordering all refractory Prieſts

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"Sorette"! with what an accent of affection was that name pronounced by every one, before his death, and many years afterwards. At Le Chatellier, he exerciſed the duties of his holy miniſtry, during the worſt times of the Revolution, with an undaunted zeal, ſurrounded in the vicinity, by many other Prieſts of the ſame fearleſs, unreſerved devotedneſs; ſome of whom were, at laſt, like himſelf, amongſt the victims which the Dioceſe of Rennes offered to God, for the cruel ſins, and horrid exceſſes of the times.

He indeed eſcaped during the whole reign of Robeſpierre, and until the laws of death were repealed. Ban-

to leave the Pariſh within twenty-four hours, under pain of being ſtrung up to the lamp-poſt.

During the eight days which are now paſſed ſince the Rector and Curé left, I have found myſelf ſo lonely that it ſeems as if I had been caſt all at once into a deſert place. You ſee ſcarcely any one moving about—our good people remain in concealment. In vain do the bells ring out, to call them to the church; the ſound is no longer a ſource of pleaſure to them, but of grief, and cauſes them to ſhed tears of regret and bitterneſs. We are obliged to go ſix or ſeven miles to be preſent at maſs. Thoſe who are in favour of the preſent order of things, watch my every word and action, in order to find an excuſe for driving me out the Pariſh. I am, indeed, in a ſad condition, but I do not wiſh to leave my mother, until matters are in a better ſtate. The new Pariſh Prieſts are not acceptable to the people in our diſtrict. At Fougéres, as here, the people will not go to their maſs. Their few partiſans, however, are very zealous in their favour, and it has already cauſed much diſturbance and bad feeling. I am told that, in ſome caſes, they have turned their ſervants, and even their relatives, out of doors, becauſe they refuſed to be preſent at maſs, when celebrated by the intruders. I did not have the ſatiſfaction of ſeeing my dear friend the Abbé of Chateaugiron, in my journey from Rennes. When you have an opportunity, pleaſe give him news of me, and to my Gabriel, to whom I wiſh all ſucceſs in his ſtudies.

If poſſible, I would wiſh to have a place of refuge prepared for me, to which I may eſcape, if proſcribed a ſecond time, as they conſtantly threaten me at Fougéres.

I have the honour, madame, to remain with profound reſpect and ſincere gratitude, your humble and obedient ſervant,

SORETTE, Prieſt.

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iſhment to French Guiana for the younger Prieſts, perpetual impriſonment for the older ones, who ſhould exerciſe any of the functions of the holy miniſtry, were the milder orders of the day.

The more zealous Jacobins, however, were much diſpleaſed at this relaxation of the law, and often eluded it. When they diſcovered any Prieſts in the country, and were not reſtrained by the preſence of ſome magiſtrate or leader not ſo deſperately bent on the deſtruction of the Prieſts as themſelves, they would often deliberately put them to death on the ſpot, rather than bring them to the city and deliver them up to the authorities.

This was the fate of my dear and reſpected Profeſſor. Unfortunately for him, the part of the Department where he lived, had always been moſt active and conſpicuous in its oppoſition to the National Convention, ſo generally manifeſted in the Weſt, on both ſides of the River Loire.

The poſition of the Prieſts there, was exceedingly painful. Naturally, and from principle, inclined to the ſide of the oppoſition, their ſacred character hindered them from mixing in the horrors of civil war. They ſimply continued to fulfil the functions of their holy miniſtry wherever they could, ready to carry the ſuccors of religion to whoever aſked for them, whether friend or foe.[1] In conſequence, it often happened that

1 "It has been falſely aſſerted," ſays the Marchioneſs de la Rochejaquelein, "that the Prieſts fought, "but they came to the field of battle "only to confeſs the dying, which "they did in the hotteſt fire; and it "is true that their bodies were occa- "ſionally found. * * * They have "been reproached alſo with having "excited the Vendeens to cruelty. "Nothing could be more falſe; and, "on the contrary, I could produce "many traits of courageous humanity "highly honourable to them. Num- "bers owed their lives to their inter- "ceſſions with furious ſoldiers bent "on ſlaughter. M. Douiſſis, Curé "of Saint Marié de Rhé, a moſt ar-

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they were obliged to be preſent, and prepare for death thoſe who fell victims to the ſevere, and ſometimes unjuſtifiable meaſures, by which the inſurgents retaliated the cruelties of thoſe who were called the patriots. A Prieſt could not, of courſe, refuſe his miniſtry, even under ſuch circumſtances, and if he could not perſuade the infuriated leaders, or agents of the inſurrection to ſpare the lives of their enemies, he was obliged, nevertheleſs, to be preſent, and try to ſave their ſouls. It will readily be perceived, that the exerciſe of their miniſtry, under ſuch circumſtances, offered but too good a ground, eſpecially in ſuch excited times, for the horrid calumny that the Prieſts excited and urged on the people to theſe cruel deeds of retaliation and revenge. It cannot be doubted that theſe ſtories animated the enemies and perſecutors of the clergy to perſevere in the ſchemes which had been laid under Robeſpierre for their utter extermination, and which they now ſaw, to a certain extent foiled, by the relaxation in the law.

Mr. Sorette led a life of continual alarm and danger, yet of untiring zeal in the fulfilment of his duties. All his labours, however, I am certain, were ſtrictly kept within the pure and perfect line of his prieſtly functions, which ſo excellent a man would have cheriſhed more dearly than his exiſtence. To be finally ſpent by the ſacrifice of his life, after ſo hard and faithful a ſervice, during his many years of concealment in his own Pariſh, and the neighboring parts, was to him an enviable concluſion of his work. Such were the ſentiments he ex-

"dent follower of the army, prevent-
"ed the maſſacre of a great number
"of priſoners, by his feeling and elo-
"quent exhortations. Some years af-
"terwards, being brought before a
"Republican Tribunal, this action
"ſaved him." *Memoirs of the Marchioneſs De la Rochejaquelein*, p. 236-7.

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preſſed to me, with much fervour and alacrity of mind, two or three weeks before his death.

He had, at that time, come to our city on his way to the mineral waters of Guichen, twelve miles further to the ſouth. He had been adviſed to go there for a double purpoſe,—to repair his health, which was much ſhattered by labour and expoſure, and to eſcape for a while, from the ſearch made for his apprehenſion in his own part of the country, with redoubled activity. He was concealed in the ſuburb St. Martin, (a la Pechardiere en St. Gregoire) at the chateau of the Ladies De Leon, and whilſt there, ſent word to my mother to let me come and ſee him. My mother gave me the moſt earneſt charge to perſuade him not to venture to Guichen, but to come to our houſe and be ſecreted, where he could be nurſed and well taken care of, the better, becauſe ſeveral phyſicians, good religious men, were in the habit of viſiting our family. I hurried to him, with moſt pleaſing hopes, to have under our roof my beloved preceptor—and ſo good a Prieſt—but they were in vain! I arrived at the place, La Pechardiere, was very cautiouſly admitted, and enjoyed a moſt agreeable interview with him. He related to me many of his wonderful eſcapes. But when I had eaſily made out to prove to him that it would be very unſafe for him to take up his reſidence near the waters of Guichen, the concluſion he drew was, that he had already yielded too much to the advice of the phyſicians, that he was not ſo ill as they thought, and that the beſt thing he could do was, to return to his poor people, and remain with them to the laſt. No arguments, no entreaties, could make him accede to the wiſhes of his friends at Rennes. Two or three days afterwards he returned to Parigné, or Le Chatellier. I never heard directly from him again, though he was accuſtomed, from time to

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time, to write to me during thoſe dreadful days which were now drawing to a cloſe for him.

About three weeks after he had returned to his miſſion, we received the following information in regard to his end. I remember and relate almoſt the words in which the tale was told to me; poor M. Sorette was called the other day, to adminiſter the laſt ſacrament to an old woman, in a little farm houſe. He had finiſhed, and was coming back to his hiding place, when a party of Contre-Chouans,[1] who were patrolling the country in ſearch of victims, and who knew that M. Sorette was concealed ſomewhere in that vicinity, aſked a peaſant girl whom they met, if ſhe could tell them where they would find the Prieſt, as they needed his ſervices for a ſick perſon. It ſo happened that ſhe had met M. Sorette but a few moments before, and deceived by their diſguiſe, and ſuppoſing them to be friends, ſhe ſaid to them, after a moment's heſitation, Mr. Sorette has left that houſe yonder, but a minute ſince, and is paſſing along the hedge there by the meadow. They immediately ran after him, and as ſoon as they drew near, fired their guns at him and broke his arm. He immediately ſtopped and ſurrendered, and then told them to lead him to the city. But they knowing that in ſuch a caſe, he would be only exiled to Guyenne, told him that they had reſolved to put him to death. M. Sorette then entreated them to allow him a few minutes to ſay his prayers and prepare himſelf for death. He then knelt down on the graſs, and when they had waited a few moments, they ſhot him on the ſpot. Some of his murderers were known, and among them two or three rabid Jacobins, who had committed many

1 *Patriots*, as they called themſelves, in the diſguiſe of Chouans, the name given to thoſe in that part of Brittany, who had riſen up againſt the Revolutionary Government.

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crimes of a ſimilar character during the time of Robeſpierre, and afterwards. Among the Pariſhioners of M. Sorette, ſome were found more ready to obey the feeling of indignation and revenge excited by his death, than thoſe of mercy and forgiveneſs, which he had ſo conſtantly preached to them when alive. Theſe watched their opportunity, and to complete the picture of thoſe ſad times, we heard ſoon afterwards, that ſome of his murderers had been killed, and ſent to meet their holy victim before the Judgment ſeat. Alas! they were more to be pitied than he. He, in truth, ſo exceedingly happy. At the altar, that morning, in ſome hidden corner, the holy communion received as viaticum, his miniſtry of conſolation and grace to the poor dying woman, and then kneeling quietly on the graſs, probably his laſt words of prayer, like St. Stephen's, offered up for thoſe blind men, and his life a holocauſt of peace for his unhappy country.

Death of the Rev. Mr. Duval, Rector of Laignelet.

I was preſent when Mr. Duval, who was a very reſpectable Phyſician at Rennes, received the news of the murder of his elder brother, the Abbé Duval, Rector of Laignelet, a Pariſh in the country, near Mr. Sorette's, about 18 miles from Rennes.

I had only ſeen the Abbé Duval once or twice at his brother's, in Rennes, he was about 40 or 45 years of age, a very mild and ſerene countenance, meekneſs being, indeed, a particular characteriſtic of his diſpoſition.

He had perſevered throughout the whole time of the perſecution, to exerciſe his holy miniſtry with unabated

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zeal—no leſs devoted to his good people, than they were attached to him, and they were exceedingly ſo.

It became known, by ſome means or other, to the bloodthirſty hounds, who were continually ſearching after the Prieſts, that M. Duval was to go, on a certain night, to baptize the child of ſome poor peaſants, who lived in a little cabin in the woods, on the confines of his Pariſh, and they, conſequently, placed themſelves in ambuſcade, near the way by which they knew he would paſs. He ſtarted late in the evening, with his guide, and had approached ſo near to his intended murderers before he ſaw them, that there was no chance for him to make his eſcape. He ſaid to the man that was with him, that their only courſe was to advance boldly towards them, and that, perhaps, that very boldneſs might deceive them. The man hung back, but the Prieſt walked ſteadily on his way as if apprehending no danger. No ſooner, however, had he come oppoſite to the place where his enemies ſtood, than one of them croſſed the road towards him, and lifting up Mr. Duval's hat, ſaid to him, "Is it thou, Duval?" and the others who had followed him, placing their guns againſt his breaſt, ſhot him dead upon the ſpot. The guide who ſtood near, fled at that moment, and could give no further particulars—except thoſe which I have related. The poor parents of the child he was to baptize, heard the report of the guns, but dared not venture out immediately. When they thought that the murderers had retired, they went in the dead of the night, and with the aſſiſtance of ſome neighbours, rendered the laſt and only tokens of reſpect in their power to the body of their beloved paſtor, by burying it near the place where he had been murdered. Oh! how the horrors of thoſe times ruſh in upon my recollections when I write theſe things.

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PRIEST AND PEASANT BOUND TOGETHER AND LED TO THE "FUSILLADE," SINGING THE SERVICE FOR THE DEAD.

One morning I was ſeated early at my ſtudies, about half-paſt five o'clock, when, to my ſurpriſe, I heard at a diſtance, the notes of the "Libera me "Domine" from the burial ſervice of the church, ſung by ſome one in the ſtreets. The ſingers were evidently hurrying along faſt, and the ſounds grew more and more clear and diſtinct as they approached the ſquare upon which our houſe ſtood. For two years all ſuch chants had ceaſed in our ſtreets, and therefore, I jumped up and ran haſtily to the window, to ſee from whom they proceeded. I immediately perceived a group of twenty or thirty ſoldiers, hurrying along two men bound together, both in the garb of peaſants, but I ſaw immediately, that one of them was a Prieſt; his black hair floating upon his ſhoulders, his beard long unſhaven, the very hat upon his head, are preſent to my vivid recollections.

I underſtood too well what it all meant, and ran to the door to go out and follow them, agitated and partially frightened with the uſual terror which reſted on my heart, but at the ſame time, animated by the ſong of death, for it was the Prieſt who was thus ſinging his own *Libera*, and the poor peaſant ſtepped along quickly by his ſide, looking as may be ſuppoſed, very ſerious, but without the leaſt appearance of fear. The impreſſion on my mind is, that the ſoldiers who generally followed their priſoners with jokes and abuſe, accompanied theſe two in ſilence.

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I croſſed the ſquare, following cloſe upon their foot-ſteps. At the turn of the ſtreet the good Prieſt had finiſhed the *Libera*, and commenced ſinging the *Miſerere*. The peaſant, if I remember rightly, was alſo buſy at his prayers, but I do not recollect the appearance of his countenance as diſtinctly as that of the prieſt, who was apparently about 50 years of age, of middling ſtature, and who was dreſſed, as I have ſaid, in the ſhort, coarſe, brown coat of the peaſants.

They moved along with great rapidity, ſo much ſo, that although I left them at the end of the street, when they had but one ſhort ſtreet to paſs through, to reach the public walk, where I dared not follow them, and be preſent, I had hardly reached our houſe, when I heard the report of the guns ſimultaneouſly, as if but one, and their victims were in eternity. I immediately entered the houſe, and haſtened to relate what I had ſeen to my mother, and her friend Mademoiselle Chateaugiron, who was with her. My mother immediately ſaid "We know it all, we were praying for them." I remember my mother's look at that moment, ſuch a mingled look of ſorrow and firmneſs, and that immediately afterwards, all the family went about their ordinary family affairs, as if nothing particular had happened, and ſo it was, for death was a daily tale.

The only circumſtance at all peculiar in this caſe was, their permitting him to ſing the office for the dead as he hurried along, and the early hour at which the execution took place. It may be that they had been tried late at night, and the commanding officer wiſhed, for ſome reaſon or other, to deprive the public of their uſual little excitement, or what is more probable, was utterly indifferent about it, and thought it juſt as well to diſpatch them at that early hour, as at a more buſy time of the day.

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I do not remember the name of the victim in this caſe. It ſeems to me that it was Boutier,[1] or ſome ſimilar name.

REV. MR. TOSTIVINT, AND THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS DE BEDÉE.

The Marquis De Bedée reſided with the Marchioneſs his wife, at his chateau, on the rich and beautiful eſtate of Bedée, about four leagues from Rennes. They were both advanced in age (between 60 and 70) and had been married over forty years.

The Rev. Mr. Toſtivint,[2] the chaplain and tutor to

1 The Abbé Treſvaux, "Hiſtory of the Perſecution in Brittany," (vol. ii, p. 21) in his account of the martyrdom of M. Matthieu Louis Bouttier, Vicar of Mézières, in the Dioceſe of Rennes, mentions that on his way to the place of execution, he chanted the Litany of the Bleſſed Virgin, and the Burial office of the Church. The authorities had arreſted his brother, and declared that they would not let him go unleſs the Prieſt gave himſelf up, which, from fraternal affection, he did, and they immediately put them both to death.

2 His name (Carron, vol. ii, p. 501) was John Baptiſte Toſtivint, a native of Landujan, in the Dioceſe of St. Malo, Vicar of the Pariſh of Evran, in the ſame Dioceſe; he was guillotined at Rennes, 26th July, 1794. He had been Chaplain to M. de Bedée, immediately after his ordination for three years, at the end of which time he was appointed by Monſeigneur Laurens, the Biſhop of St. Malo, Vicar of the Pariſh of Evran, and he had ſerved that Pariſh 10 years, when the Revolution broke out. He manifeſted the greateſt devotion to his duties in confirming all over whom he had any influence, in their attachment to the Faith. Having refuſed to take the oath of adheſion to the civil conſtitution of the Clergy, he was expoſed to ſevere perſecution, and, at length, forced to take refuge in the Iſland of Jerſey in Sept., 1792. He remained there, however, only about two months and a half, when, on account of the violence of the perſecution, the number of Prieſts that were put to death, and the conſequent need of thoſe who remained faithful to their religion, he, like

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the family, was diſcovered by the revolutionary agents, concealed in a ſmall building or garden houſe, in no manner connected with the caſtle, and in which any fugitive might have taken refuge without the knowledge of the family.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs were, however, arreſted at the ſame time, with the Prieſt, and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The Prieſt was, of courſe, immediately condemned to death. The Marquis, on being queſtioned, naturally remarked that the hut or ſhed in which Mr. Toſtivint had been found, was open to any one who ſaw fit to enter it, and the

many others, would not remain in ſecurity any longer, but returned to France, to afford all the ſuccor that was in his power. The firſt time that he attempted to return, he was driven back by a ſtorm, but about a fortnight after, having found another opportunity, he embarked again and reached the coaſt of France. From this moment until arreſted, he was never idle, his labours were not confined to his Pariſh, but he wandered about in diſguiſe amongſt the neighboring Pariſhes, hearing confeſſions and adminiſtering to the ſick. He had been ſeen to adminiſter the ſacrament to a ſick perſon, when about 10 o'clock in the evening, he arrived at the chateau of M. de Bedée, to hear confeſſions. After having finiſhed, he retired to the garden houſe to ſpend the reſt of the night. He had been watched, however, and was denounced to the authorities. M. de Bedée hearing the noiſe made by the Gens d'Armes, jumped out of the window to give warning to the Prieſt. They were both arreſted, as related above, and a few days afterwards, Madame Bedée.

Father Carron does not mention the ſcene before the tribunal, but gives an extract from a letter which M. de Bedée wrote to his ſon before his death, in which he exhorts him to be faithful to his religion. "When you receive this letter you will have neither father, or mother, or tutor. They will take your property alſo. The grace of God will remain with you. Be faithful to it."

When they approached the guillotine, M. Toſtivint mounted firſt, before M. Chilon, a Prieſt of Romillé, and M. and Madame Bedée, but perceiving the agitation of theſe laſt, at the ſight of the inſtrument of death, he requeſted permiſſion to die laſt, and having conſoled and aſſiſted his friends in their death, he gently ſubmitted to his fate. He was 39 years of age.

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Prieſt being there, did not bring them within the proviſions of the law, againſt thoſe who gave aſylum to eccleſiaſtics.

But ſuch pleas were of no avail in thoſe times. The Marquis and his wife belonged to an ancient and noble family, and as ſuch were obnoxious to thoſe in power. They were, accordingly, condemned to ſuffer death at the ſame time with the Prieſt.

As ſoon as the ſentence was pronounced, M. de Bedée turned toward the Marchioneſs and ſaid to her, in a quiet, dignified tone of voice, "We have lived "happily together forty years, madam, and it is the will "of God that we ſhould not be ſeparated now." Madame de Bedée was ſeen and heard immediately to give a ready and courageous aſſent. The words I do not remember, nor was I preſent when Mr. de Bedée thus ſpoke to her, but I heard the whole ſcene deſcribed, immediately after it took place, as moſt ſtriking and affecting, particularly, they ſaid, on account of the ſimple, but at the ſame time, noble and generous manner with which the Marquis, who was a perſon of truly dignified manner, addreſſed the Marchioneſs before the very tribunal.

The Rev. Mr. Toſtivint was hardly forty years of age. I had his nephew in my claſs of theology, when I taught in the Seminary of Rennes. I regret that I have not more particulars in regard to him, "My "good Uncle," as the young man always called him, ſpeaking to me about his death. Oh! how happy that "good Uncle" was, as I uſed to think, when we ſpoke of him, thus to die for his religion.

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REV. MR. SACQUET, RECTOR OF ST. MARTIN, AT RENNES.

The Rev. Mr. Sacquet, Rector of St. Martin, one of the Pariſhes of Rennes, was of a tall ſtature, with a countenance full of dignity and benevolence. He was, at this time, about 55 years of age, and having been for many years, the faithful Rector of one of the moſt populous Pariſhes of the city, conſiſting of from two to three thouſand of the pooreſt inhabitants in the Suburb of the ſame name,[1] (St. Martin,) he had long enjoyed the love and veneration of his Pariſhioners, and the eſteem of the whole city.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, Mr. Sacquet had refuſed to take the oaths, and I think, had been exiled to England, from whence he returned and lived in concealment in that part of the country which was neareſt to his Pariſh, or rather within its precincts, for, as was known at my mother's, his uſual hiding place was in a ſpot near the laſt houſe of the ſuburb. Late one evening a report reached our houſe that "Mr. Sacquet had been denounced, and that they were making ſtrict ſearch for his perſon, in the ſuburb and adjoining parts." Of courſe, all of us were in the greateſt anxiety, and paſſed a ſleepleſs night in lamentations over thoſe dreadful times, and fervent prayers for his eſcape, the frequent and uſual occupation of ſuch hours during thoſe days and nights of miſery. The leaſt noiſe in the ſtreet ſtartled us. I remember, however, there were often mixed with theſe natural fears and regrets, a ſenſe and expreſſions of his happineſs if he was taken, in thus

1 I am not ſure of the extent of his Pariſh, between thoſe of St. John, St. Stephen and St. Lawrence.

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ſuffering for his religion—ſometimes ejaculations "Oh! "my Lord, if they cannot find him." "Oh! if you "would be pleaſed to ſpare him to us." "Alas! our "country is too much diſgraced by ſuch a deluge of "crimes." "All religion will ſoon be taken from us." But morning came, and the firſt news was "*He is taken.*" At 4 o'clock, early this morning, did they find him in in a field of wheat which they had completely ſurrounded, and then ſearching diligently, every part, they found him. He has, of courſe, refuſed to name the perſon who had previouſly given him an aſylum, having choſen to go out into the open fields, rather than to remain hidden in the houſe which was denounced yeſterday, and which he left as ſoon as he was told that the perſecutors were coming.

He was brought before the tribunal in the afternoon of the ſame day, and had a very ſhort interrogatory to undergo—only ſufficient to identify his perſon, which, beſides, was familiarly known to every one in the city, and to none better than to the Judges on the Bench. I was preſent at the examination, but do not remember any particular queſtion or anſwer. His whole appearance, however, his features, the expreſſion of his countenance, ſuch an indeſcribable mixture of dignity and ſelf-poſſeſſion, and mildneſs, is as preſent to me at this moment, as it was then. I can hear the ſound of his voice now, as, ſlowly, calmly, and with a certain quiet ſelf-poſſeſſion, he gave the ſhort anſwers which the queſtions required. I remember that all preſent were impreſſed by the ſcene, and there was much more decorum than uſual, both in the tribunal and amongſt the ſpectators. Neither can I recall the charge and ſentence of the Judge; my impreſſion is, that his words and manner were ſoftened by the common influence of that countenance, of which ſo many ſaid afterwards,

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"it ſeemed as if it was our Lord during His paſſion," and others, "he was like a lamb before ſo many raven-"ing wolves."

After the ſentence of death had been paſſed, it was found that the executioner, contrary to his uſual cuſtom, was abſent. They were obliged to wait half an hour or more before he came, and then, with great brutality and affected hurry, he began to ſtrip the venerable confeſſor, and prepare him immediately for the ſcaffold, rudely cutting off his hair, and cutting away the collar of his ſhirt, to leave his neck bare for the axe, tying his hands behind his back, and then throwing his coat looſely over his ſhoulders. I ſaw him paſſing along the corridors of the Court Houſe (Palais de Juſtice) on his way to the guillotine, which was but two hundred ſteps off; his perſon was tall, of rather a full habit and very ſtrong conſtitution. The cruel executioner, in ſo haſtily preparing him for the ſcaffold, had wounded him in the neck, and the blood was running down his breaſt, but as he paſſed along to the place of execution, no other words could ſo well expreſs his tranquility and compoſure, than by ſaying that he looked at that moment as he uſed to look when following the proceſſions of the people of his Pariſh, on the ſolemn feſtivals of the Church. But though I followed him ſo near, I dared not go and witneſs the exact moment of his bleſſed departure from ſuch a world of ſin and miſery.[1]

1 M. Carron, vol. iii, p. 203, gives an account of the life and martyrdom of Mr. Sacquet. His Chriſtian name was Francis Julien, born in the Pariſh of All Saints, at Rennes, 22d Aug., 1730. He enjoyed a high reputation, not only on account of his eminent virtues, but as a moſt inſtructive and touching Preacher. He was naturally of a timid diſpoſition, but Grace gave him ſtrength and fortitude. When the law of deportation was paſſed, he hid himſelf, as related above, within the precincts of his Pariſh, and continued to afford the conſo-

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THE REV. MR. POIRIER, THE REV. MR. EMERY, AND FOUR OTHER PRIESTS PUT TO DEATH AT RENNES IN 1796.

One day five Prieſts were tried and ſentenced, and executed together.[1] I remember the name of only two of them, Mr. Emery and Mr. Poirier. I was acquainted with Mr. Emery, a ſmall, thin man, but ſtrong and energetic in heart and mind. When the perſecution was moſt ſevere, and many were being ſacrificed to its fury, he never relaxed his zeal. It was natural that one ſo devoted to his religion and king, ſhould ſympathize with the reaction produced by the revolutionary cruelties, and it was ſaid that he was ſeen with thoſe who had taken up arms to reſiſt the Revolution. I remember ſeeing his name mentioned in the proclama-

lations of religion to his people until arreſted. The name of the perſon who concealed him was John Lemée, a peaſant. M. Carron relates, that during his trial and execution, he manifeſted the greateſt compoſure and fortitude, and as he placed his head under the fatal axe, he repeated one of the verſes of the Ps. *Miſerere.* Benigne fac Domine, etc. "Deal favourably, O Lord, "in thy good will with Sion, that "the walls of Jeruſalem may be "built up." He was put to death 14th Aug., 1794.

1 According to Treſvaux, vol. ii, p. 24, there were but four executed at this time. The two mentioned in the text, Mr. Gautier, Vicaire of Bruc, in the Dioceſe of St. Malo, of whoſe arreſt and death ſo intereſting an account is given hereafter, and Mr. Croſſon, of the Dioceſe of Rennes. Mr. Emery was a native of La Chapelle Bouéxie, where Bp. Bruté's ſiſter reſided, and where he met him as mentioned in narrative. He entoned the *Te Deum* on mounting the ſcaffold. They were put to death on the day of a Fair, and in the midſt of the aſſemblage, but the country people left the place. M. Poirier belonged to one of the moſt reſpectable and wealthy families of Miniac-ſous-Bécherel. The national guard who arreſted him, were diſpoſed to let him go, but they were diſſuaded by an inhabitant of his native place, who was among them. M. Poirier's laſt injunctions to his family at Becherel were, to pardon the man who had been the cauſe of his arreſt and death.

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tions, poſted up at the corners of the ſtreets, by the authority of the Repreſentative who then ruled over us, or rather, trampled on us, in the name of the Convention and the General commanding the troops. The enemies of the clergy, of courſe, took advantage of their preſence with the Inſurgents, and particularly of their adminiſtering the ſacraments to thoſe whom they put to death, to repreſent them as aiding and abetting in theſe cruelties. But however much they diſapproved of the "lex talionis" which the Chouans were, we may ſay, driven to put in practice, they could not refuſe their miniſtry to thoſe who became its victims. Mr. Emery was, no doubt, an active partiſan in rouſing and keeping alive a ſpirit of reſiſtance to the revolutionary government. He was known often, to celebrate maſs for them in the fields, upon the elevated ſpots of the "landes," as they are called in Brittany, vaſt, uncultivated, wild parts of the country, reſembling in appearance, the wild prairies of the Weſt. Often five and ſix thouſand perſons and more would aſſemble together, with outpoſts and watchful friends at a diſtance, to give the alarm in caſe of any approaching danger from the Republicans, or Blues, as they were called. A ſhort time before he was arreſted, I was on a viſit to my ſiſter, at La Chapelle Bouéxie, about 20 miles from Rennes, a very wild and romantic part of the country, and having accompanied her huſband, who went out ſhooting, we ſuddenly came, on turning a corner of the road, upon three men dreſſed as peaſants, and on accoſting them, we diſcovered that it was Mr. Emery and two other Prieſts. My brother-in-law expoſtulated with Mr. Emery and his companions very ſtrongly, on their imprudence in thus expoſing themſelves in the open day. The remoteſt Pariſhes were no ſafer at that time, than thoſe near to the cities, the whole country

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ſwarmed with Gendarmes, ſpies and Contre-Chouans, as they were called, that is, perſons who dreſſed themſelves like the Inſurgents, the better to diſcover them. It is impoſſible now, to conceive of the earneſtneſs with which they hunted after denounced perſons, and eſpecially the Prieſts. At that time the law of death within twenty-four hours, was ſtill in force.

A few days after this meeting, Mr. Emery and five other Prieſts were arreſted and brought together before the "Criminal Court"[1] at Rennes. My mother ſaw them as they paſſed under our windows, on their way to the Tribunal. She was ſtruck, ſhe ſaid, by the remarkable appearance of Mr. Poirier, a tall old man, with grey hair, and moſt dignified and heavenly countenance, and at that moment, ſhe witneſſed a circumſtance which will give, better than any long deſcription, an idea of the ſpirit of the times.

The Guillotine at Rennes, as in moſt other cities, ſtood permanently erected upon the public ſquare, quite bloody, and ſometimes with heads expoſed upon it. The Gendarmes, as they paſſed along with their priſoners, on their way to the Tribunal, were accuſtomed to call their attention to it, and make them look at the fatal ſcaffold which they were ſo ſoon to aſcend. "Look "there," ſaid one of them to Mr. Poirier on this occaſion, "take a look at Madame Guillotine,"[2] the mob at the ſame time, crying out as uſual, "To the Guillotine with them." The venerable old man ſeemed to take no notice of what he ſaid, and did not turn his

1 Not the "Revolutionary Tri-"bunal." The perſecution of the Prieſts at that time, came within the juriſdiction of the ordinary courts.

2 The Guillotine afforded a conſtant ſubject for jeſts and ribaldry; it was called "Madame," and other names. A perſon who was about to be executed, was ſaid to be about "to marry Madame Guillotine," &c.

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face towards it, but walked along modeſtly with the others. The Gendarme offended, no doubt, at his compoſure and diſregard of his order, immediately ſtruck him a ſevere blow in the face, ſaying, "Will you "not look there when I tell you? You will ſoon be "there yourſelf." "I ſee it," anſwered Mr. Poirier, quietly. Theſe words were related to me by others who were near, and overheard them, but the *blow* dwelt in my mother's memory, and years afterwards, when ſpeaking of thoſe dreadful ſcenes, ſhe would often mention it. "Of all thoſe whom I ſaw paſſing to the Tri- "bunal, and from thence to the ſcaffold, none had a "more venerable appearance than Mr. Poirier," and then ſhe would tell of that ſhameful act of barbarity, which, however, was no doubt, to Mr. Poirier, a precious trait of reſemblance to our Lord, in his own paſſion. I do not now recall to mind any peculiar circumſtance in their judgment, except this one, ſo much in character of the fearleſs and energetic Mr. Emery. The Preſident of the Tribunal, Bouaſſier, had been his ſchool-mate, and was in the ſame claſs with him at College. When, after the uſual formal interrogatories, he paſſed the ſentence of death upon his old friend, and the venerable men who ſhared his fate, Mr. Emery immediately addreſſed him in Latin, reproaching him and thoſe whoſe cauſe he ſerved with their crimes, and reminding him of the Tribunal of an outraged God, before which he would one day have to appear. The Judge turned pale, and appeared much agitated, but called upon the Gendarmes to ſilence him.

They were guillotined, the five of them together, the ſame day.

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THE RECTOR OF GUIGNEN AND HIS VICAR.

The Rector of Guignen,[1] a venerable old man, and his Vicar, had been a short time before, guillotined in the city of Rennes, when I went to see my sister, Madame Junsions, who lived at "La Chapelle Bouéxie," a short distance from Guignen; and she then related to me the following incidents of the capture of these two victims:

They had been warned of the search that was being made for them, and attempted to escape through the fields, when they were perceived by those in pursuit of them. They were, however, a considerable distance ahead, and the Vicar, who was much the youngest and more active, might easily have escaped. They gained, however, upon the old Priest, firing their guns at him as they pursued him. The Vicar had crossed a brook and ascended the opposite bank, and was out of the reach of his pursuers, when looking back he perceived that the aged Rector was unable to get up the steep ascent. His pursuers were shouting with joy at his unavailing efforts. The young man immediately turned back, to the surprise of the soldiers, who could not but admire his heroic charity, and endeavoured to assist the good old Parish Priest. He descended the bank, recrossed the brook, and covering him with his body, strove to aid him across. But he was unable to do so before the soldiers came up and took them prisoners, to be led, as both knew well, to certain death. The Gendarmes stopped at my sister's house, with their prisoners, on their way to the city. The leader of the party, the infamous and dreaded D——n, who had already distinguished

1 am not certain in regard to the Parish, whether Guipry, Guichen, or Guiguen, but the facts were as here related.—*Note by Bp. Bruté.*

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himſelf by many ſimilar captures, and was a man of frightful aſpect and moſt ſanguinary diſpoſition, told my ſiſter the circumſtances which I have related above, with ſome expreſſions of a ſort of admiration and pity, the more ſtriking from the mouth of ſuch a monſter. "I almoſt regret," he ſaid, "that ſuch a brave fellow "will have to be put to death, after ſuch a noble action. "He was quite ſafe, citizeneſs (citoyenne)," he added. "We had given him up, but we were gaining on the "old one, when lo! he turned back and came to help "him croſs the brook, and all the time he kept cover- "ing the old man with his body againſt the fire of our "guns. It was a remarkable and affecting ſcene." Yet, as ſoon as they had got ſome refreſhments, they hurried on with their priſoners to the Tribunal, and from the Tribunal they went, the ſame day, to the ſcaffold.

THE Rev. Mr. Clement, the Rev. Mr. Casson, the Rev. Mr. Rangervé.

The Rev. Mr. Clement[1] was the name of a good old Prieſt, who remained concealed in Rennes during the worſt of the perſecution, venturing out in

1 Mr. René Clement, according to Treſvaux, vol. ii, p. 19, was a native of Rennes, and Vicaire of Brielles. At the time that Le Coz, the Conſtitutional Biſhop, took poſſeſſion of Rennes, Monſeigneur De Goiac having been driven into exile, he publiſhed a paſtoral letter, which the Mayor of Brielles obliged Mr. Clement to read from the pulpit. He did ſo, but at the ſame time, made a running commentary upon it, pointing out the oppoſition between its principles and thoſe of the Catholic Church. For this he was fined and impriſoned. While impriſoned he publiſhed a pamphlet, in which, with great talent and ſharpneſs, he refuted the ſophiſtries of the intruded Biſhop. Having eſcaped from priſon, he went to Rennes. Each week he made a tour in the ſurrounding country, viſiting the ſick, adminiſtering the ſacraments, &c. He was put to death on the 5th of April, 1794, aged about 30 years.

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diſguiſe, however, often at night, to viſit the ſick, and others who needed him. One night he was obliged to paſs near the box of one of the ſentries, who hailed him with the uſual "Qui vive," "Who goes there?" If he had returned immediately and reſolutely the uſual anſwer, "Citizen," he would, in all probability, have been allowed to paſs by unmoleſted, but a ſort of ill-judged and ill-timed ſcruple ſeized him, as he related afterwards, when in priſon, and he heſitated to anſwer by a word, which, in the ſenſe they uſed it in thoſe times as deſignating one who was friendly to the preſent order of things, ſeemed to him to be a lie. He, therefore, made a vague anſwer, and attempted to eſcape by running, thus immediately revealing his ſuſpicious character. He was of courſe, immediately purſued and arreſted, and ſoon after put to death. I remember no other particulars in regard to him, except that he enjoyed an excellent character and was very much reſpected, and long after thoſe ſad days "poor Mr. Cle-"ment," or "that worthy Mr. Clement," was often heard uttered with much feeling, by the lips of thoſe who had known him.

The Rev. Mr. Caſſon was arreſted at the houſe of Madame Le Grand, an elderly lady of our city, of great piety and zeal. By his preſence of mind, however, that excellent man ſaved his protectreſs from ſharing his fate. Being informed that the Gendarmes were coming to ſearch for him, he would not, notwithſtanding her entreaties, remain in the place of concealment which had been prepared for him, but went down ſtairs and ſtood behind the door, which was the common entrance of all thoſe who, according to the French cuſtom, had their apartments in the different ſtories of the houſe, only one of which was occupied by Madame Le Grand. It was remarkable, however, that

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ſhe eſcaped even in this manner, for her attachment to religion was well known, and the information was moſt poſitive that Mr. Caſſon was concealed in the apartments of this good lady. I was told that ſhe regretted very much not having been permitted to leave this world by ſo happy a death, and I can eaſily believe it, from my remembrance of the diſpoſitions and feelings of fervent Catholics in thoſe times.

The Rev. Mr. Rangervé[1] was the Rector of St. Saviour's, one of the Pariſhes of Rennes. He was arreſted in the country about 35 miles from Rennes, in company with two brothers La Bigotière, and a Mr. Dupleſſis of the Royal army. Mr. Dupleſſis had his thigh broken by a bullet, and was carried to the Tribunal ſeated in a chair. They were all condemned to death. The Abbé Rangervé was a man of very commanding

1 It appears, from Mr. Carron's account, vol. i, p. 551, that the family name was Rolland, and that the name by which he was known and mentioned in the above ſketch, was taken, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times, from a Seignory belonging to his family. He was born in the Chateau of Roches-Martinois, within the limits of the Dioceſe of St. Malo, on the 9th of July, 1756. He made his ſtudies in the College of Rennes, and when ordained Prieſt was firſt Vicaire in the Pariſhes of All Saints, and afterwards in St. Helier's, and finally, in St. Saviour's. When the Revolution broke out, he took refuge in the Iſland of Jerſey. He afterwards returned to France, in company with ſeveral gentlemen of Brittany, Meſſieurs de la Tremouille, De la Bigotière, Du Pleſſis, and was arreſted at the Chateau of la Bigotière, having been denounced by the Farmer, who ſuperintended the Eſtate. Mr. Carron makes no mention of the circumſtances related by Bp. Bruté, but ſays that a friend endeavoured to ſave him by declaring before the Tribunal, that he had taken the "civil oath," as it was called. When, however, the Judge aſked the Abbé Rangervé if this was ſo, he anſwered that it was not, that he had "never taken it, and never "would." They circulated a report, he adds, which does not take away from the value of his ſacrifice, but which, in reality, increaſes it, that he was unconſcious at the moment of his death. He was guillotined with MM. De la Bigotière and M. Du Pleſſis, the 18th Dec., 1793.

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appearance and poliſhed manner. At his trial he ſeemed to hope that he would be ſpared, and gave evidence that he was much attached to life, making explanations and apologies which were ſtrikingly in contraſt with the ſpirit uſually exhibited by his brother Prieſts. Nothing could be more edifying, more worthy of their holy office than their modeſt courage, calm reſignation and perfect ſerenity, made the more impreſſive by the turbulent and brutal conduct of their perſecutors.

But in Mr. Rangervé's caſe, I remember we were diſappointed at what ſeemed a degree of weakneſs—accuſtomed as we were to ſee the victims act, as if they felt it to be an honour to ſuffer in ſo great and glorious a cauſe as that of Religion—and conſequently like the Indians and Iroquois, in regard to their braves, to expect that every one called to the honour of dying for his Faith, would behave in every reſpect worthy of his exalted principles, his anceſtors, the martyrs of old, and his Brethren who had already been called upon, or who would be called upon to make "the ſame good confeſſion."

Poor Mr. Rangervé did not however in any manner betray his duty to his God, except by this degree of weakneſs, and natural anxiety for life. When condemned he reſumed all his compoſure, and manifeſted, as I was told, on the ſcaffold the ſame firmneſs and dignity of bearing which graced ſo uniformly his brethren, through the whole trial.

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THE DEATH OF REV. MR. LE MOINE, PRIEST OF THE DIOCESE OF ST. MALO.

The Rev. Mr. Le Moine was a very reſpectable and pious Prieſt, who exerciſed the holy miniſtry in the Pariſhes of Maure and La Chapelle Bouéxie, which laſt place was, as I have already ſtated, the reſidence of one of my Siſters. She went to confeſſion to him, and when it was poſſible aſſiſted at the Holy Sacrifice, at the Farm Houſes in the remoter parts of the country. I often heard her ſpeak of him as a very holy man, who preſerved in the midſt of all the horrors and confuſion of thoſe days, a moſt calm and recollected mind. His death was accompanied with many atrocities. The circumſtances were as follows, though ſtated only in ſubſtance; ſhe could not after all her inquiries, obtain any fuller details.

Having been arreſted by a party of the Revolutioniſts, who were ſcouring that part of the country, they at firſt intended to take him a priſoner to Rennes. When however they had gone four or five miles on the way, and were paſſing along the levée or dike which confines the waters of a large pond, or lake, near the beautiful country ſeat of La Maſſe, in the Pariſh of Baulon, ſome of the ſoldiers ſuggeſted that it would be better to diſpatch him at once. A few of them were oppoſed to ſhedding his blood with their own hands. The more ferocious, however, prevailed, and they began to hack him to pieces with their ſabres, ſome at the ſame time piercing him with their bayonets, ſo that he was ſoon dead.

Theſe were all the circumſtances I remember, of which my Siſter told me at the time, bewailing with a flood of tears, the fate of her good Paſtor. "Oh! my

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"Brother,[1] what an excellent man Mr. Le Moine was," I remember ſhe ſaid.

I was in Rennes at the time this murder occurred, and we heard of it a few days after when the party of Soldiers returned to the city. I happened to hear one of them, myſelf, expreſſing his regret at what had occurred, though he was one of thoſe who had been maddened by the errors of thoſe times, to an exceſs of rage againſt every thing holy and good, which it is almoſt impoſſible now to conceive of, and yet before the Revolution he had been an honeſt, ſober, decent and even good man, a reſpectable mechanic in good circumſtances, remarkable for his induſtry and orderly life, and his was the caſe of a large number, I may ſay of the greateſt number. This ſhows how much thoſe wicked and impious wretches were to be pitied.

1 I am inclined to think from the detailed relation of Treſvaux, vol. 1, p. 447, that Biſhop Bruté has confounded Mr. Le Moine, Vicaire of Concale, with Mr. Barré, Prieſt at Mauſe. They both belonged to the ſame Dioceſe, and were arreſted at the ſame time at La Chapelle Bouéxie. Having been warned of the approach of the ſoldiers, they fled to the woods, but Mr. Le Moine who had been wounded in the ſhoulder by a ball, was obliged to ſtop. Mr. Barré might have eſcaped but would not deſert his wounded friend. They were conducted by the Gendarmes in different directions. According to Mr. Treſvaux, thoſe who had charge of Mr. Le Moine arreſted a man named Morin, who lived near the Chateau de la Mace, and having found a Catechiſm and Roſary in his poſſeſſion, which in thoſe days were as good as a death warrant, they led them both into the woods called the "Bois de la Grande-Fontaine," and digging a hole, they ſhot them on the ſpot, and buried them in it. A man who met the party, in charge of Mr. Barré, told the Gendarmes that he was a Farmer in his vicinity, but when they appealed to Mr. Barré to know if it was ſo, he would not tell a lie to ſave his life, but openly declared that he was a Prieſt. He was hacked to pieces by the Soldiers, literally piecemeal, with the moſt revolting cruelty, and they afterwards carried parts of his body through the town, on the points of their bayonets.

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DEATH OF THE REV. MR. GAUTIER, OF BRUTZ, AND OF THE GOOD FARMER WHO ENDEAVOURED TO PROTECT HIM.

The Rev. Mr. Gautier was, at the time of the Revolution, Vicar of the Pariſh of Brutz, about two leagues and a half from Rennes. Brutz was the firſt place in which I exerciſed the Holy Miniſtry, having been ſent thither from the Seminary during the Eaſter Vacations in 1809, to aſſiſt the Pariſh Prieſt. This was ſixteen years after the event which I am about to relate, and the memory of their good Vicar was ſtill warm in the hearts of the Pariſhioners, and I well remember the ſort of half ſuppreſſed murmur in which they expreſſed their indignation againſt thoſe who deſtroyed him, as if afraid to violate the injunction of forgiveneſs which their dying Paſtor had impoſed upon them.

He was betrayed in his hiding place, during the terrors of 1793-94. The zealous and faithful friend who had concealed him attempted to reſiſt his purſuers, and received a thruſt of a ſabre which cauſed all his bowels to fall out, and when conveyed away in company with Mr. Gautier, he was unable to walk, and the Soldiers having dragged him along for ſome diſtance in this ſtate, were obliged to procure a cart in which they placed them. The Prieſt ſupported his poor friend acroſs his knees, and in this manner heard his confeſſion and prepared him for death. In this way they proceeded through the village of St. James, which is ſituated between Brutz and Rennes, the Soldiers marching on each ſide of the cart. How often in retracing their ſteps years afterwards has that ſcene come up before my mind's eye. Whilſt paſſing through St. James the poor wounded man drew near his end, and Mr.

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Gautier informed the Soldiers of the fact, and entreated them to ſtop that he might die more quietly. His words touched their hard hearts, and they ſtopped the cart. Then Mr. Gautier drew forth his Ritual and the Holy Oils which he had with him, and there in the cart in the middle of the road, ſurrounded by thoſe who were carrying him to death, he adminiſtered to the poor dying friend who had loſt his life in endeavouring to ſave his, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. A moment after the poor man breathed his laſt, and then they again urged on the horſe. After all, to the eye of Faith, that poor cart, thus carrying the living and the dead, was their triumphal car, the one already gone to receive his reward, and the other ſoon to follow him. As I have ſaid, in paſſing along the ſame road afterwards I have often endeavoured to enter into the feelings of that good Prieſt, as in this way he was dragged along through the ſtreets of Rennes, by the towers of St. Peter's, ſo familiar to him, where a ſhort time before he would have received ſo many marks of reſpect on every ſide, and now ſo different. Stopping before the municipality, and the mob gathering around and gazing at the victims—the Prieſt ſeated in the cart, and his dead friend lying beſide him, a ghaſtly corpſe. Is he dead? they aſk, and then they utter their horrid jokes and ſome cry out "To the Guillo-"tine." After ſome delay the corpſe was taken out of the cart and diſpoſed of, and Mr. Gautier was carried to priſon (Des Portes Saint Michel).

Some days elapſed before he received his ſentence. The new law to haſten the executions within twenty-four hours after the capture, had not yet been publiſhed. Many of his pariſhioners came to viſit him, and I have heard that the conſtant leſſon to all of them was, pardon after his death for thoſe who had denounced him, and

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made known his hiding place to the authorities. I remember perfectly well that the day after he was guillotined, and received his crown of glory, the good Sisters of Charity, who were still permitted to serve the prisons, so difficult was it to find any one to replace them, sent to my mother a copy of Mr. Gautier's last testament or address to his parishioners, written the evening before his death. I had it a long time in my possession, but some way or other, it has been lost. I remember how we often shed tears over it as we read those words of charity and faith and zeal for the cause of religion, then assailed with such desperate fury. He himself so calm, so happy to leave a world deluged with crimes, but so anxious for those he left behind him. I remember the solicitude of the good pastor and tender father, so sensible of the increasing danger of the times for the faith and piety of his flock. He insisted most on this point, and made appropriate exhortations to each class of his people, the aged, the married, the youths, the children, and at the conclusion, several lines were taken up with the most fervent intreaties and solemn charges to forgiveness, urging on them the precept of our divine Lord, his own free and full pardon being expressed in the most affecting manner. Unfortunate denunciators, how must they have felt when these exhortations of their betrayed and murdered pastor came to their knowledge, for they must have heard of them, perhaps read them, for many copies were made and passed from hand to hand. And those of them also, who survived those days of delirium, and who saw that religion, which they hoped to root out, rising in new majesty amidst the ruins of her desolate sanctuaries, and the bleaching bones of her holy martyrs—so much folly and barbarity, all useless, and they, as was often the case, obliged to seek an escape from

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the pangs of remorſe at the feet of the ſucceſſors of their victims. I remember a very ſtriking caſe of this in the very Pariſh of Brutz, of which M. Gautier[1] was the Vicar. The ſchoolmaſter and head choriſter was one of the few in that excellent Pariſh, who had drunk

1 Father Carron, vol. iv, p. 44, mentions that M. Gautier was a native of the village of Calais, in the Pariſh of Forre, and was born the 24th of March, 1764. After his ordination he was appointed Vicar of Brutz, and did not leave his Pariſh during the revolution, but remained in concealment, ſpending his nights in viſiting his pariſhioners and adminiſtering to their wants. He was arreſted in the park of the Chateau of Cicé. The young man who ſo generouſly ſacrificed his life, in endeavouring to protect M. Gautier, was named Robloit.

Father Carron alſo gives a copy of M. Gautier's will as follows:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghoſt.

I, Julian Paul René Gautier, during the laſt ſeven days confined in the priſon near the Portes Saint Michel, at Rennes, and convinced that the end of my life is approaching, think it proper to leave in writing a few words, expreſſive of my laſt wiſhes.

I requeſt thoſe who have anything belonging to me in their poſſeſſion, to ſend half of it to my dear mother as ſoon as they conveniently can, and to give the other half in charity, to the poor, and to thoſe who will pray to God for me, and for my relatives living and dead. But let no one, who has in his poſſeſſion anything belonging to me, trouble himſelf about the matter. I do not intend to impoſe any burthen on their conſciences—they will do the beſt they can, and that is enough. In diſtributing anything belonging to me, in charity, it is my wiſh that they would give the preference to thoſe who belong to the Pariſh in which I had care of ſouls. It is of them I have received, and to them I ought to give.

I have in my heart at this moment, all my dear Pariſhioners. I pray to the God of mercies to keep them in His grace. I do not wiſh that they would weep for me, but that they ſhould weep for their own ſins, and remember me in their prayers. For their conſolation, let them remember that the life of man is but a ſmoke, which paſſes away in a moment, and which every one muſt leave ſooner or later, and that bleſſed are thoſe who have the happineſs to ſhed their blood, for him who died for us all. Oh! how great a grace, that a ſinner like me ſhould merit to ſuffer for the name of Jeſus Chriſt. Oh! my God, my beloved Saviour, your mercies to me are beyond meaſure. Why have I not ſerved you more faithfully?

I beg of you now, to call to mind what I have ſo often ſpoken to you.

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of the cup of revolutionary madneſs. When I went there to aſſiſt M. Maſſiot in 1809, I noticed his ſtill clear and pleaſing voice as he ſang in the choir, and

Bear with patience and reſignation the miſfortunes which God has permitted to come upon you. Let there be no murmuring, no blaſphemy, no rebellion againſt God, who has ſent theſe calamities as a puniſhment for our ſins. Weep bitterly on account of the deluge of crimes which ſurround you. Every one ſhould hope that they may ſoon come to an end. Eſpecially, let no one allow any thoughts of revenge to enter into his heart. Revenge is unworthy of a Chriſtian, who ſhould not only forgive, but pray for his enemies. Beſides, they are in reality, our beſt friends, they give us ſo many opportunities of manifeſting our faith and confeſſing Jeſus Chriſt. Happy are thoſe who confeſs Him before men, He will confeſs them before His Father in Heaven, and woe to thoſe who deny Him before men, He will deny them before His heavenly Father. Let the young men keep quiet and attend to their work—idleneſs is the mother of all vices. Let them mix themſelves up in public matters as little as poſſible. Be careful to ſanctify the Sundays and Feſtivals. Avoid places of amuſement, ſo dangerous at all times, for the ſoul. Do not keep drinking ſhops; it is very difficult for any one who follows that buſineſs, to ſave his ſoul. In a word, do ſincere penance for your paſt ſins, and make good, ſtrong reſolutions for the future, ſo as not to fall again. God's grace will never be wanting to enable you to keep them, if you are faithful to it. Be careful to give good example, one to another; ſay your prayers with fervour and attention, add to them always, acts of faith, and hope, and charity, and contrition. Live as Chriſtians and you will die as Chriſtians. It is a dreaful deluſion to put off one's converſion to the hour of death. May God's holy name be praiſed, and may my ſins be waſhed away in my blood.

I pray for thoſe who are about to put me to death. I pardon, from the bottom of my heart, thoſe who cauſed me to be arreſted. I know them, but I will not name them. If, hereafter, you find out who they were, remember that it is my injunction that you do them no harm. I ſincerely thank thoſe who have done favours to me—may the good God reward them.

In concluſion, I recommend to God all my pariſhioners, who are ſo dear to me. I recommend to them my beloved mother. Let her remember that ſhe brought me up for God, not for herſelf. Alſo, my brother, my ſiſter, my nephews and nieces. I exhort them to live together in the cloſeſt friendſhip, and not to allow the love of earthly things to cauſe them to forget eternal things.

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afterwards M. Maſſiot ſaid to me, "did you notice that old man who led the choir? he was one of the 'Bonnets Rouge' here, an infuriated Jacobin, and now, thanks be to the mercy of God, one of my beſt pariſhioners—ſo penitent a ſinner, ſo humbled and diſtreſſed at the remembrance of thoſe days, although I never allude to it, and all inſtinctively avoid ſaying anything in his preſence which may wound his feelings."

Mr. Maſſiot had himſelf been a confeſſor of the Faith, and an exile in thoſe days, as I have noticed in the account of Mr. Trouchet, whoſe Vicaire he was at St. Hellier.

BANISHMENT OF MR. DELAITRE.

One day a young man of the moſt pleaſing and prepoſſeſſing countenance, full of candour and modeſty, was recommended to my Mother by a friend, as a Prieſt from the Department of Calvados (Caen), who having been too cloſely hunted in his own country, had ſought for reſt and better ſecurity in our city. I of courſe became acquainted with him, and ſoon very intimate. Good Mr. Delaitre, how pleaſing the hours and days we ſpent together. We ſtudied together and then ſtole out into the country

I had forgotten to recommend to your prayers him who loſt his life in endeavouring to ſave mine—may his ſoul reſt in peace.

Be ſtrong in the Faith. I die innocent, but I die in the Holy Catholic Apoſtolic and Roman Religion, of which I have been an unworthy miniſter. I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, but have no more time.

JULIEN GAUTIER,
Curé of Brutz,
14th July, 1794.

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and roamed about, his tender piety making uſe of everything to turn towards God. I ſee his countenance now, as full of enthuſiaſm and divine charity he expreſſed to me his love for Religion and his willingneſs to ſuffer for it, although the attachment and anxiety of his friends made him take precautions. The perſecution being ſtill ſevere in the city, he left it and went to my Siſter's, at La Chapelle Bouexie. After a while, when the Law of Death for the Prieſts was changed into that of Baniſhment to the peſtilential coaſt of Cayenne, he returned to Rennes and lived with Mr. Petyſain, a pious merchant, paſſing as his Clerk. One day however, as he was croſſing the public ſquare, a Spy from his own department recognized him and bade him follow him to the Municipality; from the Municipality he went to priſon, and from the priſon, where I often viſited him and paſſed many pleaſant moments, he was ſoon after ſent to his doom on the peſtilential lands of Cayenne. The morning of their departure I was awakened about 4 o'clock by a rap at the door. A poor country woman ran from the market which was near the priſon, to my Mother. "Oh! Madame Bruté! thoſe good Prieſts are ſtarting from St. Michael's (the name of the priſon), the order has been given ſuddenly laſt night, they are all in the cart already." I ran there as quickly as I could; they were juſt leaving, I approached as near as I could, they were in an open waggon, ſeated on their trunks, ſurrounded by mounted Gendarmes. My dear Mr. Delaitre with his ſerene and impreſſive countenance as uſual. When he ſaw me he waved his hand toward me, raiſing up his eyes to heaven, and his other hand, ſaying merely, "Deo Gratias, Deo Gratias," "Thanks be to God," and the cart moved on.

After a few months we heard that his health had

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yielded to the effects of the climate, and that he had left the land of his double exile for that better country where "the wicked ceaſe from troubling and the weary "are at reſt."

MR. MARTIEN, OR MARTINEAU, A BROTHER OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOL OF MR. LA SALLE.

As I have mentioned I uſually went to the "Criminal Court," where the Prieſts were generally tried, but on one occaſion I went to the "Military "Tribunal" and was at the trial and condemnation of a Chriſtian Brother. I have not a very diſtinct remembrance of the circumſtances, though I can ſtill ſee the tall ſpare form of Mr. Martien, and hear his voice as he pleaded in vain before his perſecutors. The trial took place in the evening and the Preſident of the Court was a kind of philoſopher, who made a great affectation of wiſdom, and often ſpoke at the Club (Societé Populaire). Several perſons were arraigned at the ſame time, for ſome pretended conſpiracy I think. Mr. Martien pleaded in his defence that he was not a Prieſt or an Eccleſiaſtic, in any ſenſe of the word, that although aſſociated with others in a Religious Society, he was but a School-maſter and nothing more, a School-maſter devoted to the education of poor children, which, if they were ſincere in their profeſſions of attachment to the poor and the principles of fraternity, ought to be a claim on their gratitude. All this was very true, but this was a ſort of fraternity and devotion to the poor they had no ſympathy with, and notwithſtanding the validity of his plea he was immediately

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condemned to death. He was, I think, from St. Malo, and had ſpent fourteen years in his humble but holy vocation as a teacher of the children of the poor.[1]

FATHER KERGATÉ.

The Rev. Father Kergaté of the Society of Jeſus, lived at Rennes during the perſecutions of 1793. I remember his mild virtues: his emaciated countenance which told of ſelf-denial and mortification, but with ſuch gentleneſs and politeneſs of manner, as indicated the ſpirit of true holineſs. The alarms and horrors of the times ſeemed not to affect his peace, though being a Prieſt, he was neceſſarily a devoted victim. He could not bear the paſſionate expreſſions which, in the ſecrecy of almoſt every family, were uttered againſt the authors of ſo many dreadful crimes and cruelties. "Speak not ſo," he would ſay to his friends, when they gave vent to their indignation and reproaches in his preſence. "Why ſo much "anger? What harm can they do us after all? The "extreme effect of their rage will only be to ſend us the "ſooner to our happineſs, and in the meanwhile they "afford us continual occaſions of acquiring merit, if we "will only be careful to cheriſh in our ſouls the ſpirit of "patience and ſincere forgiveneſs. Do we not remem-"ber, and ſhall we not imitate our bleſſed Lord, who

1 The Chriſtian Brothers, or Frères des Ecoles Chretiennes, were founded by the Venerable John Baptiſt de la Salle, in 1679, for the education of poor children. They were reëſtabliſhed after the Revolution, and have charge at preſent of moſt of the Primary Schools in France. The Abbé John de la Mennais, brother of the celebrated Felicité de la Mennais, has alſo founded a ſomewhat ſimilar Inſtitute for the poorer villages, which need only a ſingle Teacher, as the Chriſtian Schools always ſend two together.

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"was *ſilent* in the hands of his tormentors? Nay! good "ſouls, are not theſe unfortunate men, againſt whom "you manifeſt ſo much ſeverity, objects of ſolicitude and "pity, rather than their victims? Think of the condi- "tion of *their ſouls*, in what horrid miſery and danger "they are, and your anger will ſoon change into com- "paſſion and tears of true charity. When you meet a "poor creature all covered with abominable ulcers, is it "anger that you feel towards him? Would you take up "the rod and ſtrike the poor, miſerable object? Where "is our faith, when we forget the condition of the ſoul, "the only juſt meaſure of our feelings, if we are good "Chriſtians? God forbid that we ſhould forget the "excellency of the graces offered to us through them, "and our only ſorrow ſhould be that theſe unhappy "benefactors ſo far expoſe their own ſouls when they "do but haſten and ſecure the bliſs of ours. Pity! the "moſt tender pity for them is our duty; all the reſt is "wrong, and faults of nature." Thus, or rather to this purpoſe, did that good and charitable Prieſt often ſpeak. He died not long after Robeſpierre, when the perſecution was greatly mitigated, yet ſtill fierce enough againſt the Clergy, eſpecially if caught in the exerciſe of their holy functions. To the laſt there were plenty of opportunities afforded them to practice good Father Kergaté's advice, and it required much grace, and a ſtrong ſenſe of religion and charity, not to give way to imprecations againſt ſuch miſcreants committing all their atrocities alſo, in the name of liberty and public virtue.

And yet Father Kergaté was right; and if we be good Chriſtians, we will forgive and pray for our perſecutors. The prayer of St. Stephen, the old fathers ſay, converted Saul. "*Si martyr Stephanus non oraſſet, Eccleſia Paulum hodie non haberet.*"

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TWO BROTHERS CONDEMNED TO DIE TOGETHER.

I remember being preſent one day when two brothers were condemned to death as enemies of the Republic. It was in 1793, during the height of the terror. They were peaſants,[1] ſimple men of the field, the one a huſband and father, the other younger and unmarried. The ſcene was very affecting, eſpecially when they returned to the priſon after hearing the ſentence which ſent them to die together the next morning. They were in the prime of life, in the conſciouſneſs of honeſty and innocence—the poor huſband and father, in

1 It is often ſuppoſed that only the higher claſſes—the nobles and clergy, ſuffered in the revolutionary fury. "The republican Prud-"homme, whoſe prepoſſeſſions led "him to anything rather than an "exaggeration of the horrors of the "popular party, has given the fol-"lowing appalling account of the "victims of the Revolution:

"Noblemen,	1,278
"Noble women,	750
"Wives of laborers "and artiſans,	1,467
"Religieuſes,	356
"Prieſts,	1,135
"Common perſons, "not nobles,	13,623
"Guillotined by ſentence of "Revol. Tribunal,	18,603
"Women died of prema-"ture child-birth,	3,400
"In child-birth from grief,	348
"Women killed in La Ven-"dée,	15,000
"Children killed in La Ven-"dée,	22,000
"Men ſlain in La Vendée,	900,000
"Victims under Carrier at "Nantes,	32,000
"Of whom were:	
"Children ſhot,	500
"Children drowned,	1,500
"Women ſhot,	264
"Women drowned,	500
"Prieſts ſhot,	300
"Prieſts drowned,	460
"Nobles drowned,	1,400
"Artiſans drowned,	5,300
"Victims at Lyons,	31,000
"Total,	1,022,351

"In this enumeration are not "comprehended the maſſacres at "Verſailles, at the Abbey, the Car-"mes, or other priſons, on the 2d "of September, the victims of the

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particular, wept bitterly. "Ah! my brother," ſaid the younger one to him, "do not thus give way to grief "—how happy rather are we, ſo ſoon to go to heaven. "To be ſure, my brother, but my poor wife and my "children, what will become of them?" and he wept the more, though after with true reſignation in his heart. "Weep not," inſiſted the younger, "do you "think God will abandon them? and ſince we ſhall ſee "Him ſo ſoon, will we not pray much for them there?" And ſo they went to death—and to heaven.

MR. BOISLEVE.

Mr. Boiſleve was a lawyer, and was regarded in the Parliament and courts of Rennes, as the moſt eminent Juriſt and the moſt clear headed and able Counſellor at the Bar; not particularly diſtinguiſhed as an orator, but the very light of his profeſſion in matters of counſel. He was at the ſame time a living ſaint, a model of innocence and ſimplicity and antique manners—modeſt and affable in

"Glaciere of Avignon, thoſe ſhot "at Toulon, Marseilles, or perſons "ſlain in the little town of Bedoin "of which the whole population "periſhed.

"It is an eſpecial, in this diſmal "catalogue, how large a proportion "of the victims of the Revolution, "were perſons in the middling and "lower ranks of life. The prieſts "and nobles guillotined are only "2,413, while the perſons of ple- "bian origin exceed 13,000. The "nobles and prieſts put to death at "Nantes were only 2,160, while "the infants drowned and ſhot are "2,000, the women 764, and the "artiſans 5,300. So rapidly in re- "volutionary convulſions does the "career of cruelty reach the lower "orders, and ſo widely is the car- "nage dealt out to them, compared "with that which they have ſought "to inflict on their ſuperiors."—*Aliſon's Hiſt., vol. i, p.* 310, *Am. ed.; Prudhomme Vic. de la Revol.; Chateaubriand Etud. Hiſt.*

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his deportment, diſintereſted and charitable in the exerciſe of his profeſſion, and well known to all for his ſincere piety and attachment to his Religion. Every morning he was preſent at the early maſs,[1] celebrated before 5 o'clock in the Convent of the Dominicans;

1 The following remarks, headed "EARLY MASS," were among Biſhop Bruté's papers:

In our France, when I was a child, there were ſo many churches and ſo many prieſts, that the holy ſacrifice of the maſs was, as it were, at the door of every one. Almoſt all the people uſed to be preſent at maſs every morning, before the Revolution. It was ſo ages back, and it would be ſo ſtill, O! merciful Lord, if thy people had better known, and made a better uſe of thy infinite love. But thou haſt again ſhown mercy to them, and notwithſtanding all their ingratitude and wickedneſs, haſt reſtored to them, in a great meaſure, thy former bleſſings. Early maſs is the joy of every faithful family; ſome of its members can generally be preſent at the morning ſacrifice; great numbers do attend it again, early, all over our favoured France. Oh! how many untold bleſſings are brought down from heaven by that "pure oblation" thus offered up all over the land, a holocauſt of propitiation, impetration and thankſgiving. When I was a child, many thouſands muſt have heard maſs, every morning, in our city of Rennes—in ſome families all the members. There were nine perſons, including the ſervants, in our houſehold, and habitually they had all heard maſs before 8 o'clock, when we aſſembled for breakfaſt. My good mother was an early riſer, and having awakened the reſt of the family, ſhe was accuſtomed to go to the firſt maſs, or at any rate to the ſecond, for the firſt maſs was as early as 4 o'clock in ſummer. There was always a maſs at that hour at the church of the Bonne Nouvelle of the Dominicans, called the Maſs of the Travellers, at which thoſe who were about ſtarting on a journey, and thoſe alſo who were going into the country on pleaſure parties were accuſtomed to be preſent. My mother often went to this maſs, and I remember hearing her ſay: "It is aſtoniſhing, my child, how many there were at the 'Meſſe des Voyageurs,' this morning." Before ſhe left the houſe, ſhe uſed to charge her maid to ſee that we all got up and were ready in time; and I now call to mind her pleaſant, cheerful look, when ſhe uſed to return towards 5 o'clock, and hurry us off to get our ſhare in thoſe precious early graces. She, with her day of labour and often of great anxiety before her, all brightened and cheered by the conſolations of that firſt action of the day, the aſſiſting at the adorable ſacrifice.

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kneeling behind a pillar, abſorbed in recollection, ſo as to touch every heart that noticed him. My impreſſion is that every morning he went to communion (though of this I will not be certain, though my mother ſo often ſpoke to me of that worthy man), and then returning behind his pillar, and ſpending a ſhort time in prayer, he would go home and give himſelf up to the conſcientious diſcharge of the drudgery which his great reputation and extenſive practice impoſed on him. He made a rule never to take fees in the caſes of widows and minors, and adhered to it, even in thoſe caſes where the circumſtances by no means required it.

Nothing can give a more ſtriking evidence of the influence which his character had acquired upon the minds of all, than the fact that in the midſt of the wildeſt fury of the revolution, it prevailed over the fanaticiſm of the moſt infuriated Jacobins, and ſurrounded him by their involuntary reſpect. I remember a ſtriking example of this, which occurred one day. Mr. Boiſleve was accuſtomed to take a walk by himſelf every day in the public promenade. One day as he was proceeding to the place, he approached the corner of a ſtreet, where a number of the moſt furious Jacobins were congregated together, engaged in a loud diſcuſſion. He ſaw them, and though, according to his cuſtom, he made no effort to avoid them, yet he intended to go around them, when all at once, as he approached them, they opened the way for him right and left, and taking off their hats and caps, they permitted him to paſs through their ranks in ſilence, bowing ſlightly to him; he himſelf ſilent, and almoſt frightened at theſe ſigns of reſpect, if anything could eaſily have moved his quiet and ſuperior ſoul. The moment he had paſſed, they themſelves were ſurpriſed

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at what they had done towards one whom as they ſaid, was "none of ours." It was, in truth, the ſudden, involuntary acknowledgment of ſuperior worth—the influence of a long and juſtly enjoyed reputation overpowering for a moment, conſcious vileneſs and wickedneſs. Mr. Boiſleve was attacked by his laſt ſickneſs in the height of the revolution, a ſhort time after the decree had been iſſued, of death to any Prieſt within twenty-four hours after being arreſted. A friend however offered to procure him the aſſiſtance of a Prieſt, in order that he might receive the laſt conſoling and ſtrengthening Sacrament of the Church. "No! my "friend," anſwered Mr. Boiſleve, "I have been a "long time preparing for this moment; I will truſt "myſelf to God, and will not expoſe any of his miniſters "to loſe their lives on my account, when their ſervices "are ſo much needed for others, who have neglected "perhaps to prepare for death." It was an heroic act of ſelf-ſacrifice, in one of ſuch ardent faith, who had ſuch love and veneration above all, for the bleſſed Sacrament, thus to reſign it, at that moment; and ſo he died, as he had lived, the model of a fervent Chriſtian. My mother knew him very intimately and revered him as a Saint. He had been of great ſervice to her, after my father's death. It is the more pleaſing to recall his virtues, becauſe ſo many who belonged to his profeſſion acted differently in thoſe days of madneſs.[1]

[1] The bittereſt and moſt blood-thirſty actors in the French Revolution had been Lawyers Robeſpierre, Danton, Carrier, Couthon, &c. It ſhould be remembered, however, for the honour of human nature, that Maleſherbes, Trouchet and Décaze, belonged to the ſame profeſſion.

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THE COUNTESSES DE RENAC, AND THE REV. MR. MARECHAL.

Two Sifters, the Counteſſes de Renac, unmarried Ladies, between thirty and forty years of age, lived together, in a handſome little hotel, facing the public promenade, called La Motte à Madame, in the city of Rennes. My mother was accuſtomed to take her morning walk there, and a few days before the events, which I am about to relate, one of the Ladies beckoned to her to come near the houſe, and ſaid to her: "Madame Bruté, would you like to aſſiſt "at Maſs to-day?" To be preſent at the holy Sacrifice was, at that time, an ineſtimable privilege, ſo long and generally had Catholics been deprived of it, by the terrible perſecution of thoſe days, which had then become more ſevere on account of the decree lately put forth, and to which I have alluded in the previous ſketch, impoſing the "penalty of death upon thoſe "who lodged a Prieſt, and the Prieſt himſelf, within "twenty-four hours after their arreſt."

My mother, on account of theſe circumſtances, declined to be preſent, and earneſtly entreated them to be more cautious, at ſuch a fatal period, when they ought to be too happy if they could ſave the life of the Prieſt, and their own.

The Prieſt whom they had concealed in their hotel, was the Rev. Mr. Marechal, a young, fervent, and well informed man, about 35 years of age.

A few days after that but too much needed caution, for theſe good and zealous ladies, as well as the Prieſt himſelf, were too imprudent, their houſe was denounced

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to the authorities as certainly harbouring ſome of the devoted victims.

Valeray, one of the moſt active and blood-thirſty agents of the Revolutionary Committees, and who alone had made almoſt half of all the arreſts which had taken place, was appointed to make the ſearch. He had received information that the Prieſt there concealed, was Mr. Marechal, who had been his ſchool-mate and particular friend; the information was, in fact, ſo preciſe as to leave no doubt, that he was in the Hotel. Valeray conſequently went thither with ſome of his moſt active and truſty men, and made a moſt careful examination of the whole houſe, and yet after ſpending hours at the work, hunting over and over every corner from the cellar to the garret, nothing was found. The ladies were preſent, compoſed and on their guard againſt every cunning requeſt or queſtion.

At length Valeray, finding that he was likely to be defeated in his purpoſe, took the ladies aſide, and ſaid to them, with conſummate hypocriſy: "You ſee, "Ladies, the ardour of my men, the denunciation is "ſo poſitive, that we have no doubt that Mr. Marechal "is here. He will aſſuredly be diſcovered; I am "moſt willing and anxious that he may eſcape, but "without expoſing myſelf, I am obliged to fulfil my "commiſſion and urge my men to a more exact and "diligent ſearch; there is but one chance for him, "Ladies, and that is for you to tell me where the poor "fellow is concealed—my old friend, my old ſchool-"mate—ſo hard for me this duty. If you will tell me "where it is, I will keep my men away from that par-"ticular ſpot."

The two ladies looked at one another; the moment of heſitation was remarked by Valeray. He inſiſted now more earneſtly, with the moſt fervent proteſtations

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of his now ſettled purpoſe to ſave Mr. Marechal, if they would but truſt him ſo far, for his unfortunate friend, whoſe diſcovery would alſo be the doom of two ladies ſo much reſpected in the city, ſo much to be pitied. One of the ladies looked anxiouſly at the other, and by the expreſſion of her countenance ſeemed to aſk the other, if they ought not to ſeize upon this chance of better ſecurity. The other, leſs truſting, anſwered by a forbidding and warning look; but the more confiding heart of her ſiſter could not reſiſt the eager entreaties of the man, and ſhe pointed out to him the place of Mr. Marechal's concealment which was no doubt behind ſome of thoſe double walls or ceilings, the contrivance of which were carried to a great perfection in thoſe times. The perſecutors were however ſeldom foiled; they had ſo many ways of finding out theſe hiding places[1] by meaſuring and ſounding with long iron rods and pikes every ſuſpicious corner. No ſooner had the good lady given the deſired hint, than Valeray called out with joy to his men to come and pull down the boards which concealed his victim, and as ſoon as he perceived the friend whom he had ſo wretchedly betrayed, he ſaid to him: "I am "ſorry, my dear Marechal, that this office has fallen to "me, but the will of the nation muſt be carried out. "We will ſoon ſee the laſt of your caſte—come and "follow me."

They were all, of courſe, immedately hurried to the Tribunal; the two noble ladies more afflicted at the fate of their excellent friend, and the unfortunate manner in which his capture had been brought about,

[1] It is well known with how much ingenuity the Prieſts' hiding places were contrived in the houſes of the Catholic nobility and gentry in England, during the time of perſecution. Almoſt all the old Catholic manor-houſes boaſt of ſome ſuch "Prophet's chamber in the wall."

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by their fatal confidence in the promiſe of that wicked man, than afraid to ſuffer, and receive the crown of Faith, of Charity, which became for ſo many in thoſe times, an object of envy and exalted deſires.

What I have related ſo far, is founded upon the information given to me at the time. As to what follows I was an ocular and hearing witneſs. As ſoon as I heard of their having been carried before the Tribunal, I followed them there, and took my place cloſe by the victims. The Prieſt was on one ſide, and was firſt called upon to anſwer; the Ladies were ſeated on the oppoſite ſide. "Your name?" aſked the Preſident. "Write," ſaid he, actually dictating to the clerk of the Tribunal, "that my name is Marechal." The clerk having written this down, the ſecond queſtion was put as uſual. "Your profeſſion?" and Mr. Marechal, again dictated as if with the intention of preſerving his replies from miſrepreſentation: "Write a Roman Cath-"olic Apoſtolic Prieſt." The clerk turned with impatience to the Preſident, and aſked if he was obliged to write down this anſwer, which the citizen had dictated to him with ſo much coolneſs, and formality. The Preſident anſwered, "No matter, write it down "as he ſpoke it." Two or three other queſtions were then addreſſed to Mr. Marechal, which I have forgotten. I remember, however, that he ſtated with great calmneſs, and force, the principles which had cauſed him to refuſe compliance with the requiſitions of the law, in regard to oaths, &c.; and that he manifeſted an uncommon degree of ſelf-poſſeſſion, moderation and politeneſs during his ſhort interrogatory.

The Ladies were then called upon to anſwer in their turn. Unfortunately I cannot now recall to mind the queſtions that were put to them, nor their anſwers; though when I went home from theſe ſtrange ſcenes I

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could, as I have ſaid, relate every word and circumſtance. But although I cannot now recall what was ſaid to them, probably only the ordinary queſtions, yet I can ſtill ſee thoſe two reſpectable ladies, wearing black caps and mantles, according to the faſhion of the city—both tall, ſlender, pale, with mild and intereſting countenances. The whole matter was, as uſual, hurried over in the moſt expeditious manner; the law being clear and expreſs, and allowing of no qualifications. The ſentence of death was paſſed upon Mr. Marechal and the two Ladies by the Preſident of the Tribunal, Bouaſſier.[1] That unhappy man ſeemed to be affected on this occaſion. He knew the Ladies well, and was conſcious of all the injuſtice and horror of the deed he was committing; his countenance and voice became altered in the moſt frightful manner. I can diſtinctly ſee him now, as he appeared at that moment, and can hear his harſh, ſad, angry voice. I remember that I pitied him, more than I did his victims.

Whilſt the ſentence was being pronounced, one of the Siſters could not hear the awful word, *death*. She fainted, and falling from her ſeat, lay ſenſeleſs upon the floor. Oh! what a ſight! what a moment! all ſeemed affected. She was ſoon raiſed up, aſſiſted, if I remember well, by Mr. Marechal and her ſiſter, who united in this office with the Gendarmes. What occurred after this moment, until they left the court, is confuſed in my mind, and I do not wiſh to record any thing except what I diſtinctly remember. They were ſoon led from the Tribunal to the Guillotine, and

[1] It would be very intereſting to conſult the Archives of the Tribunals of thoſe times, if they have been preſerved—both the minutes of the examinations in manuſcript, and the printed judiciary ſentences, which were poſted on the walls, throughout the city, at each execution.—*MS. Note by Bp. Bruté.*

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there, I could never prevail upon myſelf to be preſent. I always haſtened from the Tribunal, to relate all that had occurred, to the family, and to other friends, trembling almoſt, whilſt we mingled our tears together, leſt ſome one ſhould enter, or ſome traitor ſhould be at hand, to denounce us. To manifeſt any pity towards the enemies of the Republic, or the Prieſts, or their fanatical devotees, as they were called, who endeavoured to protect them, was a ſufficient cauſe for being denounced as "ſuſpect," and there were no leſs than ten different conſtituted authorities, who had power to commit perſons thus ſuſpected, to priſon, and many hundred perſons were at that time crowded into theſe "priſons des ſuſpects"—the men in the ancient Convent of the Trinity, and the women in an eſtabliſhment called "The good Shepherd," which had previouſly been a houſe of refuge for penitent females. I was informed, that when the Counteſſes of Renac, went up to the Scaffold, they were ſupported and encouraged to the laſt by Mr. Marechal, who as being a Prieſt, the "moſt guilty," had to ſuffer death the laſt. The one who fainted at the Tribunal, fainted again on the Scaffold, and was guillotined in that condition, ſenſeleſs and unconſcious.

The Preſident of the Tribunal, Bouaſſier, received ſuch a ſhock in this particular caſe, that his health was ever afterwards vitally affected; his pale, bilious and emaciated face, his hollow voice and frequent ſighs, all marked the anguiſh of his poor ſoul. When Buonaparte came into power, he was continued in his place as Judge and Preſident of the Court, I think; but, according to the ſtories which circulated at the time, life was a great burthen to him, and his exiſtence very miſerable. One day, ſeveral years after the events above related had taken place, he was taking a ſolitary

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walk on that very ſpot, La Motte a Madame, oppoſite to which ſtood the Hotel de Renac, when ſuddenly he heard his name called, Bouaſſier; he turned round, but ſeeing nobody, he continued his walk to the other end of the alley, where a ſecond time he heard Bouaſſier. This alarmed him, but he continued his walk, when a third time he heard his name plainly called, Bouaſſier, and then, in the utmoſt agitation and alarm, he turned to ſome young men whom he ſaw approaching, and who perhaps he thought were playing ſome trick upon him. "What is the matter, gentlemen, "why am I called?" "The matter, Sir," they anſwered, "don't you perceive it is the voice of the "ladies at that hotel," pointing to the Hotel de Renac. Bouaſſier returned home in the greateſt diſtreſs of mind, and, I think, fell ſick immediately; certain it is that he died a ſhort time after this event, and there is a circumſtance ſtill more remarkable, connected with his death, which I muſt not paſs over. During his laſt illneſs, he was attended by Dr. Dulattay, his old friend, an excellent phyſician, and a very religious man. The evening before he died, the Doctor ſeeing how low he was, ſaid to him, "My dear Bouaſſier, you are "very ill indeed, and have but a ſhort time to live; "would you not like to ſee one of our old friends, for "inſtance, Father Gaffard." Father Gaffard was a Carmelite, and had been the ſchoolmate of both; he was a very learned man, and noted for his moderation and amiability in the diſcharge of his duties. "Oh, "yes," ſaid the unfortunate dying man, "it would "afford me great happineſs." The Doctor immediately went in ſearch of Father Gaffard, and at 11 o'C. at night, if I remember rightly, the good Father haſtened with anxious joy, to ſave, if poſſible, their former perſecutor; what happineſs for any Prieſt, ſtill more,

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for one who had been his friend in better days: but, oh! what a terrible judgment of God! when he, who had ſo cruelly put them to death, wanted a Prieſt, he was not permitted to have that bleſſing. His own ſon, who had been brought up by him, in the ſchool of Voltaire, and Rouſſeau, and who had been himſelf conſpicuous amongſt the moſt infuriated Jacobins, during the horrid times of Robeſpierre, ſtood in the way. He received Father Gaffard, with the moſt angry countenance, told him that his father was a better man than himſelf (the Prieſt) and needed none of his aſſiſtance to die properly. Father Gaffard pleaded in vain, and was not permitted to enter. Bouaſſier died that night. May his deſire have been received, and his victims have enjoyed the happineſs of meeting him in Heaven, for whom they had ſo often and ſo fervently, poured forth their prayers with their very blood.

The above circumſtances were related to me, at the time, by thoſe who had an opportunity of knowing them, and I have no doubt of their truth.[1]

1 Treſvaux, vol. II, p. 108, relates the ſame circumſtances in regard to the death of Bouaſſier, and ſays that they were told to him by very reſpectable perſons, as having been well known to every one at the time.

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INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE WAR IN LA VENDÉE.

There is not in hiſtory a greater contraſt, than that preſented between the Vendeans and their oppreſſors. The one ſide is an exhibition of every thing that dignifies human nature, the other of everything that degrades and debaſes it. A virtuous and brave peaſantry fighting for their altars and fireſides without arms, and unacquainted with military diſcipline, and yet overthrowing and driving back large and powerful armies, returning the cruelties inflicted upon them, by kindneſs when victorious. Such is the picture preſented by the peaſants of La Vendée. On the other hand the cruelties practiced upon them is one of the darkeſt ſhade in the dark picture of the French Revolution. Cathelineau the virtuous peaſant, who was the firſt General of the Vendeans, and the infamous Carriere, the author of the noyades at Nantes, may ſtand as types of the two parties.[1]

1 There are no brighter pages in the annals of heroiſm than thoſe which record the ſtruggles of the peaſants of La Vendée, in defence of their homes and their religion, againſt the revolutionary armies. The inſurrection commenced in Anjou, on the occaſion of the conſcription (300,000 men were demanded for the army). It originated with the peaſants themſelves. "The unhappy peaſants," ſays Madame De la Rochejaquelin, "wounded "in everything that was dear to "them, ſubjected to a yoke which "the happineſs they had formerly enjoyed, made them feel "ſtill heavier, revolted at laſt, and "choſe for their leaders men in "whom they had placed their con"fidence and their affection. The "Gentlemen and Pariſh Prieſts, "proſcribed and perſecuted themſelves, marched with them and "ſupported their courage. The "inſurrection began, from the impulſe of the moment, without plan, "without concert, and almoſt with-

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In 1793 the National Convention, maddened apparently by the ſucceſſful reſiſtance of the peaſants of La Vendée, iſſued a decree of deſolation againſt the province —the villages to be burned—the men put to death wherever found, and the women and children to be removed into the interior of France.

Vaſt numbers paſſed through our city of Rennes on the way to their place of baniſhment, and often being obliged to halt for a ſhort time, they were billeted for lodgings amongſt the various families of the city. On one occaſion a poor woman, her two daughters and a ſervant maid, were ſent to our houſe, and permitted to reſt themſelves for a few days before proceeding on their journey. Their deſtination, if I remember rightly, was Caen, in the ancient province of Normandy. Poor indeed they were; before leaving home they had ſeen the ſame houſe which had ſo long ſheltered them, and in which they had enjoyed ſo many happy hours, burnt to the ground—the fields ſpoiled and devaſtated—the huſband and father fled to the Vendean army, and in all probability they were never to ſee him again, perhaps never hear of his fate. The

"out hopes," and yet it took the whole power of Republican France to put it down. Cathelineau, their firſt leader, was himſelf a peaſant. Their piety and moderation equalled their courage. At one time the inſurgent country was ſurrounded by 240,000 Republican troops. If the Engliſh had coöperated with them at this time as they ought to have done, all the long wars and waſte of money which followed, might have been avoided.

La Vendée, properly ſpeaking, included a portion of Poitou, Anjou, and the county of Nantes, known before the Revolution as the "Le "pays du Bocage." It was on the other ſide of the Loire from Brittany, with which many perſons confound it. Thoſe who roſe up againſt the Revolution in Brittany, were called *Chouans*. They manifeſted equal bravery, but were not ſo humane as the Vendeans. The cruelties of the Revolutionary leaders and ſoldiers excited them at length to a pretty ſevere application of the *lex talionis*.

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good wife was perhaps forty years of age, or rather leſs—the picture of a fine healthy woman, now worn out by fatigue and anxiety, ſoon to be quite broken down by ſorrow. The two daughters, 16 and 18, one taller than the mother, bearing in their countenances and all their conduct the evidences of the virtuous domeſtic training they had received—ſo modeſt and retiring, and yet ſo courageous, and ſo full of tender affection and reſpect for their mother. The one that pleaſed me moſt however, was the ſtrong, ſingle hearted ſervant maid, ſo humble, ſo faithful, and yet ſo little conſcious of her worth. The friend now—once evidently the truſted and kindly treated ſervant at home, and now the beſt of friends. When the miſtreſs knew of their doom, ſhe ſent her ſervant man, with a ſmall ſum of money, to go to Nantes by bye ways, to wait for their paſſage, when the "infernal column," as it was juſtly called, ſhould come to execute the decree to deſtroy their property and drive them from their home. When the party that came to their houſe had done their work, and carried them to Nantes, ſhe ſought for the truſted ſervant: but a few days and temptation had wrought a great change in him—he denied the depoſit, and threatened if they ſaid anything about the matter, to denounce them to the authorities. At that cruel moment the poor miſtreſs turned to her maid and ſaid, "Now, my child, you will have to leave us. I have "no longer the means of recompenſing you for your "ſervices. You are ſtrong, and can eaſily obtain per- "miſſion to remain in Nantes, and find ſome means of "ſupporting yourſelf. As for my daughters and my- "ſelf, miſery is our doom, we muſt go on, and aban- "don ourſelves into the hands of Providence." "Not "ſo, good miſtreſs," was the anſwer of the poor girl. "I will not leave you, and what I can earn ſhall be for

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"us all," and ſo it was. The tears ſtart to my eyes now, as I recall with what expreſſions of tenderneſs the afflicted miſtreſs dwelt upon the devotion and fidelity and laborious ſervices of the good handmaid, wherever they had been. I remember that even during the few days they ſtayed with us, the faithful ſervant endeavoured to find ſome work in the city, in order to ſupply funds to aſſiſt the family in their further wanderings. My mother pitied and reſpected them, and did all that was in her power to protect and aid them. It was the more ſad for them, for at the ſame time no leſs than fourteen ſoldiers were billeted upon us—a party of thoſe very men who had juſt been committing ſuch horrors in La Vendée, and amidſt their riotings their chief occupation was to boaſt of what they had done, taking pleaſure apparently, in rehearſing their baſeſt and moſt abominable deeds, ſo that theſe poor Vendean exiles, notwithſtanding all the care of my mother, were obliged, more or leſs, to liſten to theſe heart-rending details, and to have their wounds opened afreſh, for nothing made theſe monſters worſe than the ſight of their victims.[1]

1 Madame De la Rochejaquelin, (Memoir, p. 408, et ſeq.) dwells with grateful enthuſiaſm upon the generous hoſpitality with which the Breton peaſants and others, ſheltered the refugees from La Vendée. "Although many of them," ſhe ſays, "were put to death for having offered an aſylum to the Vendeans, "this did not diminiſh the devoted "attachment which men, women "and even children, ſeemed to feel "for us, nor cool their active humanity."

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MR. JOYAUX, AND THE PRINCE OF RIEUX.

Mr. Joyaux was the Intendant, as it was called, of the Chateau and domains of the Prince of Rieux, about 50 miles from Rennes. The laſt time I ſaw this excellent and moſt reſpectable man, the ſhadow of death was hovering over him, and it was reflected from every feature of his face. He was dying literally of ſorrow—brought upon him by the events of thoſe ſad days, and which was ſo profound, as to have triumphed over the beſt efforts of his virtuous and religious ſoul. The proſcription of Religion—the ſlaughter of ſo many Prieſts—the deſtruction of ſo many noble and ancient families, who had been ſo much reſpected and loved in our Brittany. But the event which put the laſt bitter drop in his cup of affliction was the fatal end of the expedition of Quiberon. Amongſt thoſe who were put to death on that occaſion, after having capitulated, was the young Prince de Rieux, the laſt of that ancient family, and one every way worthy to tranſmit their name with honour. What made it more ſad, was that he would have eſcaped, had it not been for an almoſt unavoidable miſtake made by Mr. Joyaux himſelf, the moſt devoted adherent and friend of the young Prince, and who would gladly have laid down his own life for him. When the priſoners had capitulated they were led to Auray,[1] a few miles diſtant from the place of the

[1] Monſeigneur de Hercé, the Biſhop of Dol, the Count de Sombreuil, who commanded the troops, and a large number of noblemen and Prieſts, who belonged to the unfortunate expedition of Quiberon, were put to death, in violation of the capitulation, in a large field or meadow near the city of Auray. The place has ſince borne the name of the "Field of Martyrs." A chapel has been erected near the ſpot, and the remains of thoſe who periſhed collected, as far as poſſible, and placed within it.

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action, where they were confined under a ſtrong guard. After a mock trial, they were condemned to death as Emigrés and taken out by detachments to be ſhot. Still even in this ſhort interval many eſcaped, ſome by the accident, as it were, in the midſt of the confuſion, and ſome by bribing the ſoldiers. Mr. Joyeux was at Rieux, the manor of the young Prince, about twenty miles from Auray, when he received a letter, written by a common and zealous friend: "Come immedi-"ately and bring 3000 francs, and you can ſave the "Prince;" but on the back was written, by ſome ſtrange fatality "You will be too late, before you "arrive the Prince will be ſhot." Overcome by his feelings, Mr. Joyaux dropt the letter, and thinking all was over, gave himſelf up to his ſorrow, and it was not until two or three hours had been loſt, that recovering from his deſpair, it occurred to him that he ought to have gone at any rate. He immediately ſet off with the money, and found on arriving at Auray, that if he had arrived a few minutes ſooner, he would have been in time. The Prince had juſt been ſhot. The affectionate heart of the good old man was broken, and the faithful friend ſoon followed his beloved young Prince. "He was the laſt, Madame!" I remember hearing him ſay to my mother, "he was the laſt, the "hope of that ancient and noble race, and I was the "cauſe of his death by my fatal delay. Oh! that fatal poſtſcript." No reaſoning nor words of conſolation could aſſuage the ſorrow which preyed upon him. He loſt his appetite, could eat nothing, and a few months after he died. One of Mr. Joyaux's ſons afterwards loſt his life in the royal cauſe.

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ARMAND DE MONTLUC.

I was at ſchool in my youth with Armand de Montluc, the ſon of one of the moſt ancient and richeſt families of our nobility. He had a mild and amiable diſpoſition, a very agreeable countenance, a pious heart, and was much beloved by all of us. Of his charity to the poor, the virtue of all his family, I recall many inſtances which came to my knowledge. How many others are unknown. When very young his father gave him a louis d'or (a guinea) for pocket money. The day after the waſher-woman, a poor widow with a family, found it in the ſoot of one of his ſtockings, put there deſignedly by our good Armand, who thought in his ſimplicity that ſhe would keep it, and he have the merit of a good action, without the praiſe. The poor woman underſtood the whole matter as ſoon as ſhe found the money, and brought it to the Ducheſs, with tears of pleaſure and admiration running down her cheeks. Armand's gift was ratified by his parents, and from that time, they provided for all the wants of his poor old protegé. Dear Armand, he died young, in exile, obliged like ſo many others to flee from France.

His father and mother alſo died in exile—the moſt charitable and beneficent perſons in our city. Madame de Montluc (though I was very young then, yet I retain a moſt vivid recollection of her features and appearance, of ſmall ſtature, a moſt placid, pleaſing countenance and gentle manners) not only beſtowed upon the poor, with the conſent of her worthy huſband, for they were of one heart in all theſe matters, a conſiderable portion of their income, but regularly viſited them at their homes, and attended them in their ſickneſs, rendering to them perſonally every office of charity,

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with her own hands. She overcame every natural repugnance, and was deterred by no danger. At one time our city was viſited by diſeaſe of a very contagious and diſguſting character, but this good lady only manifeſted the greater zeal. She was everywhere, attending upon thoſe who were attacked by it, until at length an attached ſervant who uſed to accompany her was ſo overpowered by repugnance and the fears of death, that he actually refuſed to go with her any more, and ſhe continued to go alone and perform the moſt menial and often diſguſting offices.

The well known Mademoiſelle de Cicé, was a Siſter of Madame de Montluc. She reſided in Paris, and was a truly holy woman, ſo devoted to deeds of charity that ſhe could not avoid being known and eſteemed. This excellent woman was on a very remarkable occaſion tried for her life, and came very near loſing it, from the horror ſhe had of committing a venial ſin, by telling an officious lie, to ſave herſelf.[1] In vain did

[1] I find the following circumſtance related by Bp. Bruté, in one of his Letters to Bp. Kenrick, ſpeaking of the officious lie, he ſays: "it "may afford you pleaſure to be "made acquainted with the con- "duct of one of the moſt eminent "magiſtrates of the Parliament of "Paris, who ſuffered death, rather "than to tell an officious lie. Mr. "Augran D'Alleray, the gentleman "to whom I allude, and who was "equally diſtinguiſhed by his piety "and eminent talents, had been ac- "cuſed and arreſted on the charge "of ſending money to his ſon, who "had emigrated, contrary to the "law. To acknowledge that he "had done ſo, was certain death. "The famous, or rather infamous "Fouquier-Thinville, the public "proſecutor, notwithſtanding his "ferocity, wiſhed to ſave Mr. D'- "Alleray's life, and tried to get him "to deny it. But this excellent "man could not bring himſelf to "tell a lie, even to ſave his life. "'Waſt thou ignorant, citizen,' "ſaid the ferocious judge, 'of the "law which forbade you to do it?' "'No,' anſwered he, 'I was not, "but I knew of a law ſtill more ſa- "cred, that of nature, which com- "mands a father to ſuccour his "children.' This noble and touch- "ing anſwer was the cauſe of his "death; he was guillotined in 1794, "aged 79 years."

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her counſel repreſent to her the legal courſe of things, and the danger to which the poſitive enactment of the law expoſed her. The judges, whatever they might think or feel, being obliged to go the full length of their inflexible line. She could not be perſuaded to deviate in the leaſt, by a poſitive untruth, from the facts as they were known to her. Her beautiful candour was, after all, her protection. It excited the admiration of every one in the court, and the effect was heightened by the charming ſimplicity and modeſty of her whole demeanour in ſo critical a ſituation. Her account of the matter was received, though unſupported by any other evidence, and ſhe was releaſed, after having obtained the whole merit of ſuch a beautiful ſacrifice of pure love for God.[1]

[1] I find appended to the above relation the following memoranda, made by ſome one who has looked over theſe papers, but whoſe handwriting I am unacquainted with, probably a French Prieſt of the Dioceſe of Vincennes.

"The author of this ſketch of "Mademoiſelle de Cicé's trial, ought "not to have omitted to mention, "that this trial was relative to an "attempt to aſſaſſinate Buonaparte, "called the Plot of the Infernal "Machine (24th December, 1800). "Mademoiſelle de Cicé was accuſed "of having procured a lodging for "a man concerned in the plot, "though ſhe knew nothing of him, "but had done it at the recommendation of a moſt reſpected "clergyman. Summoned to declare the name of that clergyman, who had recommended the "man to her charity, ſhe ſaid that "in telling his name, ſhe would infallibly deliver him to the ſame "proſecutions and dangers to which "ſhe and the two ladies (Meſdames "de Goyon, mother and daughter) "were expoſed, whom ſhe had "brought in that diſtreſs, but who "knew nothing more than herſelf "of the man, and that the gentleman who had recommended him "to her charity was purely as innocent as themſelves; wherefore ſhe "would not cauſe one more miſfortune. No threats, no danger, no "ſupplications were ever able to "draw any thing elſe from her, and "ſhe was acquitted from complicity, "not only by the univerſal admiration created in the court, not only "by the generoſity of her ſilence and "her meek deportment, but by the "depoſitions of ſome two hundred "poor, or ſick, or anywiſe unfortunate perſons of all the quarters

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OUR SUNDAYS IN 1793.

In carrying my remembrances back to thoſe ſad days, of which I am writing, I recognize that I never have thanked God, as I ought to have done, for thoſe particular graces, by which he preſerved me in the midſt of ſo great madneſs and impiety. Thoſe who were at the head of the irreligious frenzy which

" of Paris, without diſtinction of " opinions, who declared that they " were indebted to her charity or " aſſiſtance for their relief in their " reſpective circumſtances.

" She was at that time the Mo- " ther Superior of the pious Aſſo- " ciation of the Ladies of the Sacred " Heart of Mary, formed ſince the " beginning of the revolution, with " the view of ſupplying to the reli- " gious orders, which were deſtroy- " ed, and preſenting to pious wo- " men the means of profeſſing reli- " gious perfection, without being " ſubject to the control of the civil " authority, juſt as the Society of " the Sacred Heart of Jeſus opened " to religious men the ſame oppor- " tunity.

" Mademoiſelle de Cicé died in " 1818 or 19. The celebrated " Monſig. Champion de Cicé, Arch- " biſhop of Bourdeaux, and after " the Concordat, of Aix, was her " brother. Another of her bro- " thers was Biſhop of Auxevre. " The pious Abbé Carron has writ- " ten an abridgment of her life."

" My good friend, the author " of the Sketches, who has joined " examples of religious fortitude " and conſtancy in ſome laymen, " particularly in Mr. Boiſleve, may " have known alſo Mr. de la " Chevallaray, at Rennes. Still " young, but of age to bear arms, " it was proved that he had cor- " reſponded with his brother, who " an *emigré*, and was accuſed of " having ſent money to him (a " a charity which was at that time " puniſhed by death). 'No,' ſaid " he, 'I have not ſent money to " him, becauſe I had not the means.' " He was ſummoned to enliſt or to " take up arms for the nation. He " refuſed and was put in priſon; " the judge urged him to get a ſub- " ſtitute, or pay the expenſe of one. " 'I ſhall no more pay for doing " evil,' ſaid he, 'than I will do it " myſelf.' Threatened with loſing " his liberty or his eſtate, he ſaid, " they could diſpoſe of his body " and his goods, as they pleaſed, " but he would ſave his ſoul.

" I ſaw this gentleman at Rennes " in 1798; he was an example of " piety, conſtancy and calmneſs of " mind, in the midſt of theſe horrid " times."

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then devaſtated our France, preſſed forward with all the confidence of ſucceſs. Every device of cruelty and malice was put in operation, to attain the end they had in view, viz.: to deſtroy the Catholic Religion, not only in France, but throughout the world. So far, as I am witneſs, did their deteſtable hopes of the complete final triumph over the Chriſtian Faith extend.

And yet, at that very moment, how ſtrong and imperiſhable was its hold upon thouſands of hearts; how fervently did every true Chriſtian family pledge its love and life to our bleſſed Lord; how conſtantly did Chriſtian mothers require of their offspring, that, no matter what happened, they would never forget their duty to God. With how much anxiety, and yet fidelity, did they endeavour, eſpecially on Sundays, to ſupply the want of the publick exerciſes of Religion, and ſanctify the day in their family. How many touching remembrances come crowding into my mind, connected with thoſe acts of fidelity to God in the midſt of the dark days which brooded over us. Death, priſon, exile, were the penalties. The decrees in which they were ſet forth, were poſted at every corner, and every day witneſſed how ſeverely and unmercifully they were enforced. Every city and town and almoſt every village, had its "Committee of Publick Safety," as it was called, armed with the moſt arbitrary authority, in the name of *Liberty*, and exerciſing it with a vigilance and energy which rendered it at length almoſt impoſſible for any number of Catholics to meet together for Maſs, or any other office of Religion. The Prieſts, as was to be expected, were the particular objects of their hatred, and the greateſt caution and moſt ſecret hiding places could not ſave them from the graſp of a hoſt of informers and blood-thirſty monſters, who almoſt any day had an execution to gratify their malice and encourage

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their purſuits. Even in thoſe families, who had a Prieſt concealed in their houſe, it was often thought beſt not to hazard any celebration of the Holy Sacrifice within doors; ſo great was the danger and ſo controlling the terror, that in many families, all the members were not made acquainted with the preſence of the good man, whom ſome of the more reſolute members ventured to keep concealed in the face of death—death for the Prieſt, and death for thoſe who thus harboured the victims and endeavoured to keep alive the laſt hopes of Religion; the laſt hopes, indeed, they ſeemed, ſo few in number, and every day diminiſhing. No Biſhops, no Seminaries, no means of ſupplying the gaps made. And then the malignity and power of thoſe who were labouring to erect Philoſophy, as they called it, on the ruins of Fanaticiſm, filling the eyes of our poor youth with their gigantic efforts and boundleſs confidence. Every avenue of good choked up or deſtroyed, and every evil influence permitted to have full ſway. Their very ſongs, all the day long, in the ſhops and ſtreets, filled with inſult and deriſion of the Clergy, and the ancient faith of the French nation, and often expreſſing their triumph at what they believed to be its utter deſtruction. Thoſe days are now happily gone, but oh! how dreadful they were whilſt they laſted.

On Sunday, my mother always ſummoned us, before breakfaſt, uſually to the parlour, and there kneeling before a large ivory Crucifix (on black velvet), which ſhe brought from her ſmall oratory, ſhe would begin the Prayers of Maſs, with ſuch a ſad affecting voice, reading them out of her large, favourite Prayer Book (Heures à la Chancellier); they were truly beautiful prayers. One is often in my mind—at the Preface—"Voici l'heureuſe moment où le Roi des Anges, et

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"des hommes, va paraitre—que mon cœur degagè de "la Terre, ne penſe qu'à vous, O mon Dieu! remplir "le de votre amour," etc. The King of men and angels, was indeed preſent, inviſibly, but not, alas! to be preſent in the divine Sacrament of love. No, alas! no Prieſt—no Altar, was there. Young as I was, I remember how ſad, how deſolate everything ſeemed without that living preſence; but how ſtrongly did even this deſolation ſeem to bind my heart to our holy religion. And how holy and revered did my good mother become to me, as with her ſad, grave voice, ſhe fervently read the beautiful prayers and made the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, at a time when all thoſe virtues acquired additional merit, by the teſt they were put to.

MORE IN REGARD TO OUR SUNDAYS IN 1793.

"Come, it is ſeven o'clock," and we all followed mother to the Drawing room; ſometimes to another room more retired. "Has Julian come?" ſhe would aſk. Julian was the gardener, and came on Sundays from our houſe in the ſuburbs. Julian and his wife would make their appearance, and the ſervants from the other parts of the houſe. Then we would all kneel and ſometimes mother would ſay a few words, before beginning, in regard to directing our intention, &c.; at other times ſhe would ſay nothing; then a pauſe, ſave here and there a ſigh—ſome with faces hid in their hands; and then ſhe would commence, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the "Holy Ghoſt." All of us making the ſign of the Croſs together, and then ſhe would go on with the ſervice. All ſtood at the Goſpel; we ſtopped in ſilence at the time marked for the Conſecration. My mother's

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voice is ſtill ſounding in my ears; her very accents are as preſent to me at this moment, as if I was ſtill liſtening to them, as with a tranquil and grave manner, and with a tone of unaffected but overawed piety, ſhe went through the ſervice. I remember that ſometimes ſhe would give a deep ſigh—it could not have been otherwiſe, from a heart weighed down by ſo many preſent horrors, with ſuch ſad anticipations for the future—the *paſt* ſo dear to her, adding to the anguiſh of her nobly religious, motherly and patriotic ſoul. At that age, although very ſtrongly impreſſed, I could not of courſe, feel all that my good mother felt. Oftentimes whilſt kneeling there we could hear the ſound of the drums from afar—and ſometimes under our very windows, as the troops came to prepare for a review, in the Square before our reſidence; and not unfrequently we were diſturbed by the noiſe and tumult, attending upon the capture of a Prieſt, or other perſon obnoxious to the authorities, and whom they were bringing to be tried, and executed. One object of horror was always there, the Guillotine, which ſtood "en permanence," as they called it, on the Square near the Tribunal, and upon which, every day, ſome victim of revolution was ſacrificed, not unfrequently perſons well known to us, or related to us. Among ſuch ſcenes, and under the influence of ſuch events and aſſociations it was, that we performed our religious duties, as well as we could.

After the Prayers of Maſs, mother would either read an Inſtruction for us, or make me read one. I think I was generally the reader. Moſtly they were from a work by Mgr. Fitz-James, Biſhop of Soiſſons, entitled, "Inſtructions for all the Sundays and Feſtivals "of the Year."

Sometimes I ſpent the Sunday at my Siſter's, of whom I have already ſpoken, at La Chapelle Bouéxie.

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It was a vaſt Chateau, one of the moſt conſiderable in the Province, with a large eſtate, of which her huſband was the Intendant. The property belonged to the Marquis de Poineaux. He was not an emigrant, but lived half in concealment, either at Paris or in other parts of France, where the family had poſſeſſions. My Siſter aſſembled all the people in the great hall, and was like my mother, at Rennes, the family Prieſt; no leſs ſtrictly devout and careful; though I remember that her voice of call and command, to gather us all together, before beginning, was not ſo poſitive, nor ſo much of the pontifical kind as my mother's. Her huſband, although a very religious man, was never preſent, nor officiated. Though a man, and of a ſtrong mind, he had ſo much ſenſibility, that the ſcenes and aſſociations always overcame him, and he could not truſt himſelf. I remember in particular, that one Sunday after the ſervice was finiſhed, as I went up ſtairs, I met him coming from another apartment. "Ga-"briel," he ſaid to me, "be not ſurpriſed at my ab-"ſence, I cannot attend, my tears get the better of "me." And then he began to repeat ſome verſes from the Pſalms which he had been reading—and went on to expreſs his horror of the preſent impiety—his attachment to the Catholic faith, and his determination to do everything in his power to bring up his family in it.

Such were the Sundays of thoſe times.

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THE HOSPITAL OF THE INCURABLES.

Among the fruits of that old Catholic Faith, which our *Philoſophers* hoped to deſtroy, I might mention the good Siſters of the Incurables. I know not what brings them into my mind at this moment, except the thought that the Catholic Church alone has ever produced ſuch perſons. All other devotion and heroiſm and ſelf-ſacrifice fades before theirs.

Our Hoſpital of the Incurables at Rennes was a miſerable place. The ſite had been badly choſen, in a low, damp ſituation. The building itſelf was large and ſufficiently commodious. You entered a large, oblong yard, before the building, after the French manner; at the gate was the "Tronc des pauvres malades:" the gate keeper, a fair ſample of the inmates, a poor, battered old hulk, who had been nearly knocked to pieces in the voyage of life, and was now moored here for the reſt of his term. As you croſſed the yard you met many wandering about, all bearing evidences in their faces or limbs, of the diſeaſes which had brought them to this their laſt earthly home—for the certificate of admiſſion required a poſitive declaration of real incurability. Within two large halls for the patients, about one hundred beds, I think, each with its four colours and green curtains. In the middle, facing the front, large folding doors opened into the Chapel, which extended back into the garden. When theſe doors were opened the Altar could be ſeen from a great number of the beds on the oppoſite ſide; and there, on that altar was the only ſight to conſole hopeleſs miſery. One poor girl, about twenty years of age, I ſtill remember—who was afflicted with the moſt extenſive, horrid ulcer, monſtrouſly ſwelled—the pains ex-

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cruciating, ſo that no patience or reſignation could prevent her crying and ſobbing, even at the anticipation of having it dreſſed, how much more ſo, whilſt it was being dreſſed, as it had to be every day, with the greateſt care. The caſe was a peculiar one, and the phyſicians had devoted to her every attention and exerted all their ſkill for many months, at the other hoſpital, but in vain; and now ſhe had been tranſferred to the Incurables as a hopeleſs caſe. Her bed, I remember, was happily oppoſite the opening of thoſe ſacred doors, ſo that from it ſhe beheld the throne of mercy and of conſolation. And oh! how much did thoſe poor ſufferers, nailed for the remainder of their lives, to ſuch heavy croſſes, need ſuch conſolation; and then, often alſo, the divine victim came from the Altar to viſit them in their bed of pain and to unite himſelf more intimately to them, and give them grace and ſtrength to carry thoſe croſſes after him. Oh! how abundant are the alleviations provided for the poor and ſuffering in God's holy Church. And then thoſe Siſters, thoſe living angels who waited on them and rendered to them every office of love and kindneſs, with a mother's tenderneſs. As I recall them now, moving about ſo placidly, with ſuch cheerful patience, my heart is moved, even at ſuch a diſtance of time and place, to feelings of the moſt ardent reſpect and affection. With what pleaſure did I viſit you, bleſſed ſouls, when I returned to our France in 1815—you my dear ſiſter Deſprez—and you, good mother of your humble Siſters, Madame Meneaſt—God bleſs you and proſper you, to eternal crowns. The Siſters of the Incurables in our city of Rennes, as in many other ſimilar eſtabliſhments in various parts of France, belonged to no particular religious order or congregation. They were formed merely by a ſimple union of four or five or more pious

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ſouls, devoting themſelves to this particular charity. It ſeems they are never at a loſs for members, to continue their holy work as they may be needed. I know not how long they have exiſted at Rennes in this manner, nor who is their Superior, nor what vows they take; but I know that they have always been there, in my day, at their painful but holy taſk, except for a ſhort time, when the friends of liberty, equality and fraternity, diſpenſed with their ſervices. Their dreſs a plain grey; a coarſe apron of white linen; their Coiffe, or head dreſs, called *Catiole*, the ſame with that of the common people.

Siſter Deſprez, of whom I have ſpoken above, belonged to a very reſpectable family in Rennes. She had inherited conſiderable property from an Aunt, and was in the enjoyment of every comfort in this life—but our Lord called her with His gentle voice of ſpecial love, to give up all and follow Him, to His abode at the ſad Hoſpital of the Incurables; the moſt trying and diſagreeable of all our hoſpitals, ſituated moreover as I have ſaid, in a low, marſhy place—they were always going to move it to a better ſituation, but ſome how or other they never did. But when good Mademoiſelle Deſprez heard the *voice*, this did not keep her back. She did not ſay, *if* they will remove the eſtabliſhment to a more healthy place, or *if* I was ſtronger and had a better conſtitution (ſhe was phyſically a poor, weak little body), or if my Lord, you will be pleaſed to call me to ſome one of your other manſions. Theſe thoughts and many others, very prudent and wiſe, ſuch no doubt as the young man in the Goſpel had, who refuſed to ſell all to follow our bleſſed Lord, may have come into her mind, but ſhe did not liſten to them. She did give up all, and follow Him, and

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ſhut herſelf up for the reſt of her life, with the Incurables; and I remember that thoſe who knew her intimately, remarked how great graces God beſtowed on her, as the immediate reward of her ſelf-ſacrifices and devotion. She had always been good and kind, but God now ſeemed to have laviſhed upon her all theſe bleſſed treaſures, of tenderneſs and cheerfulneſs, which ſhe would need for her poor incurables. It beamed from her eyes, was marked in her ſmile, and rendered her from the firſt moment, a true *Religieuſe* and perfect nurſe. I do not exaggerate at all, for I witneſſed it myſelf. Her plain and naturally unattractive face, became radiant with a heavenly ſerenity and comelineſs, her voice appeared as that of an angel, for kindneſs, and her manner ſo cheering and at the ſame time tranquilizing, nothing could be more pleaſing. In fact, it was noticed that there was ſomething peculiar, and more than uſual even in religious women, in the admirable and not eaſily deſcribed diſpoſitions of the Siſters of the Incurables. I often viſited them with my mother—"Voyez, mon fils," ſhe would ſay to me, "quelle ſerenité, quel air de contentement, ou voyez "vous le pareil dans le monde, c'eſt etonnant"—and yet in reality not aſtoniſhing, when one reflects on the promiſe of our Lord to give an hundred fold of conſolation and peace to thoſe who leave every thing for His ſake; but truly aſtoniſhing to thoſe who are not in the line of thoſe graces, and dwell only on the various diſguſting and incurable diſeases, and which it is their daily and nightly taſk to alleviate, not to cure, breath that ſickening atmoſphere, which no attention can prevent or diſpel.

Theſe recollections of good Siſter Deſprez call to my mind Siſter Magdalen of the Siſters of Charity, who for forty years had ſerved the priſoners, confined in

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the narrow and confined Priſon of St. Michael's Gate at Rennes. She went to the priſon in the morning and remained there until noon, and from one hour after dinner until night, ſhut up with her dear priſoners, as ſhe uſed to call them, generally about 150 in number. She was very old, and not very handſome when I knew her, but if handſome is who handſome does, then Siſter Magdalen was beautiful. She was beautiful at any rate, in the ſight of the Angels. The kind words, and kind works of forty years, beſtowed often upon the ungrateful and repining, had given to her aged and wrinkled face an air of benignity and patience, which no one could have paſſed by unnoticed. But the Revolution reached even Siſter Magdalen in the priſon. Her dear priſoners were let looſe to become *citizens;* to enjoy the reign of equality and liberty—and the Prieſts and perſons like Siſter Magdalen, were put in their place at St. Michael's Gate. It would have been no hardſhip however to Siſter Magdalen, to be ſhut up in priſon, ſo they turned her out on the world, with which ſhe had had nothing to do for half a century. I remember well when Siſter Bonne, the Superior of the Siſters, or Siſter Servant, as *they* call it, brought Siſter Magdalen to my mother's houſe, the day they were turned out of their old home by the revolutioniſts. She came and ſtood before my mother in the parlour, looking at her, and ſighing a little, but ſaying nothing. She had not been accuſtomed to talk, except to her priſoners. In the evening ſhe told my mother, that it was the firſt day for forty years, except during the Retreats, that ſhe had miſſed viſiting the priſon, and that ſhe had never paſſed a day which ſeemed ſo long and tired her ſo much as that, her firſt day of idleneſs. Poor Siſter Magdalen ſtayed with us a long while, and we would often have been tempted to

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laugh at her ſimplicity, and want of knowledge of the world, had it not been for the great reſpect which mother ſhowed towards her.

THIRTY YEARS, AND MORE, AGO (1818).

We lived then, in the Parliament Houſe of Brittany—a large, and on the whole, noble pile of buildings. It ſo happened that the Chapel of the Palace was ſituated immediately over our apartments. Forty or fifty granite ſteps led up to an immenſe Gallery fronting the public ſquare. This gallery or hall, was uſed for public meetings. At the end, over our apartments, as I have ſaid, was the *Chapel.* Generally it was a ſolitude, for uſually Maſs was only celebrated in it once a year, at the opening of the Courts of Law after the vacations, when a Maſs of the Holy Ghoſt was ſaid, to invoke a bleſſing on their labours. Sometimes, though very ſeldom, for other purpoſes. One of my earlieſt and fainteſt recollections was aſſiſting at maſs there, when my elder ſiſter was married to Mr. Mazois. I was then only four or five years old. So near a Church, as it were, under the altar and amidſt the pillars which ſupported it, did I enter upon life; and nearer ſtill, afterwards, did perſecution bring the precious Altar of our Lord. Under that chapel, and more preciſely ſtill, in the room immediately beneath its ſanctuary did we erect our ſecret altar, during the dark days of the revolution, where two venerable Prieſts, venerable by their age, and ſtill more by their pure and blameleſs and fervent lives, officiated. They were concealed in our apartments with all that awful and anxious privacy, which their

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own ſafety and our own preſcribed. One of them, Father De Roſaire, a Dominican, the confeſſor of my mother for many years, about 78 years of age, with a head of ſnow white hair, the calmeſt features I ever looked upon, the ſimplicity of a child in all his ways. The other, Father Pacific, ſomewhat younger, ſay 75, a Capuchin, once much revered in the order, and holding poſitions of authority and confidence—a man of higher talents than Father de Roſaire, and equal virtues. In that room they both ſlept and lived, and there alſo they offered up the Holy Sacrifice. Each morning, when they had finiſhed their early, private devotions and preparatory exerciſes, my mother having ſeen that all was ready, called the family together and led them to that ſacred room; one or two, only, left to keep watch and give notice in caſe of any alarm. For two years, or nearly two years, maſs was thus celebrated in that room, beneath the Chapel of the Parliament Houſe, then utterly profaned and made a den of thieves, being a part of the Bureau of the Revolutionary Committee. At one time indeed turned, if poſſible to a ſtill worſe purpoſe, for one of the three Tribunals which ſupplied the Guillotine with victims, took poſſeſſion of it and for a while profaned the ſacred name of Juſtice, within thoſe walls where the divine Sacrifice had been ſo often celebrated. All the ornaments which marked its ſacred uſe were profaned and broken down, ſo that ſcarce a trace was left of its original purpoſe. Afterwards, in better times, they were replaced and the Chapel again uſed as before the Revolution. The room beneath, ſo ſacred in our eyes on account of the myſteries there celebrated, and as being the hiding place of thoſe two holy confeſſors, was afterwards my room. I ſlept in it in 1815, when I again viſited my mother for a few days, and as I write

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the memories which then thronged my mind return again, of thoſe good Fathers in particular, who bleſſed my youth, bleſſed my family, in thoſe dark days.

MR. BOUVET.

Mr. Bouvet was an old merchant, retired from buſineſs and leading a pious life, half ſeparated from the world, ſtill enjoying every day at his houſe the company of ſome friends, long accuſtomed to viſit there, without diſturbing his particular habits and exerciſes of piety. Among his practices was that of a few moments' retreat and ſpiritual conſideration or reading, alone, ſome time after dinner. He withdrew for a while, then returned kind, ſerene, polite, amiable, to all; uſed to that momentary abſence, they did not mind it. The regularity of its duration, as determined in his little rule, ſecured his preſence with punctual appearance. One day, however, he remained abſent much longer than uſual; they grew uneaſy at the difference—waited awhile more—then yielding to ſome fear that he might be indiſpoſed, they went up ſtairs to his apartment, and to the cloſet; their rap was not anſwered—nor a ſecond—nor a call aloud by his name—Mr. Bouvet! they entered—the good man was ſitting in his arm-chair, his head gently dropped on the breaſt—his two hands upon the page of a quarto book opened and reſting on his knees—the book of the City of God, of St. Auguſtin, opened at the very chapter on the happineſs of Heaven. He read; he died; he went to ſee and enjoy.

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Thus did Mr. Bourſoul die in the pulpit of the Pariſh of All Saints in Rennes, preaching on the happineſs of Heaven, and repeating from time to time through the diſcourſe his text, "we ſhall ſee him as he "is." At a laſt and moſt earneſt repetition of the bleſſed words, he dropped his hand on the pulpit, his head on his breaſt, a long pauſe—they thought it merely a pauſe!—it continued too long; they haſtened to the pulpit—the ſpirit had fled. "He ſpoke of Heaven," ſaid a boy in the congregation, "lo! he has gone "thither!"

After the terror of 1793, the Prieſts who had prevaricated and taken the guilty oaths, often made their retraction and did public penance, many with marks of lively ſorrow for their ſcandals. One of them at Grenoble did it with ſuch a degree of compunction that after having ſpoken a while with increaſing fervour, he actually yielded to his grief and died in the pulpit in that act of his exemplary penance.



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JOURNAL.

THE leaves of Biſhop Bruté's Journal, preceding what immediately follows, had been torn out and deſtroyed, probably at ſome moment of particular alarm. The firſt part of what was left had alſo been torn out of the book, and is on looſe leaves.

* * * *

The 1ſt Floreal[1] (20th April, 1795). The Chouans having ſigned a Treaty of Peace, at the Mabilais, the

1 The Revolutionary Calendar was as follows:

AUTUMN—*Vendémaire*, or the Vintage month, from Sept. 22 to Oct. 21.
Brumaire, Fog month, from Oct. 22 to Nov. 20.
Frimaire, Sleet month, from Nov. 21 to Dec. 20.

WINTER—*Nivoſe*, Snow month, from Dec. 21 to Jan. 19.
Pluvoiſe, Rain month, from Jan. 20 to Feb. 18.
Ventoſe, Wind month, from Feb. 19 to March 20.

SPRING—*Germinal*, Sprouts month, from March 21 to April 19.
Floreal, Flower month, from April 20 to May 19.
Prairial, Paſture month, from May 20 to June 18.

SUMMER—*Meſſidor*, Harveſt month, from June 19 to July 18.
Ferridor, Hot month, from July 19 to Aug. 17.
Fructidor, Fruit month, from Aug. 18 to Sep. 16.

All the public acts of the French nation were dated according to this ſyſtem for a period of more than twelve years. It commenced from the 22d September, 1792, which is marked as the firſt year of the French Republic. It continued until the 10th Nivoſe, an XIV (31ſt Dec., 1805), when Napoleon reſtored the Gregorian Calendar. Few things marked more ſtrongly the mingled folly and impiety of the whole affair than this new computation of time.

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Repreſentatives and Generals left Rennes at 2 o'C. to go and meet them. A large crowd accompanied them. About 7 o'C. in the evening, a diſcharge of artillery announce their entrance. Among other Chouans, in company with the Republican generals Krieg, Hoche, Hombert and the repreſentatives, were Cormatin, Bunel, Dufour, De Jarri, Belle-vue and Bois-hardi, and about a dozen others, compriſing their ſervants. Cormatin marched at the head of the proceſſion, with a branch of Laurel in his hand, crying out from time to time, *Vive la Paix, la reunion, les bons Français*, but no Vive la Republique. From the Hoſpital to the Hotel Chateaugiron, the ſtreets were lined on both ſides with troops and national guards. Some few perſons ſhouted *Vive la Republique*, the chief cry was, *Vive la Paix*, but even this without enthuſiaſm. A dinner had been prepared for them, but it turned out to be a ſupper, for they did not ſit down to table until ½ paſt 8 o'C. The public were admitted to the dining hall in ſuch numbers, that the dinner was ſerved with much difficulty. There were about forty at table, fifteen of them Chouans, wearing the cockade, and ſeveral of them with feathers in their hats. There were no healths drank, and nothing remarkable occurred. I came away about 10 o'C. and at ½ paſt 10 all was over.

Monday, 18th of May. Meſſrs. Cormatin, De Jarri, and Duteilleul, made a complaint to the department that ſince the Treaty of Peace more than 150 officers and ſoldiers had been killed. That the Republican ſoldiers worried the peaſants with all ſorts of exactions, and ill treated them, on account of their refuſal to wear the tricolor cockade, a matter upon which even the Repreſentatives had ſhut their eyes, knowing that they would never be able to get the country people to wear

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an emblem, under which ſo many atrocities had been committed, any more than they could be made to look with favour upon thoſe who had become poſſeſſed of Church property, and had carried arms to vex and injure them.

A member complained that they were ſtill diſarming.

Mr. Cormatin replied that this was a conſequence of the miſtruſt which the farmers and country people entertained of thoſe who had oppreſſed them and taken away their crops, but that it was not done by his orders, and that he would endeavour to have the arms returned.

They agreed to confer together often, and to make known their complaints on both ſides.

Monday, 25th May. The Monday after Pentecoſt Sunday, it was whiſpered about that they intended to arreſt the Chouan leaders. Among others, Launai, the keeper of the *Tour de Bat*, ſaid in the preſence of ſeveral perſons, among others of —— that before evening he would have Cormatin undergoing his Purgatory. —— immediately made this known to the Chouans, but they would not believe that there was any danger. Cormatin in fact paſſed almoſt the whole day with the Repreſentative Bollet, who had arrived the evening previous.

About 6 o'C. in the evening, they arreſted Cormatin, Solhillac, Dufour, Julie, La Nonée and 33 others were arreſted at the Grande Maiſon and conducted to the *Tour le Bat*. At 8 o'C. another guard went to the Grande Maiſon, with Mr. Guezon, Judge of the Peace, and put a ſeal upon all their papers; at 9 o'C. Mr. Boiſgoutier was arreſted. At midnight they went to the houſe of Mr. Poutigni but did not find him. The ſame night all the priſoners, together with Kuen, who being at the Grande Maiſon at the time of their arreſt, was

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arreſted with them, ſtarted for the Iſland of Pelée near Cherbourg, under a guard of 800 men.

The ſame evening a battalion was ſent to ſurpriſe the camp at Cicé. The accounts are ſo contradictory that I do not know what occurred there. The report is that the troops of the battalion fired upon thoſe in the encampment, but that they eſcaped and croſſed the river. The next morning a carriage, containing a volunteer and two wounded Chouans, came to the Unity Hoſpital; they ſay that ſome perſons were killed on both ſides. In the afternoon the battalion returned bringing with them eight men, four women, two children, and a little girl. They marched their priſoners through the principal ſtreets of the city before ſhutting them up in the Tour de Bat. About half paſt ſix in the evening another company arrived, bringing Mr. Dugueſlin (St. G***) and M. the Rector of Montauban; I do not know why they have arreſted the Rector. During the night they brought Mr. Bunel du Grand St. Meen, and the next day Mr. Pontavice du Fougeres.

The next day a Proclamation was poſted up declaring all theſe perſons guilty of Treaſon.

The war has begun again.

Thurſday, 28th of May. The Municipality has given notice that a large body of troops are about to arrive. The Couriers from Breſt and Dinan have been ſtopped by the Chouans. They gave the Courier from Dinan a diſcharge or receipt, ſigned *Mouſtache* and *La rejouiſſance.*

Friday, 29th May. The 72d regiment arrived here to-day from Belleiſle, and a large number of other troops. Kuen arrived here this evening, having been ſet at liberty.

Saturday, 30th May. Mr. Pontavice has been ſet

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free. They brought here M. De Bedée, ſon of the Marquis de Bedée, who was put to death, and with him one man and three women.

Wedneſday, 3d of June. To-day they impriſoned Lenai, Blaiſe, &c., members of the former Committee.[1]

Friday, 5th of June. M. Bunel was let out of the *Tour le Bat* this evening. This afternoon they killed three Chouans near Montfort, and brought five more here as priſoners. They ſay there has been quite a ſharp ſkirmiſh at Liffré, and that the Territorial Guard ſuffered ſeverely.

Saturday, 6th June. Everything is very dear in the market. To-day I had a converſation with M. Bunel and his ſon. M. Bunel told me that the evening be-

[1] The following liſt will give ſome idea of the character of the perſons who climbed into power, at this time, eſpecially in the provincial towns. I found it on a ſheet of paper among Bp. Bruté's manuſcripts, copied apparently from ſome contemporary work.

Extract from the Journal of the Laws, and of the French Republic, by G. F. Galetty.

Deſcriptive Liſt of the Members of the ancient Revolutionary Committee of Rennes.

Levot, Vender of umbrellas, formerly a ſervant at Dinant, turned away for his raſcality.

Portaix, wooden ſhoemaker, knows how to write his name.

Aubin, a ſhoemaker, a violent and bloody man, who can neither read or write.

Ovnorix, a poor barber.

Manella, formerly a German paſtry cook, whoſe goods his wife and children have carried away to Switzerland, for ſafe keeping; a faithleſs man, at preſent director of the hoſpital, formerly St. Ives.

Riellant, worker in metals, a drinker of blood.

Belaise, a hatter; in 1793 without a penny, to-day very rich; a great ſcoundrel, whoſe raſcalities have been expoſed in a printed memoir.

Dupin, merchant tailor; a dupe, ſometimes humane, and would be always ſo, if he were leſs of a drunkard.

Pellant, a ſhoemaker, as great a ſcoundrel as Carrier.

Gourvés, a tailor; a hard, fierce man, who has added to his property by ſtripping the gold off of veſtments, and articles of eccleſiaſtical uſe.

La Roche, marbleworker; his heart is as hard as the ſtuff he works in, and the rock whoſe name he bears.

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fore his arreſt he received a letter from General Hoche, expreſſing the greateſt ſatiſfaction at his conduct, and requeſting him to come hither, in order that they might confer together in regard to the pacification. The next day the Chouans who were in Rennes were arreſted, and he at St. Meen.

NOTE. The Republicans have ſeveral times broken the truce which was made on the 3d and 4th Floreal. Meſſieur Geſlin and L'Hermilé were maſſacred near Laval; another day Allard was killed at Retiers—ſeveral others whoſe names I neglected to note down. I regret alſo that I did not preſerve an article by Mr. Cormatin, in which he complains of eleven officers, 114 ſoldiers and ſeven Prieſts having been put to death by the Republicans. I think that this number is ſomewhat exaggerated, but there can be no doubt that many were killed after the armiſtice. Some Republicans were alſo killed.

Friday, 12th of June. M. Chateaud'aſſis was brought here to-day and impriſoned: alſo in the afternoon the Rector of St. Jacut, and Father Loiſeau, Jacobin of Dinan, who were never exiled. Kuen left here to-day.

Thurſday, 18th June. Fifteen men and five children were brought in to-day—ſeized in their beds at Breal, as Chouans. There is a rumor to-day of the death of Boiſhardi, and the Dauphin.

M. Le Coz[1] came into the city with thirteen others of the ſame ſtamp, to make their declaration in regard to the decree of the 11th and ſigned a circular of about

1 Le Coz was the intruded conſtitutional Biſhop of Rennes. He had been Principal of the College of Quimper and was elected by the people (?) under the new order of things in 1791. The true Biſhop of Rennes at that time was Monſigneur Barean de Girac, eminent for his virtues and moderation, but who courageouſly reſiſted the intruder. Obliged afterwards to leave France, he became the friend and ſpiritual director of Staniſlaus Poniatowſki, the laſt King of Poland.

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a page, which the city refuſed to publiſh, at its own expenſe. He cauſed prayers to be ſaid for the recovery of Mr. Barbier, who is very ill.

Friday, 9th. The news of the death of the brave Boiſhardi is confirmed; killed 29th Germinal. He was Captain in the Regiment de Vaiſſeax.

Saturday, 20th. All ſorts of proviſions are dearer than ever; Veal 80 to 100 francs the quarter.

Six couriers have arrived, who confirm the news of the death of Louis XVII, and the capture of Luxembourg.

Tueſday, 23d. We have news of B— through P—; he is doing well. Four Chouans brought in to-day. Father Caillebat has retracted.

Thurſday, 25th. Martin, the Carmelite, who took the civil oath and got married, made his retraction to-day before M. de la Croix and three witneſſes, Meſſrs. Blouet, Caron and Malenfruct. The conſtitutional Rector de Gahart alſo made his retraction a ſhort time ſince; a form of declaration for the Prieſts to ſign was brought to us this evening. It has been printed and circulated. Moſt of the Prieſts are oppoſed to ſigning anything of the ſort. The Rector of St. Saviour, thinks it might be well to ſign a ſimple declaration to the following effect: "We declare that we have always "been ſubmiſſive to the laws, except in thoſe points "where they have been contrary to the Holy Roman "Catholic and Apoſtolic Religion, and that we have

He ſurvived the Revolution and died Canon of St. Denis (having reſigned his See at the time of the Concordat) in 1820, aged 86. Le Coz was one of the Conſtitutional Biſhops, forced upon the Pope by Napoleon at the time of the Concordat. He was made Archbiſhop of Beſançon, and died in 1815. He was a man of irreproachable morals, and conſiderable talent, but it was all made of no effect by his obſtinate and exaggerated conſtitutionaliſm.

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"always endeavoured to promote peace and concord "amongſt the citizens. In faith of which," &c.

Friday, 26th. It was finally determined not to ſign any declaration. Mr. Cornue informed me that Coz, in making his declaration, excepted the law of divorce—the marriage of Prieſts, and other ſimilar points. A number of the *Emigrés* have made a landing at Quiberon, after a naval fight, when the Engliſh fleet captured three of our veſſels.

Saturday, 27th June. To-day the municipality poſted up its invitation. There has been a tumult, occaſioned by a large crowd of people who aſſembled, on hearing that the churches are to be ſhut up to-morrow. They marched to the City Hall, and were ſent by the Municipality to the Repreſentative, who gave them a letter addreſſed to the Mayor; but a large number of young men, with drawn ſabres, were poſted before his reſidence, and in the confuſion, the letter was loſt.

Sunday, 28th. This morning another crowd aſſembled about the reſidence of the Repreſentative; their leaders were not permitted to ſpeak, and a patrol ſeized two of the ringleaders; from thence they went to the Hotel de Ville, the members of the municipality were at the windows, and the door was guarded by ſoldiers without arms, and a number of young men. The Mayor came and addreſſed them, but no one could tell exactly what he ſaid. When he had withdrawn, the ſoldiers and women commenced fighting with their fiſts and with ſtones. The women were obliged to retire, but not without giving the municipality a piece of their minds, and loading them with all ſorts of maledictions. A few of the moſt rebellious remained ſcattered here and there, who were treated ſhamefully by the ſoldiers—who even went ſo far as to flog two of them in the alley de Burnel, under the very eyes of the

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municipality. At length General Krieg came and reprimanded the ſoldiers very ſeverely, and calmed the people, ſo that by 11 o'C. all was quiet. In the afternoon they aſſembled at the College, to ſign petitions to demand the proviſional exerciſe of worſhip; a committee of twelve was appointed to obtain ſignatures in the different communes. The two Mademoiſelles Duparc—Mademoiſelles Duſſelainée, Gerbier Jouanin, Hipolite Michel, Joſſe, Le Tiſſier, Robert, St. Trimoi, Le Vicomte, La Sauvelaye. They waited upon the Repreſentative, who ſaid that he would ſend their petition to the Convention, but that he could not decide anything definitely himſelf.

Monday, 29th. During the forenoon nothing was done, but in the afternoon the above mentioned committee preſented letters to each of the conſtituted authorities; thoſe of the Department, the Diſtrict and the City, requeſting them to give their ſupport to the petition which had been forwarded to the Convention. They were but coldly received, but they tried to cover up the matter, as well as they could, in order to quiet the people, to whom they ſaid that the anſwer had been deferred until Wedneſday. From 15 to 20,000 ſigned the petition, before they ceaſed obtaining ſignatures.

This evening they brought in under arreſt ten ſuſpected Chouans; one of them thus arreſted was a nephew of Madamoiſelle Vatar, who going on a viſit to Mr. Buret, happened to be without a paſſport; the others were ſeized at a dance at St. Jacques.

Tueſday, 31ſt. Orders have been iſſued for cutting away the bridges, &c.

Wedneſday, 1ſt July. About 6 o'C. in the evening large numbers aſſembled at the College; the committee or commiſſioners above mentioned were there, and twelve gentlemen were added to the commiſſion:

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Meſſrs. Varin, Colum, Blouet, Malenfaut, Deſtrieux, L'Hermitage, the brother of Mr. Guignard, Rapulet, two gentlemen from the country, and three others whom I did not know. Whilſt they were aſſembled, a rumor was circulated that the Mayor was coming, and to ſhow the diſpoſition of the people, one of the ſpeakers declared that if the Mayor did come, and require them to ſubmit to the preſent ſtate of things, their unanimous declaration would be, "We will not." But he did not come.

Thurſday, 2d. On Thurſday at 2 o'C. the Clergy met together at M. de Romilley's and drew up their declaration, which was preſented to the Department by a committee of five, viz.: Meſſrs. De Romilley, Dom. Jehors, Rihet, Touchet, La Croix. It was accepted, and the commiſſioners very civilly treated. The people were at firſt afraid, that by thus acting the Clergy would be confounded with thoſe who had taken the oath, but were reaſſured by the explanations given to them. They commenced by putting the church in order, at the college, which had been entirely deſpoiled. The people chanted the Te Deum, Hymns to the Bleſſed Virgin, &c. The day after they had High Maſs.

Saturday, 4th. A quarter of veal ſells for 150 francs.

Thurſday, 7th. Bladet and Tallien, the Repreſentatives have arrived with full powers.

Friday, 8th. We have news that the Engliſh have captured nine ſhips and a corvette near St. Malo.

Friday, 10th. The Republicans have been defeated at Mordelle. In the afternoon a courier announced the defeat of Hoche, with the loſs of part of his artillery.

Sunday, 25th. Over one hundred children made their firſt communion at the Carmelites; many of them children of Republicans.

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Tueſday, 27*th.* The Diligence from Normandy was attacked, the eſcort defeated, and two of the paſſengers killed.

Wedneſday, 28*th.* Dorvo has been aſſaſſinated by the Chouans at his country-houſe; his brother was killed laſt March. It was he who purchaſed the Preſbytery at St. Aubin and other eccleſiaſtical property.

Thurſday, 29*th.* The Biſhop of Dol (De Hercé) was ſhot, after the ſurrender at Quiberon. I have the details at fourth hand from General Hombert. When he was ſeized he ſaid: "The miſfortunes of war cannot diſ-"hearten a man whoſe heart is pure, and filled with a zeal "for Religion." He made a ſpeech before the military commiſſion, ſo touching that the ſoldiers were affected by it, and the Judge was obliged to ſilence him.

Tueſday, 2*d Sept.* Mr. Ginguené who was arreſted the 14th of Auguſt, was tried before the military commiſſion, condemned and ſhot this morning, although he has been for a long time crazy, and had a certificate to that effect. When led out to execution, he had no idea where he was going, and ſaid to the priſoners, "Good by, my friends, I am going to take a little "turn, which will do me good."

Sunday, 7*th.* The Conſtitution has been accepted, even by the ſoldiers, to whom it was read the evening before—more favoured in this reſpect than the citizens, who knew nothing about it until the moment when it was proclaimed in the different ſections.

Tueſday, 9*th.* The elections were held to-day.

Monday, 15*th.* 1500 troops arrived here to-day from Vitri. Eight Prieſts from the diſtrict of Dol, four from Barenger, two from Tremblai, and one from Marcillé, were brought here to-day, and although the Judge was obliged to acknowledge that they had been illegally arreſted, they were put in priſon.

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Wedneſday, 17*th*. The Department has publiſhed the Decree. Le Coz (the conſtitutional Biſhop) went and took the new oath, renouncing the reſtrictions he made before, but declaring that he perſevered in them mentally.

Thurſday, 18*th*. Some perſons aſked permiſſion of the municipality to ſhut up the church, but they forbade it to be done.

Thurſday, 29*th*. A column of troops and four pieces of artillery left to-day for the Convention, with the Repreſentative Matthieu.

Sunday, 8*th Nov*. 1795. Clermont has been killed at Moſſac in an affair with the Chouans, who had the advantage and killed many of the Republicans. The Republicans abandoned the poſt the following day, and brought their wounded here.

Monday, 9*th Nov*. Matthieu arrived here to-day, and has called the Municipality to account for not enforcing more ſtrictly the law againſt Prieſts. The Municipality anſwer him with firmneſs, but they will be obliged to make a ſhow of compliance at any rate.

Thurſday, 13*th Nov*. They commenced to-day making domiciliary ſearches. They are made by the Commiſſioners of Police, with an eſcort of Gendarmes. If they ſeize any one they are to be taken to St. Meen.

Saturday, 15*th*. The ſearches are finiſhed; it ſo happens, that no one was caught.

Monday, *Dec*. 2*d*. The brother of Dupin has been killed.

Thurſday, 5*th Dec*. Twelve men and women ſent to Fougéres to be judged.

Saturday, 7*th Dec*. M. Deſſolles de Condrai killed near the Hermitage. The two ſons of the Farmer at the Maiſon Blanc, on the road to St. Laurent, were aſſaſſinated.

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Sunday, 15th Dec. Fifty-one men brought here from Veſin, arreſted at Maſs. Douazel eſcaped from St. Meen. Three perſons, two of them Chouans, eſcaped from the Tower (Tour de Bat) and a Chouan Captain from the Grand Priſon.

Thurſday, 19th Dec. The Chouans ſeized a Convoy near Mordelle and killed thirty men, about noon today.

Saturday, 20th Dec. The Diligence has arrived from Paris; it was plundered of everything by a party of Chouans, who carried away even the horſes.

Sunday, Dec. 21. Trial of forty-eight of thoſe who were arreſted at Vaſin; condemned to one month's impriſonment, and a fine of 100 francs each. The Prieſt was ſentenced to ten years' impriſonment in irons.

Tueſday, Dec. 23d. A new General named Hedouville has arrived to replace Rey.

Wedneſday, 25th Dec. Two young men from Pacé ſhot (fuſillé).

1796, *January 2d.* A man from Cuillé ſhot—the father of five children. A Convoy has been taken by the Chouans at St. Merial and forty men killed.

Saturday, 9th Jan. The Chouans have taken Combourg. [This was the Chateau of the Chateaubriands, of which M. de Chateaubriand has given ſo intereſting an account in his Memoires d'Outre Tombe].

Tueſday, 12th Jan. The Curé of Bruz, M. Le Pé, was brought from Bruz to St. Meen. Guillopé, a Captain of Chouans, has been arreſted and impriſoned at Montfort; he is wounded.

On the margin of this entry in his Note Book, Bp. Bruté wrote, apparently when reading it over many years afterwards, "Poor Guillopé—he was an excel-

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"lent ſtudent in my claſs—very ſtrong and robuſt, "but of the mildeſt diſpoſition; we were intimate "friends."

Under the date of *Saturday, 30th February*, he writes: "Guillopé was ſhot to-day at Montfort; when taken "he was covered with wounds."

Friday, the 15th Jan. The Chouans who were taken yeſterday, were brought before the General to-day, viz.: Mouillenaiſe, 24 or 25 years of age, Chief of the Canton of Ille and Vilaine; Rallé, 18 years of age: Le Crochair, called l'Avocat, 25 to 30 years old, from St. Malo, Chief of the Maar; Applagnac, about 50 years of age, nephew of Mr. Satre, Chief of the Canton of Liffré. They were impriſoned in the *Tour le Bat.* At 6 o'C. they were brought before the Tribunal; there were not twenty citizens preſent, except a guard commanded by Balland and Audoin; the Hall was full of ſoldiers. Ponſard, who ſaid that he came to defend Rallé, denied the competency of the Tribunal, and Le Crochier proved in the moſt evident manner, that according to the laws, eſpecially that of the 1ſt Vendemaire, the court was incompetent to try them. The Judge however overruled them and ordered the trial to proceed; at two hours after midnight they were condemned to death, except Rallé to 25 years in the Galleys. When they had returned to the priſon, they aſked for a Prieſt to hear their confeſſions, and the General, having been conſulted, granted their requeſt, and Mr. Rolandier, Curé of Beaucé near Fougéres, who had been brought from Vitré to the Grand Priſon, was ſent to them. On Saturday, about noon, they were led to execution by an eſcort of about 150 ſoldiers. They exhibited the greateſt firmneſs; Applagnac, who was a ſtrong man, about five feet ſeven inches tall, with

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a large mouſtache, had the moſt of a military air about him; their calm and ſteady bearing ſeemed to awe the crowd who ſurrounded them. They were ſhot in the meadow of Mt. Morin; their laſt words were "Vive "le Roi et la Religion."

Wedneſday, 20th Jan. The City declared to be in a ſtate of ſiege by Girouſt the Commiſſioner.

Friday, 29th Jan. The Chouans have captured a Convoy near Mordelles, and ſeized 6000 packages of cartridges, with clothing, money, &c.; they killed and took priſoners ſixty ſoldiers of the eighty who compoſed the eſcort.

Thurſday, 4th Feb. They began to-day to arreſt large numbers of young men.

Friday, 12th Feb. Two young girls condemned to death for having carried powder to the Chouans.

Saturday, 13th. Madame Bellevue from La Croix, Robert a huſſar deſerter, and a perſon named l'Ecrivain condemned to death.

Sunday, 14th. The five perſons condemned on Friday and Saturday were ſhot to-day; a baker boy, who had got up into a tree to ſee the executions, was killed by one of the bullets.

Wedneſday, 17th. Hoche arrived to-day; left on Saturday (20th) for Angers.

[I omit many particulars from the Journal, each day, filled up with accounts of ſkirmiſhes, arreſts of Prieſts and others, ſearches, &c.]

Tueſday, 2d March. Four Prieſts, M. Briart, Rector of Moulin; M. Gaignart, Prior of Arbreſec; M. Yvan, Canon of La Guerche, were brought here to-day from La Guerche, and put in priſon at St. Meen.

Tueſday, 9th March. A detachment arrived from La Poterie bringing with them three hats, with white

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feathers, which they ſay belonged to three Chouan leaders, whom they killed.

Saturday, 22. It is reported that La Charette has been ſeized.

Eaſter Sunday. Radiguel ſhot.

Wedneſday, in Eaſter week. Feſtival of Youth—only 18.

Friday, 29th April. My brother arrived this evening, and has been arreſted.

Thurſday, Aſcenſion. Chef d'Or, leader of Chouans ſhot.

Tueſday, 14th June. Madame Montluc and her children arrived this evening about 10 o'C. They are lodged at Croſco, with Madame La Gerveſais.

Thurſday, 16th June. At 2 o'C. this morning the Montlucs and Mademoiſelle La Gerveſais left for St. Malo, with a Paſſport from the Generals, to return to Jerſey. M. de Montluc is at St. Malo to accompany them.

Sunday, 7th Auguſt. At the Parade to-day, the ſtate of ſiege was declared raiſed.

September 25th. They have commenced demoliſhing the Church of St. Martin.

October 15. Hoche aſſaſſinated; Le Pottiere arreſted the aſſaſſin, who is a workman at the Arſenal, and a man named Charles who hired him.

October 16th. The Petition in favour of the Prieſts has up to Sunday, exceeded 14,000 ſignatures.

October 31ſt. The Central School was opened to-day, with diſcourſes by Malherbe, Beaugeard, Le Graveſend and Rabillon.

November 12th. Five Prieſts eſcaped from St. Meen.

November 22d. Laſt night, 21-22, about 2 o'C. a fire broke out in the Faubourg L'Evêque, and burnt for two hours.

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November 26th. An aſſaſſin was guillotined to-day; he wore a red robe.

December 15th. The Miniſter of Marine paſſed through the city to-day on his way to Breſt.

December 20th. The Courier who ſhould have arrived here to-day was attacked near Alençon; a paſſenger killed.

December 24. The Prieſts let out of priſon.

1797. *January 21ſt.* The anniverſary of the King's death was celebrated by the firing of cannon and a parade of the troops and the National Guard, which numbered only 84 men. The only one who addreſſed them was Le Graveſend. The troops refuſed to cry "Vive la Republique," until they had been commanded to do ſo four times.

February 12th. The news of the taking of Mantua arrived this evening. [Mantua was ſurrendered to the French, January 7th, 1797.]

Feb. 19th, Sunday. The Te Deum was chaunted in the Church of St. Saviour in honour of the Italian victories and the taking of Mantua. It was announced by a printed Circular, which they had the impudence to ſend to the principal perſons among the Clergy who had refuſed the oath. [This celebration was under the auſpices of Le Coz, the intruded conſtitutional Biſhop.]

March 21, Tueſday. The elections commenced to-day.

March 23, Thurſday. The elections ended. Many perſons of extreme opinions, Terroriſts and Republicans, proteſted againſt them.

May 7th, Sunday. Mr. Coz (the conſtitutional Bp.) had a firſt communion of the children of thoſe who adhere to him. They ſay, that there was only between one and two hundred. Large numbers alſo made their firſt communion in the houſes of Catholics in the

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country Pariſhes, at Chautpie among others, more than 240.[1]

June 5, *Monday*. Mr. Rebulet (a non-juring Pariſh Prieſt), who had been about during the laſt week, officiated publickly yeſterday, in the forenoon and afternoon. A large crowd of people attended; I was told upwards of 4000, who welcomed him with enthuſiaſm.

June 21*ſt*, *Wedneſday*. The Department has publiſhed a decree reſtoring certain Churches to publick worſhip. St. Germain has been vacated by the troops; the College alſo. St. Aubin, which has been uſed to ſtore hay, St. Helier and St. Laurent have been reopened.

June 22, *Thurſday*. They are working at the Churches. They are bringing articles from all ſides for the uſe of the Churches; many articles which formerly belonged to them.

The pariſhioners of St. Aubin have ſent a deputation to Mr. Coz, to requeſt him to reſtore their Saints. [I preſume ſome pictures or ſtatues which he had taken away.] The Pariſh of St. George have requeſted "Le Bon Paſteur," but have been refuſed.

Friday, 23*d June*. The work on the Churches ſtill continues. They make cŏllections at the doors; écus and louis d'ors even are put into the box.

This evening the pariſhioners of St. Helier went in proceſſion to meet their old Paſtor. They brought him back in triumph, carrying the bleſſed Sacrament;

1 On a looſe ſlip of paper I find the following notes in Biſhop Bruté's hand writing:

"Condition of religion at Eaſter, "1797. The Eaſter duty has been "made by a large number of people. "The Altars have been richly or- "namented. On Thurſday, the "Paridiſes were ſuperb—Veſpers, "&c. On Eaſter Sunday, at the "Madelaine and S. Helier, High "Maſs—Bleſſed bread—Sermon— "Solemn Veſpers, as of old."

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he preached on the return from the captivity of Babylon, and gave the benediction of the bleſſed Sacrament. The Churches of St. Aubin and St. Germain rebleſſed. General Kling was preſent at the benediction.

They have poſted up an order forbidding any more interments in the Cemetery of St. Helier, becauſe almoſt every one are carrying their dead there.

Saturday, 24th June (St. John's day). High Maſſes were celebrated in all the Churches to-day; the crowd was very large at all the Maſſes; the firſt High Maſſes celebrated were at St. Helier, by the Rector, who gave firſt communion to 120 children: at St. Aubin by the Rector, who preached on the occaſion; at the College by M. Rebulet, and at St. Germain by M. de la Croix. Everywhere there was a great concourſe of people, ſo that they extended outſide of the doors, into the ſtreet. There were ſoldiers, patriots, adherents of the conſtitutionaliſts, officials, and in fact all the moſt reſpectable families. The bleſſed bread (pain beni) was diſtributed.

At St. Germain a Petition was read (Mr. Haie) aſking for the recall of the Biſhops and Prieſts exiled or emigrated; the pariſhioners were requeſted to ſign it the following day, ſo that it might be ſent to the Legiſlative Aſſembly. It was not read in the other Churches. Many Maſſes were alſo celebrated in private rooms.

It is noticed that Le Coz's church (the conſtitutional Biſhop's) is rapidly falling off.

Sunday, 25th June. A notice from the Municipality has been poſted up, forbidding the Clergy to make uſe of the churches for any other purpoſes than thoſe connected with divine worſhip.

Wedneſday, 28th June. The Feſtival of Agriculture was celebrated to-day without any enthuſiaſm [triſtement.]

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The municipality has forbidden the people to ſign the petition which had been got up at St. Germain's, by Mr. Haie. In the evening ſome young men coming out of the Hotel D'Artois, where they had been drinking to the health of Louis XVIII, fired upon the guard, who fired back, and arreſted Morel.

Sunday, 2d July. Mr. Blanchard of the Petit Seminaire arrived here to-day from Spain. Mr. Durand and Mr. Halloche, condemned to tranſportation, were ſet at liberty.

Thurſday, 5th July. A ſolemn ſervice for the repoſe of the ſouls of all the Prieſts put to death during the Revolution, was celebrated at the College.

Saturday, 7th July. Mr. Le Coz iſſued to-day a printed Circular in regard to the convocation of a *Council.* He ſent parcels of them to the different Churches, but they were ſent back unopened.

Saturday, 22d July. A Letter from Lanjuinais appeared on the Bulletin, in which he accuſes Rennes and the authorities, of being animated by an anti revolutionary ſpirit—*d'eſprit contre revolutionnaire.*

Tueſday, 25th July. The Municipality has addreſſed a very ſevere reply to Lajuinais, calling upon him to retract.

Sunday, 28th July. To-day they arreſted a ſimpleton (un fou), who after having cut down the *liberty tree* of the Jacobins, was about to do the ſame to the one planted in the *Place du Palais.* The Municipality iſſued a proclamation on the ſubject. They celebrated the 9th Thermidor (the fall of Robeſpierre). General Klie pronounced a very moderate diſcourſe, with even a religious tone about it.

There is much quarreling between the returned Chouans (Chouans rentré) and the artillery-men;

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many wounded on both ſides. Grimandiere (Chouan) wounded Bernis gunner; La Voltais wounded another gunner named Verdrix.

Tueſday, 30th July. Coz and Lajuinais left to-day to attend the *Council* at Paris.

Auguſt 3d. Mr. De Boiſteillul, deputy, arrived to-day, in company with the Rector of Chatillon and the pariſh Prieſt of Orgerer.

Auguſt 6th. The eldeſt ſon of M. de St. Hilaire was wounded to-day by another Chouan, becauſe he expreſſed himſelf againſt recommencing the *Chouanage.*

Auguſt 6th. The banns of marriage were publiſhed at S. Germain for the firſt time.

Auguſt 15th. The Journal *Chauſſeblanche*, has announced for ſome time, and particularly in its number for to-day (No. 59), that they are attempting to renew the *Chouanage.* It ſpeaks of aſſemblies near Becherel, of the purchaſe of arms, &c., and attributes it all to the Prieſts.

Picard made his retraction at the College.

The *terroriſts* are ſigning a Petition at the *Corps de Garde*, thoroughly revolutionary in its character, and full of calumnies againſt the Prieſts. The Municipality is endeavouring to hinder any more from ſigning it.

NOTE.—The Revolution of the 18th Fructidor (Sept. 4th, 1797) having taken place, I was obliged to diſcontinue and hide this Journal. I have commenced another in the ſmall book, marked *Livre de Banque.*

Thurſday, 21 Fructidor, An 5 (7th Sept., 1797). This morning at the parade, Moreau read an account of the Revolution, which took place (l'eſt operée) at Paris the 18th Fructidor,[1] and which confirmed the

[1] The Revolution of the 18th Fructidor, was a reaction of republicaniſm, or rather of the Revolution, againſt the evident return to

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rumors circulated yeſterday evening. The Courier arrived at 5 o'C. this evening, but would make no anſwer to the queſtions put to him; he had a package for Beaujard, within which was another addreſſed to the Department, containing printed Proclamations in regard to the conſpiracy, &c.

Beaujard looks ſad and embarraſſed. Thoſe whom they call *terroriſts* are very much excited, and have a triumphant look. The news, as it becomes more certain, has ſpread conſternation and alarm on every ſide, and ſeems to produce a feeling of diſcouragement rather than active indignation. Strong patrols have been formed for the night.

Friday, 8th September. Mademoiſelle Paſquier, one of the moſt ardent ſupporters of the Conſtitutionaliſts, died to-day. She was attended in her laſt moments by Mr. Le Francois. Since the zealous Lajuinais and Coz went to Paris, there has been a great falling off from their party. The churches are open and filled with people, but alarm is marked upon every face. At St. Aubin a man walked into the church, during the ſervice, with his hat on, evidently with the intention of inſulting thoſe who were worſhipping there.

Saturday, 9th September. This evening the courier, whoſe coming has been looked for with ſo much impatience, arrived. He brought none but the moſt ultra republican papers; they contain the famous Law of general ſecurity (loi de ſureté generale), which violates ſo many articles of the Conſtitution.

Sunday, 10th September. At 5 o'C. this morning all the churches were ſhut up. The High Altar of St. Germain was only finiſhed and dedicated on Friday.

royaliſt principles. It was under the immediate guidance of Barras, but its real author was Napoleon, who foreſaw the end of his ambitious ſchemes if the Royal family were reſtored.

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The famous Law was enregiſtered to-day. Audoin gave Mr. Thibout a ſlap in the face, on the Place d'Armes, becauſe he did not wear a cockade; ſeveral perſons who were preſent ſeemed much pleaſed at the inſult, and took no meaſures to hinder or repair it.

Monday, 11th September. The Prieſts who have taken the oath (to the civil conſtitution of the clergy) went to the Municipality to-day, to the number of fourteen, to take the new oath which is required.

The *Fathers of the Council* have taken it at Paris. The Courier of this evening brings the appointment of three new Judges. Langé preſerves his place; Poignaut, who is a man of great merit, and univerſally eſteemed, and Robion, are replaced by Leminihi, Jr. and Jourdain.

Saturday, 16th September. A Letter of the pretended *Council*, ſigned by Coz, Preſident, and Lajunais, Secretary, printed at the office of the *Chauſſeblanche*, inviting the Biſhops and Prieſts, who have refuſed to take the oath, to open negociations for a reconciliation.

Tueſday, 19th Sept. They are taking up a collection among the "Terroriſts" for a grand dinner, to be given on the 1ſt Vendemaire. They are already making preparations in the large Hall (i. e. of the Parliament Houſe in which Madame Bruté occupied apartments).

Wedneſday, 20th September. An order has been given to arreſt any Prieſt found diſcharging the functions of his office, but they do not look for them.

Friday, 22d September. The Feaſt was given to-day. See Bulletin de *Chauſſeblanche* for details, No. 80. Beaujuard made a very revolutionary ſpeech; it was ſo bitter againſt the Prieſts, *cette caſte abominable*, as he called them, that the moderate republicans took offence at it. Almoſt all the ſoldiers got drunk.

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Sunday, 23*d September*. A report is in circulation that all the Prieſts are to be arreſted.

Tueſday, 25*th September*. General Rouland was divorced to-day from his wife before the Municipality.

Sunday, 8*th October*. The Courier brings news today, that the municipality has been turned out of office; this news has afflicted all honeſt people.

Saturday, 14*th October*. Proclamation of the new Municipality, in which they declare their devotion to the Republic and their attachment to moderate principles.

Sunday, 15*th October*. This morning a handbill appeared upon the walls, on which five of the Municipality were hung in effigy.

Monday, 16*th October*. The two Commiſſioners of Police have been turned out of office, and are replaced by L'Hartel and Chevet, ex-Jacobin monk.

Sunday, 22*d October*. To-day they celebrated a Feſtival in memory of General Hoche; his buſt was carried in proceſſion, ſpeeches made, &c.

Saturday, 28*th October*. A Proclamation from Beaujard has been publiſhed, ordering the arreſt of all ſuſpected Prieſts, and thoſe who are ſubject to tranſportation.

Monday, 30*th October*. At half paſt 6 o'C. this morning, they commenced a very rigid ſearch after the Prieſts. They arreſted only five, who were conducted to St. Meen, where they were placed in ſolitary confinement, on bread and water. Father Gilles, the Minim; Pichou, Pariſh Prieſt of St. John; La Greſillomaie; Renaud and Dufeu, all over ſixty years of age, and ſome very infirm.

This evening a Courier arrived bringing news of the peace with the Emperor. This courier announced alſo the arrival in Brittany of an army from England,

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which is to be commanded by Buonaparte (le courier annonce auſſi l'arrivée d'une armée d'Angleterre en Bretagne, qui Buonaparte commandera.)

They have arreſted a Prieſt from Normandy, who has been living as a clerk with Mr. Petitpain the merchant. It was an apoſtate from his own country who recognized him, and denounced to the authorities.

[This was Mr. Delaitre, of whom an account is given pp. 141-2 of the Sketches.]

Wedneſday, Nov. 8th. The Prieſts impriſoned in St. Meen, are kept in very rigorous confinement, are not permitted to walk in the garden, or hold any intercourſe with thoſe outſide.

The niece of Mr. Maſſiot, Curé of Saint Helier, has returned from Fontenay le Compte, where ſhe went to viſit him, but he was not there, having been tranſferred to Rochefort, to be tranſported with fifteen of his fellow Prieſts. The guard who conducted them to Rochefort robbed them of everything they had. They took away 400 francs from Mr. Maſſiot.

Sunday, 26th Nov. The (Ch. at the) College and St. Aubin opened to the Conſtitutionaliſts—two low maſſes at each church—about 100 perſons preſent.

Mem. Several apoſtate Prieſts were preſent at the divine office—ſome even who had married. They and the conſtitutional Prieſts fraternize, and walk in the ſtreets together.

Wedneſday, Nov. 29. Reboul, ex-Chouan, condemned to death for having killed perſons before the month Pluvioſe, the year 4th of the Republic: after the ſentence was paſſed he wrote a Letter in which he declared that if he had known that he was to be called to account for things done before that period, he would have died with his weapons in his hands; that he had done nothing ſince he gave up his arms. This

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makes the eighth condemned lately, almoſt all ex-Chouans.

What is moſt revolting, is the outrageous language and conduct of the perſons preſent—the ſanguinary diſpoſitions they exhibited ſurpaſſes belief, eſpecially the women and old perſons.

Friday, 15*th Dec.* A large number of perſons arreſted and conducted to priſon from all parts of the city. The orders come from the Miniſter of Police at Paris.

Wedneſday, 20*th Dec.* The Bulletin (Nos. 123 and 124) gives a liſt of thoſe arreſted; it is not complete. There is a curious article in the Bulletin inviting the inhabitants of Rennes to aſſiſt in opening a temple for worſhip, purified from old ſuperſtitions. They are to have hymns and a lecture, and an altar on which they are to offer fruits, flowers, &c. Le Coz, I am told, preached a furious phillippic laſt Sunday againſt apoſtate Prieſts.

Saturday, 30*th.* Firſt Decadi, celebrated by planting three liberty trees; nobody ſeemed to take any intereſt in the matter.

The principal peaſants from D'Augné came to demand that their Pariſh Prieſt ſhould be ſet at liberty. Several of thoſe arreſted have been let out of priſon. Some refuſed to go out, and claim a trial, declaring that the *Conſtitution* has been violated in their regard.

Sunday, 21*ſt January*, 1798. The anniverſary of the King's death celebrated with great ceremony; there were ſeveral inſcriptions over the new *Calvaire* which they inaugurated the other day under the name of the "Temple of Peace." One was, "To hate Kings, is "to obey the Eternal." Another, "Anathema to "Rome and England."

Saturday, 27*th Jan.* The Ladies who take care of

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the Hoſpital of the Incurables [ſee Sketches, pp. 174-9] were brought up and reprimanded; they replied with much firmneſs—that they had no Prieſt in the houſe, but that reſpectable perſons came to viſit the ſick, and bring them ſome delicacies, and they often went into the Chapel to pray.

Saturday, 10*th Feb.* General Deſaix paſſed the night here on his way to the coaſt.

March 16. The diviſion of the army of Italy, called "the terrible," and which has committed ſo many exceſſes on its route, particularly at Laval, arrived here to-day; the National Guard went out to receive them; they were feaſted by the municipality.

March 18. The diviſion left for Nantes.

March 21*ſt.* The primary aſſemblies held.

March 23*d.* Much confuſion at ſome of the primary aſſemblies; the municipality ſent ſoldiers to protect the *terroriſts*, who found themſelves likely to be outnumbered by the moderate and decent people. The ſoldiers drove out "les gens honnêtes."

Auguſt 8*th.* A general ſearch throughout the Department; here it was commenced, in *violation of the Conſtitution*, at midnight. Among others they ſearched the houſes of Meſſrs. Jouin Dulerain, father and ſon; De La Benneraye, De Blaſſac Deſtullaie, Le Sormel, Jauzé, Cohan, Sillardine, Rapetal, Monnier, La Maſſue, Du Pleſſix, La Croix, Tellier, De Cognac: of Meſdames Rebulet, De Bedée, &c., Mademoiſelles Godard, Ergault, &c. &c. They found nothing.

Auguſt 21*ſt.* Many Prieſts arreſted in the country and brought here. At 10 o'C. laſt evening, they gave notice to a number of Prieſts in the priſon to get ready to ſtart for Rochefort, which was eaſily done, as they had nothing in the world, and at 4 o'C. this morning they left, chained together two by two.

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22*d October.* M. de le Neuville, *emigré*, was put to death (*fuſillé*) to-day.

20*th November.* There was a terrible quarrel in the ſtreets to-day, between the Grenadiers who arrived yeſterday, and the inhabitants; two or three killed on both ſides, and ſeveral badly wounded.

December 15*th.* Joſeph Sorette killed in the country. [This was the good Prieſt mentioned in the Sketches.]

December 16*th.* The Department has given the Biſhop's houſe to an aſſociation who petitioned for it a ſhort time ſince; they propoſe to eſtabliſh there a literary and ſcientific ſociety. Dauthon, Profeſſor of Natural Hiſtory, is the principal promoter of the plan. Rozais, Prof. of Phyſics, Thebaut, Prof. of Mathematics, Rabillon, Prof. of Hiſtory, Lanjuinais, Prof. of Legiſlation, Tual, Phyſician, Duval, Duforneau, &c.

February 10*th*, 1799. William Duval killed.

Mem. I went to Paris this year, 1799, and ceaſed to keep a Journal of matters at Rennes.

Germinal, 11, 1801. Mademoiſelle de Cicé brought to trial for the affair of the 3d Nivoſe.

27*th.* Collin acquitted of any accompliceſhip in the affair of the 3d Nivoſe, but condemned to three months' impriſonment, and a fine of 300 francs for not having made a declaration to the Police.

25 *Fructidor.* Viſited Collin at St. Pelagie.

15 *Ventoſe.* Preſent at the Corps Legiſlative at the preſentation of the Concordat.

21*ſt.* Entry of the Legate (Card. Caprara) into Notre Dame. Conſecration of Monſig. Bernier, Pancemont and Cambaceres.

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18 *Floreal.* The Senate reëlect Buonaparte for ten years. Buonaparte desires that the people should be consulted.

20*th.* Order of the Consuls, signed by Cambacerès, proposing the question—"Napoleon Buonaparte sera "t'il consul a vie?"

3 *Thermidor.* Xavier Bichat died this morning at 4 o'C., 31 years of age, enjoying the very highest reputation in his profession and giving the greatest promise for the future; all his pupils loved him. His father and mother were most excellent people, very pious, and brought him up in the most Christian manner. When he first came to Paris, he lived with his aunt, Madame Bouisson, and was very regular in the practice of his Christian duties; but afterwards, when he went to live with Dessant, he became careless. Dessant's widow, with whom he still lodged, when attacked by his last sickness, watched with the greatest care to keep him from seeing a Priest; but yesterday evening, the Abbé Pinlibert, his former confessor (and who had been so zealous in assisting the persons guillotined during the reign of terror), made out to get to his bedside, and gave him absolution, in extremis. Bichat however never gave in to the reigning impiety, and was unimpeachable in his morals; but he was led away by his love of science and reputation. Let us pray to God for the repose of his soul. [This was the celebrated Physician of that name.]

18 *Fructidor, 5th Sep.* 1802. This morning at half past 6 o'C. I was called in great haste to my aunt (Saulnier-Vauxelle), I found her insensible; when I called her name, she opened her eyes, but expired two minutes after my arrival. On Saturday, the Curé of St. Roch, who had been her friend and director for

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upwards of thirty years, heard her confeſſion, and on Sunday night at 5 o'C. in the morning, he gave her the viaticum and extreme unction. She was born in 1740—a Siſter of Charity ſince 1758. She was poſſeſſed of a warm, generous heart, very firm in her character, a good adminiſtrator, entirely devoted to her duties—ſhe loved her holy vocation, grieved over it when it was taken away, and haſtened to reſume it the firſt moment it was in her power—the moſt diſintereſted creature—never ſeemed to think of herſelf, refuſed all perſonal conveniences, always animated by a ſpirit of faith and confidence in God, which was never weakened in the worſt of times. Her nephew, Liſineau, Mazois, Jr., my friend Pairrier, and myſelf attended the funeral; alſo four members of the *Bureau de Bienfaiſance*, deputies from the 12 Houſes of Siſters in Paris, of whom the four oldeſt held the four corners of the Pall—beſides theſe many friends of her whom I did not know, and quite a crowd of poor people. The High Maſs of requiem was ſung at St. Roch. Her Siſters and ourſelves accompanied the body to the Cemetery of Montmartre. The *De Profundis* was chaunted in the church, and the Vicar made a ſhort but admirable funeral diſcourſe. She was buried at the north of the church, near the wall, among ſome tombs. Requieſcat in pace.

6, 7, 8, 9 *Vendemaire.* Examination and Concurſus in writing for the prize. Examiners, Sabbatier, Laſſus, Deyeux, Leclerc, Boyer.

23 *Vendemaire.* Was examined. Examiners, Deſgenettes, Petit Radal, &c.

3 *Brumaire.* Examination continued—Pinel, Richard, Sabbatier, &c.

5 *Brumaire.* Received the firſt prize, which I gave

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to my maſter and teacher, Mr. Duval, in recognition of his kindneſs; dined with my friends Buiſſon, Fizeau, Maiſoneuve, Frain, Parrier, Villeneuve.

11*th.* Left for Rennes.

9*th Nivoſe.* Returned to Paris.

9*th Pluvioſe.* Collin let out of St. Pelagie, with an order to go to Nantes, and from thence to be exiled to the Iſle of France. I went ſecurity for him.

On Eaſter night, 1803. Julien Dupleſſix of Rennes, died in my arms at midnight, after 17 days' illneſs—19 years of age. Student in the Politechnique School; ſtudious, intelligent, amiable, loved by his fellow-ſtudents, a pious and faithful child of Mr. Delpitz. Mr. Carron has given a ſketch of his life, 1815.

2 *Floreal.* Offered the ſituation of Phyſician to the 1ſt Diſpenſary; Parrier named Surgeon to the *Maiſon de Force.*

1 *Floreal.* Yeſterday, Thurſday, ſaw our Biſhop at Paſſy, who approved of my intentions.

27 *Meſſidor.* Went to Rennes.

Fructidor. Montaux killed in a duel at Paris.

Ventidore an XII. Heard the news of the death of Mr. Chateaugiron, in London, 31ſt of laſt Auguſt—my old Profeſſor and good friend. Exiled during the perſecution; I have his portrait.

2 *Brumaire.* The eldeſt Mademoiſelle Chateaugiron died this morning (I have worn her Chapelet about my neck ever ſince 1818).

21 *Brumaire.* Confirmation at St. Melaine; 800 children, ſmall and big.

23. Started for Paris, with my brother Auguſtin; mother approves of my choice.

Frimaire 4. My firſt leſſons at the Seminary under Mr. Montague, Prof. of Moral Theology at the Semi-

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nary of St. Sulpice, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, No. 1456.

13*th March*, 1804. Mr. Bourges de Blerye, Curé of the Cathedral, died to-day; formerly principal of the College. "He is a Saint in Heaven," writes my mother, "but it is an irreparable loſs for our city and "the Dioceſe; hundreds of *pauvres honteux* have loſt "their ſupport, and multitudes, I may ſay, of poor "children. Every one loved him. The Prefect ſent "three times a day to find out how he was, and called "himſelf. The General Laborde called every day. "He overworked himſelf; it was after 6 o'C. in the "evening before he had finiſhed his viſits and confeſ-"ſions, and then he had his office to ſay, letters to "write, and at 4 or 5 o'C. in the morning he was in "the Confeſſional again, hearing the confeſſions of the "children, &c. who had to go to work. When he "came out of the pulpit laſt Sunday, he ſaid, 'That "is my laſt work.'"

10*th October*, 1804. Entered regularly into the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

25*th Nov.* Monſig. De Maillé, Biſhop of Rennes, died this evening, 5 m. after 5 o'C. I received his laſt ſigh and cloſed his eyes.

10. Appointed one of the clerks to ſerve Card. Feſch's Maſs at the Tuilleries, before Buonaparte.

18. Preſented to the Holy Father (Pius VII) M. Champion's books and his letter in regard to the re-eſtabliſhment of the Society. He raiſed his eyes and hands to heaven and ſaid "Faxit Deus." How precious a remembrance that interview.

1806. Sœur Bonne died at Rennes—mother's dear friend—Superior of the Daughters of Charity at Rennes. Always choſe the hardeſt and moſt diſguſting taſks for herſelf. [See Journal, p. 175.]

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1807. Made a collection to assist Mr. J : M. Pied de Nogent gave me 100 francs. Lord Shaftesbury, who was at that time at Paris with the Duchess of Devonshire, sent me 240 francs, through his friend Mr. Nicholas McCarthy, to assist this poor Seminarist. He had seen the Seminarists at St. Sulpice in the Parish Church, and in giving this money to Mr. McCarthy, he said that he wished those Angels to pray for him. He has an excellent heart, said Mr. McCarthy to me, very near the true Faith.

Notes on some of the Vendean Officers, who were here during the Pacification.

Cormatin is a small man, about 40 years of age, with an open, sparkling eye—speaks quickly and with much facility; he is looked upon as a man of decided talent. I have heard him speak several times; he spoke easily and with elegance, though some of his phrases were rather too high sounding; in the discussions his answers were prompt and adroit. Activity out of doors is his role. The people loved him very much and had great confidence in him.[1]

Bunel—General of the *Ille et Villaine.* I knew Mr. Bunel better than the others, having been in his company more than twenty times at Madame Savignac's (sister-in-law of Gohiers). He was a young man, a little over twenty years of age; small in stature, and much marked by the small-pox. He looks feeble, but

1 Cormatin's real name was *Desoteaux;* he was a native of Burgundy, and served as an aid-de-camp to the Baron de Viomereil, in the war of the American Revolution. He was afterwards at Metz, with the heroic Marquis de Bouillé, and aided him in the attempt to save the royal family of France. He took the name of Cormatin, which was that of his wife, at the time he joined the insurgents in Brittany.

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has the reputation of being very brave (he is ſuffering at preſent under the effects of a wound, received in a ſevere fight). He is grave beyond his age, very civil, but cold and preſerving a very ſerious and reſerved air in converſation. He is alſo very active and conſtantly on horſeback, notwithſtanding his wound.

CHARLES or BOISHARDI, General in chief of the *Cotés du Nord*, has moſt the air of a ſoldier about him of any of them; of a good height, very ſtrong and active, about 30 years of age, open countenance, with the appearance of a man very frank and loyal; very brave, of which he has given plenty of proofs, but without cruelty. Elizabeth found fault with him for having ſigned the treaty of peace. "There has been plenty "of bloodſhed," he anſwered, "it will be better if we "can ſucceed without ſhedding any more." He ſaid this with an air of ſincerity and *bonhomie*, which rendered it very touching, coming from his mouth. He is conſtantly with Hombert—is adored by his followers and feared by the nation. NOTE. He was killed the 29th Germinal (16th June).

JARRI—Commander *du Cote de Guer*. A fine looking man, brown complexion, with rather a ſevere countenance, and an air of hauteur about him—ſpoke little; they were much attached to him in his part of the country, particularly for the good order he maintained.

JULIE—Aid-de-camp of Cormatin. The fineſt looking man among the Chouans; tall, with a noble figure.

VILLERS—A young man about 15 years of age—called himſelf Marquis, from Burgundy. They were taking him with others to Breſt, to make a ſailor of him, when he eſcaped and joined the Chouans. His manners were eaſy, and he was not wanting in talent.

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CHANTEREAU—I was not acquainted with him; he was regarded as a good officer, but was diſcontented, or jealous of Cormatin.

BEDÉE—A ſmall ſized young man, about eighteen years of age, much loved by his Chouans.

DUGUESCLIN—I knew him and loved him more than any of the reſt, except Boiſhardi, having often met him and converſed with him at our neighbours. There was a mildneſs and kindneſs of heart, joined to a chivalrous ſpirit about him that was charming. His real name was St. Gilles and he was the brother of the lady of that name. He was loved by all who knew him; large ſtature, fine figure, ſpoke with eaſe and gracefully.

REPRESENTATIVES.

BOLLET—Sent here for the pacification; a harſh man, deteſted by all; left in June, 1795.

GRENOT—Came during the pacification; a nobody, according to common opinion; left 10th July, 1795, with Bailleul.

BAILLEUL—I knew him only by a very weak and ſhallow proclamation againſt the Chouans; left 10th July, 1795.

MATTHIEU—Came the firſt part of July; he was looked upon as a man of ability; ſpoke well, and was a good ſort of man.

FINIS.

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APPENDIX.

THE following Proclamation, the original of which I found among Biſhop Bruté's papers, will ſhow how much progreſs Liberty, Equality and Fraternity had made in France, after three years' bloodſhed. Upon it was written the following note :

Notez bien que c'eſt trois mois encor après la mort de Robeſpierre qu'on charge follement de tout—c'eſt lorſque Cambacerès & Boiſſi d' Anglas preſidoient la Convention, &a.

LIBERTÉ. EGALITÉ. FRATERNITÉ.

GOUVERNEMENT REVOLUTIONNAIRE.



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ARRETÉ du Repréſentant du Peuple BOURSAULT, *délégué près les Armées des Côtes de Breſt & de Cherbourg, & Départemens y contigus.*

REDOUBLONS d'énergie et d'activité, nos ennemis ne dorment pas & ils ſont toujours prêts à profiter de la moindre négligence. Surveillons, & nous déjouerons tous leurs projets, toutes leurs intrigues, & ils ſeront confondus, & la Liberté triomphera.

Les malveillans cherchent toujours à ſe ſouſtraire aux meſures priſes pour déjouer leurs complots, ils abuſent, égarent et fanatiſent les bons habitans des campagnes; ils trompent leur bonne foi, et des prêtres fanatiques, des nobles ariſtocrates y publient le déſordre & l'aſſaſſinat au nom d'un Dieu de paix qu'ils voudroient rendre complice de leurs fureurs.

Il eſt temps de faire ceſſer les ſuneſtès effets de ces démarches inſidieuſes, de cette influence envenimée, & de rammener tous les Français aux vrais principes. Il en eſt temps encore dans ces contrées déſolées; l'énergie & l'amour de la patrie n'y ſont encore qu'aſſoupis, reveillons les bons Citoyens, relevons-les de cet état de léthargie & éclairons les eſprits abuſés.

Les Repréſentans du peuple ont déjà pris divers Arrêtés bien propres à former l'eſprit public dans les Communes de campagne; ils ont ordonné la lecture des Loix & Bulletins de la Convention; ils ont preſcrit des Inſtructions pour les jours de décadi, & ont rendu les Autoritiés conſtituées reſponſables de toute négligence.

Mais ce n'eſt pas encore aſſez, il faut découvrir, il faut faire punir les ennemis intérieurs qui trompent & égarent le bon Peuple, qui parcourent les Communes pour les faire inſurger, qui y ſont circuler des eſpions à gages qui ne ſont munis d'aucun paſſe-port ni d'aucun titre juſtifiant ce qu'ils ſont, d'où il viennent, où ils vont & ce qu'ils veulent; il faut détruire ces peſtes publiques & mettre à même les habitans des Campagnes de connoître leurs amis et leurs ennemis, de goûter les bienfaits de notre révolution, & de ſe réunir à la grande famille. Il faut done prendre des meſures ſalutaires, qui faſſent démaſquer les ſcélérats et tomber ſur leurs têtes coupables la vengeance Nationale.

En conſéquence arrête ce qui ſuit:

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ARTICLE PREMIER.

A compter du vingt Brumaire tous les Citoyens des campagnes ſeront obligés d'être pourvus d'une carte civique qui leur ſera délivrée par les Officiers Municipaux des Communes qu'ils habitent, & qui ſera renouvelée tous les deux mois ; il ne pourra en être délivré qu'à des Citoyens connus pour réſider légalement & actuellement dans la Commune, à peine par les Officiers Municipaux d'être traités comme ſuſpects, cette carte déſignera le quartier de l'habitation.

II.

A compter de la même époque, aucun Citoyen ne pourra s'écarter de plus une lieue de ſon domicile ſans être pourvu de paſſe-port, à peine d'être traité comme ſuſpect ; ceux délivrés antérieurement au préſent Arrêté ſont déclarés nuls.

III.

Les Municipalités tiendront un regiſtre exact, contenant les noms & le lieu du domicile des Citoyens auxquels ils auront délivré des cartes civiques, & un autre regiſtre d'enregiſtrement des paſſe-ports.

IV.

Tout Citoyen qui donnera aſyle à un particulier non muni de paſſeport, ſera réputé ſuſpect & puni comme tel, & ſi c'eſt un Prêtre réfractaire ou un émigré ; la Loi a prononcé la peine de mort.

V.

Tout Citoyen des Campagnes qui ne ſera pas muni de carte civique à l'époque portée en l'article premier ſera traité comme ſuſpect, ſauf l'examen ſa conduite.

VI.

Tous les Citoyens ſont en état de ſurveillance, pour ſeconder les efforts des Autorités Conſtituées, & arrêter tous les gens inconnus, ſuſpects ou malveillans non munis de paſſe-ports ou cartes civiques.

VII.

Ceux qui refuſeront de prêter ſecours à celui qui aura ſaiſi quelque individu mentionné en l'article précédent, ſeront traités comme ſuſpects.

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VIII.

Les Comités révolutionnaires dans les lieux où il y en a, & les Municipalités dans les lieux où il n'y a pas de Comité, recevront les perſonnes arrêtées & les envoieront dans le chef-lieu du Département, & dans les trois jours au plus tard, ils adreſſeront une expédition en forme des procès-verbaux au Repréſentant du Peuple.

IX.

Ceux qui auront arrêté des individus mentionnés en l'article VI, recevront des récompenſes proportionnées à l'importance de chaque individu qu'ils auroient conduit aux priſons.

X.

Dans la décade de l'affiche du préſent Arrêté les Municipalités ſeront des états des etrangers qui habitent dans leurs Communes depuis moins d'une année, de leurs habitans abſens ſans cauſe légitime et connue, et notamment des jeunes gens de la première requiſition qui ne ſont point à leur poſte, avec la date des départs & arrivées, & une note ſur les opinions & la conduite de chacun d'eux.

XI.

Les Commandans des poſtes militaires concourront avec les Autorités Conſtituées à la ſurveillance de la police de ſureté générale dans les campagnes; aucun Officier Municipal ne pourra ſe refuſer à accompagner la force armée ayant des ordres pour faire des viſites domiciliaires dans les maiſons ſoupçonnées de recéler des perſonnes ſuſpectes. Cette force armée ſera toujours commandée par un Officier reſponſable de la conduite qu'elle tiendra.

XII.

Les Adjudans-Generaux ſont autoriſés, en prèvenant le Général-Diviſionnaire, d'établir dans leur arrondiſſement, partout où la ſureté générale l'exigera, des poſtes militaires, qui ſeront placés par préférence à l'ébranchement des routes & hors des habitations. Les poſtes ſeront chargés d'examiner rigoureuſement tous les paſſe-ports des voyageurs & les cartes civiques des Citoyens des campagnes, & d'arrêter ceux qui n'en ſeroient pas pourvus.

XIII.

Les Autorités Conſtituées & tous les bons Citoyens ſont requis, au nom de la Patrie, de donner aux Commandans Temporaires & autres Officiers

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ſupérieurs, qui les feront parvenir aux Commandans des poſtes, des notes & le ſignalement des individus errans dans les campagnes.

XIV.

Le préſent Arrêté ſera imprimé & affiché dans toutes les Communes, à la diligence des Agens Nationaux de Diſtricts, chargés ſpécialement d'en ſurveiller l'exécution, & qui ſont autoriſés à le faire réimprimer.

A Rennes, le 23 Vendémiaire, l'an troiſième de la République Françaiſe, une & indiviſible.

BOURSAULT.

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ERRATA.

Page	24,	note,	for	*apothem*, read *apothegm.*
"	29,	"	"	*Thermador*, read *Thermidor.*
"	30,	"	"	*imprifonment*, read *impriſonment.*
"	33,	"	"	*wrapped*, read *rapt.*
"	35,	line 14,	"	*thouſand*, read *hundred.*
"	41,	note,	"	*preaching, one*, read *preaching. One. Country. The*, read *country, the.*
"	43,	note,	"	*enwrapted* read *enrapt.*
"	45,	"	"	1717, read 1817.
"	47,	l. 17,	"	*Laraxus*, read *Lazarus.*
"	49,	l. 18,	"	*ſtopted*, read *ſtopped.*
"	51,	l. 12,	"	*Chance*, read *Chanche.*
		19,	"	*Fraſſinous*, read *Frayſſinous.*
"	61,	l. 9,	"	*Nerincxs*, read *Nerinckx.*
"	75,	note,	"	*magnnm*, read *magnum.*
"	79,	"	"	*iſles*, read *aiſles.*
"	82,	"	"	*laborum*, read *laborem.*
"	83,	"	"	*remebrances*, read *remembrances.*
"	88,	"	"	*illine lœctiſſima*, read *illinc lectiſſima.*
"	91,			*æſtimabimus*, read *æſtimabamus.*
"	103,	l. 13,	"	*culotes*, read *culottes.*
"	107,	note,	"	*Auguſtins*, read *Auguſtin's.*
"	108,	"	"	*Bernadin*, read *Bernardine.*
"	114,	l. 24,	"	*Guyenne*, read *Cayenne.*
"	160,	note,	"	*lenght*, read *length.*
"	168,	"	"	*Auxevre*, read *Auxerre.*
"	174,	l. 23,	"	*colours*, read *poſts.*
"	183,	note,	"	*Ferridor*, read *Thermidor.*
"	201,	l. 7,	"	*every one*, read *all.*
"	206,	l. 35,	"	*from*, read *for.*
"	215,	note,	"	*Viomereil*, read *Viomeſnil.*

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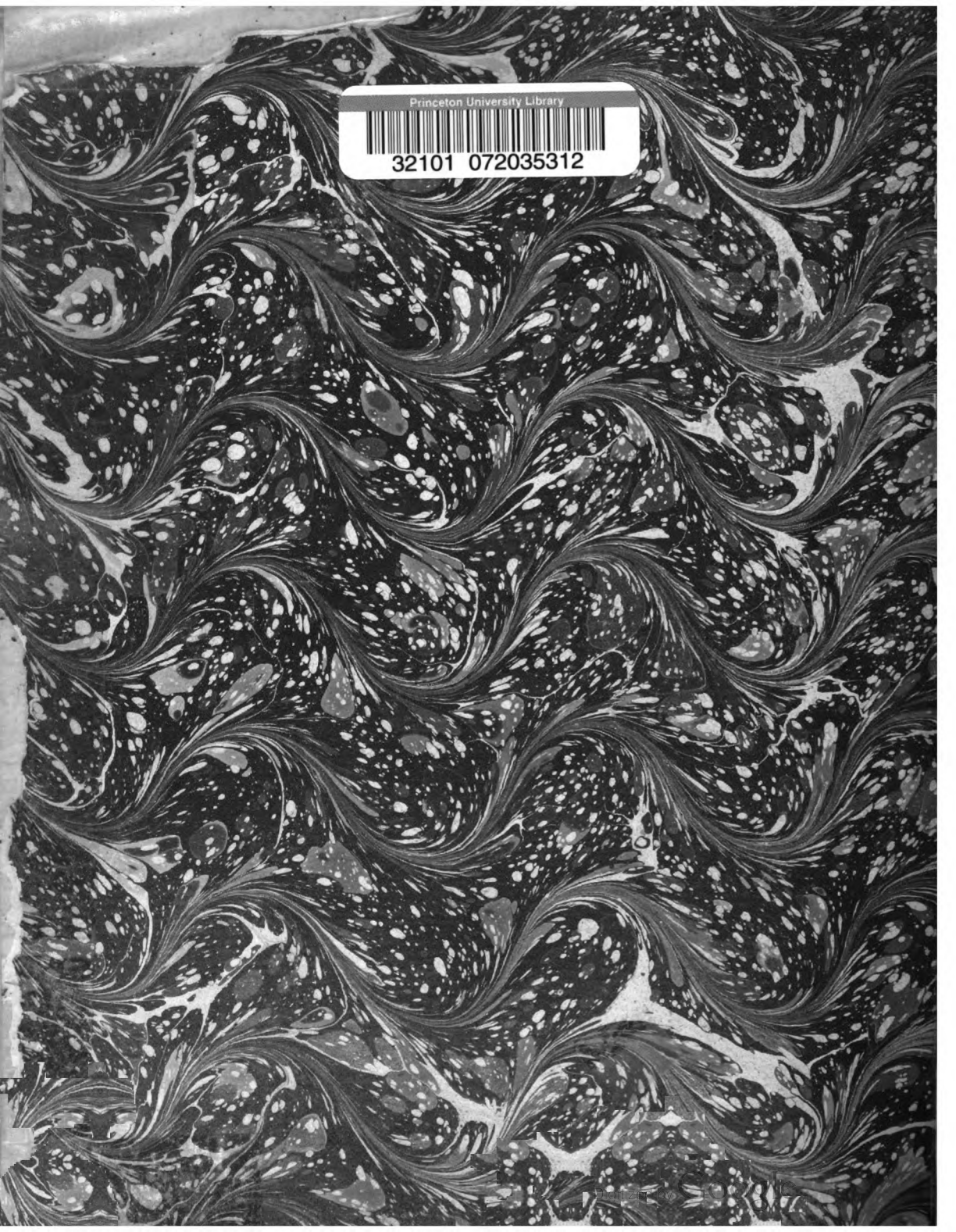
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